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FEBRUARY, 1870.

THE
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Rescissa vegetior assurgit.

AGENTS.

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THE
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FEBRUARY, 1870.
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[In consequence of a mistaken interference with the Editor's arrangements, in his temporary absence on sick-leave, the translation of the fourth Ode of Anakreon, together with its corresponding Greek original, which he had ordered to be held over, was inserted without having been seen or revised by himself or the author. The result, as might have been expected, was most disastrous. It has, therefore, been thought best to reprint them in their correct form. We have to apologise to our talented contributor for the treatment he has received, and also for the omission of the initials "J. T. N.," which the printer forgot to insert.—ED. C. C. M.]

THE "DUBLIN REVIEW" AND OURSELVES.

As the Editor of the *Dublin* seems to expect "*β.*" to continue his remarks on *Ontology* and *Objectivism*, we beg to assure him and our readers that the subject shall be resumed when the *Dublin* Editor has shown that the propositions brought forward in the CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE are untenable. At present he has not refuted the theories advanced in "*β.*'s" first paper on the subject; he has not shaken the position taken up in our August number, nor has he attempted even to answer "*β.*'s" paper on "Objectivism" in our November number.

N O T I C E.

It is requested that Letters concerning the Editorial Department, and Manuscripts may be sent to THE EDITOR OF THE CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, The College, Carlow, Ireland.

All communications on business matters, Advertisements, etc., to be addressed to THE SECRETARY OF THE CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, as above.

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All Books and Publications intended for review to be sent to the Editor, at the College, or to any of the Agents.

All communications must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

We cannot be answerable for the return of rejected articles.

Whilst we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents, or of those in any articles marked COMMUNICATED, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we invite correspondence (under the usual conditions) on matters of general interest; as well as notices of objection to any opinions or articles, which may, from time to time, appear in our pages.

As complaints of irregularity are constantly reaching us, and as we cannot otherwise rectify the sins of postal omission, we must request that any Subscriber not receiving the MAGAZINE on the day of publication will immediately notify the same to MRS. PRICE, Office of THE CARLOW POST, Dublin-street, Carlow.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Influenza—Colds.—In diseases of the throat and chest, so prevalent in this country, nothing so speedily relieves or so certainly cures as these inestimable remedies. These diseases are often neglected at the commencement, or are injudiciously treated, resulting in either case in disastrous consequences. Whatever the condition of the patient, Holloway's medicines will restore, if recovery be possible. They will retard the alarming symptoms till the blood is purified, and nature consummates the cure, gradually restoring strength and vital nervous power. By persevering in the use of Holloway's preparations tone is conferred on the stomach and frame generally, the fluids are regenerated, morbid matter is expelled, and a happy revolution occurs throughout the system.

THE
CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

A Counterfeit Presentment.*

NO. IX.

FOR the present we will pass over the records of Mr. Trench's achievements, till we come to the year 1857, at which date he found himself earnestly sought after by Lord Digby, who, as it appears from our author's personal narrative, was so enamored of his many excellencies, and so fulfilled with admiration for his "natural tastes and capacities," as to be absolutely unable to yet get on without his services as agent.

Lord Digby, the cousin of the late possessor of these estates, had succeeded one who, though an absentee, had been, according to Mr. Trench, "a liberal and generous, though somewhat injudicious landlord," one who intended well and kindly by his tenantry, and who "believed that he was doing his duty by them in granting them long and advantageous leases."†

Now, we happen to entertain theories on the subject of leases, and, advocating, as we do, "fixity of tenure," look on many of them only as pit-falls, in which to entrap the unwary, and to delude them into the idea that, because they, at least, may chance to be *secured*, not *fixed* in their tenure, their children, and their children's children will enjoy the same happiness.

These theories, however, we will waive for the present, and will admit, with Mr. Trench, that the late Lord Digby was a good landlord, as landlords were in these days.

* *Realities of Irish Life.* By W. Steuart Trench (London: Longmans, 1869).

† Page 313.

But, it appears, that, in granting these “advantageous leases for lives and periods extending far beyond the probable term of his own life,” * his Lordship had exceeded his powers, and had made “engagements, to which his heir-at-law had solid grounds of objection.”

This “noble proprietor” found out that his predecessor had “no right, moral or legal, to lease away his Irish property (settled as it was absolutely on the present lord—and in which he—the late Earl Digby—had only a life-interest) for about two-thirds of its real value.” †

Whether his Lordship found this out himself, or whether the first suggestion sprang from Mr. Trench, we do not care to inquire : suffice it to say that Lord Digby broke the leases, and left his tenantry to look for redress and compensation—amounting to £30,600—to the executors of the late Earl.

This, Mr. Trench informs us with egotistical parade, was effected by himself, in a manner suited to his “natural tastes and capacities.”

So far it all seemed fair enough ; the lease-holders got their money, and were satisfied,—satisfied, we imagine, because they could not help themselves, as he is satisfied, who gives up his purse and valuables to the highwayman in order to save his life.

But other difficulties and trials awaited the Digby tenantry. Mr. Trench was not one to allow the theory even of security of tenure—fixity of tenure he would laugh at. He was determined that they whom he served should be not only lords of the soil, but also lords of the people, and that he should reign an absolute vice-gerent over a defenceless peasantry !

The late Lord Digby had been a kind landlord, averse to rack-renting, averse to screwing the money out of his people in bad years, and, more than all, averse to evictions. Some of the tenantry, therefore, both lease-holders and others, had fallen into arrears, some of them, according to Mr Trench, ‡ owing as much as twelve years’ rent. The causes of these arrears he studiously keeps from us ; nor does he say how many of these cottiers had been allowed their little holdings rent-free for life. Had he done this he would have acted more fairly towards his readers ; but then his object would have been frustrated, and his own conduct would not have appeared in colors quite so bright, as those in which he paints it.

The opportunity thus offered of carrying out the usual policy

* Page 313.

† Ibid.

‡ Page 322.

of Landlordism was too good to be lost, and Mr. Trench's "natural tastes and capacities" soon showed him how to act.

Lord Digby had no legal right to these arrears, amounting to £42,000. He was not in want of the money, and by causing them to be altogether forgiven and forgotten, he might have for ever united his tenantry to himself in bonds of love and gratitude, and won for himself a name as a *good* landlord, such as but few in Ireland can boast of.

Such a course, however, would have made him only a rent-receiver, and would have thwarted the developement of Mr. Trench's "natural tastes and capacities." Lord Digby being an absentee, Mr. Trench was, of course, supreme, and if the master's powers were diminished, much more would those of the agent be weakened. That evil lust of pre-eminence, which ruined even the Angels, was uppermost in Mr. Trench's bosom. He had now the chance of gratifying it, and he greedily availed himself of it.

He prevailed upon Lord Digby to purchase these claims from the executors, who, as he himself admits, * were never likely to collect them. The business was managed in such a way as

"admitted of a large percentage being granted to the tenantry. It was arranged that the lease-holders (who were generally the least in arrear) should be obliged to pay up this arrear in full, *out of the purchase-money allowed them as compensation for their several leases, and then be reinstated in their farms as yearly tenants, under a new valuation made generally over the whole estate*; and that a reduction of seventy-five per cent on the arrear should be allowed to all yearly tenants, on condition that they paid up the remaining balance of twenty-five per cent. in full."

This, being interpreted, meant that Lord Digby was determined to be a feudal lord, and to have the power of life and death over his people. In order to this he first finds out a flaw in their leases. These he at once breaks. Then, with a great parade of magnanimity and benevolence, he awards their possessors a miserable "compensation" for the right and privilege of being unsecured tenants-at-will. Even this "compensation" he greedily docks by insisting upon the "compensated" tenant paying out of it a large sum, under the name of arrears, in order that he may enjoy the inestimable boon of living on in uncertainty as to whether he was to be allowed to die in his cabin, or on the road. That is, the new landlord exacted a fine for *not* granting a lease, and the unfortunate lease-holder became a subject of one who might at any time turn him out,

* Page 323.

in order to add field to field, to feed the beast at the expense of God's image, or to put in some one else, in no wise a better tenant than himself, but probably one, who, for the sake of his religious views, his smaller family, or his relationship to some retainer of his Lordship, found greater favor in the eyes of the lord of the soil, or his agent. Thus freedom and comparative security were artfully filched away from the Digby tenantry, and, henceforth, none might marry, or dispose of his interests, or improve at his ease, or exercise any human act without the consent of Mr. Trench.

Naturally enough, this arrangement was distasteful to the victims of Mr. Trench's "natural tastes and capacities." It would have been bad enough had the case been only as he stated it; but, when we come to examine the other side of the question, we can hardly wonder, if our author did not find his life at Geashill as pleasant, as it might have been.

Mr. Trench, however, has studiously kept the real truth in the back-ground. His first steps in persecution we have seen, breaking the leases, diminishing, under the pretext of arrears, even the miserable pittance awarded to them by way of compensation, and re-valuing the land. Thus, in addition to their losing their leases, and their former security in their holdings and improvements, in addition to being deprived of a large moiety of their compensation-money, they found themselves "reinstated in their farms as yearly tenants," at a rental increased some twenty-five, or even thirty per cent. above Griffith's valuation.

This Mr. Trench does not tell us; nor does he relate how, in furtherance of this determination to play into the hands of Landlordism, no less than five hundred "Notices to Quit" were served in one day on all who would not agree to this increased rental.

More than this, he says naught of ejectments served for arrears of rent, accruing, in some cases, for forty years, the payment of which was utterly beyond the power of the tenants.

He passes over the fact that these ejectments were served in some instances because a tenant had dared to marry without consulting the agent, or obtaining his gracious permission to live creditably and honestly with the woman of his choice.

He is silent on the evictions arising from contracts, by virtue of which, in the event of death, each occupying tenant covenanted, prior to possession, that his land should revert to Lord Digby;—by means of which many farms, in the case of unmarried persons, or those who had no children, fell into Lord Digby's hands to be at once bestowed by him on Protestants,

to the exclusion of Catholics. By this arrangement there are now on the estate more than twenty parties, whose lands will come back to his Lordship in about ten years or so.

In accordance with the Malthusian theories of population, which seem common to landlords and agents, a sum of five pounds was offered to any servant-boy or girl, who would emigrate ; and so eager were the people to fly from their new lords, that the agent was at last obliged to close the doors on further applicants, so diminished was the supply of laborers on the estate, and most especially on these very drainage works, of which our author so complacently vaunts. *

In this emergency Mr. Trench had advertisements posted in the towns of different counties, offering to every family that could supply two laborers a Russian cottage, rent-free, and wages at the rate of half-a-crown a week in the immediate neighbourhood of the works.

Twelve of these temporary cabins, removeable at pleasure as the works advance, and only erected to be destroyed on the completion of the improvements, have been built on a wild and barren moor. To other strangers have been assigned the cottages of the evicted tenantry, in which they are to live, till the works are finished, when they are to be again turned adrift to shift for themselves elsewhere.

Thus, instead of a virtuous and honest laboring class, born on the soil, and clinging, as only the Celts can cling to the place of their birth, an alien population has been temporarily fixed on the spot, the offscourings of towns, demoralised and degraded by persecution and wretchedness—showing the line of policy, which Mr. Trench has followed out, in accordance with his “natural tastes and capacities.”

The following figures, taken from the Census of 1861, will bear out our statements :—

Number on the Estate in 1841,	...	8,144
Do. 1861,	...	4,518
Decrease,	...	3,626

The progressive increase of population from 1841 to 1843, and its steady decrease from 1861 to 1867, proves that more than half of the inhabitants have left the estate.

Since 1858, the year in which Mr. Trench became agent, the Rate Books of the Workhouses prove that more than forty farmers, properly so-called, have lost their holdings ; and that land, amounting to more than four thousand acres, occupied by Catholics, has passed to Protestant holders. During eleven

* Page 329.

years, except a detached field or two, which happened to be necessary to complete a Catholic's holding, not one independent farm has ever been given to one of that creed.

In the hands of such men as the usual run of landlords and agents in this country, capital is well nigh a curse. In their ideas extermination is a virtue; marrying, and bringing forth children—on the part of the tenantry, at least,—are vices. Beasts, not men are wanted; and to carry out this idea, in defiance of the Scripture anathema, they think it no sin to add field to field, and to clear off their inhabitants by scores to make way for sheep and cattle, even for game, or for foxes. Yet, “A nation's land is the life of its people, and he who defrauds them thereof, is a man of blood.”

We pass over the evictions of Catholics, in favor of Protestants: we stay not to point to districts now occupied by Trenches, and Ridgways, and Philipses, who occupy as grass lands with cattle and sheep, and manage by a few herds more than a thousand acres, which a few years ago a Catholic tenantry held and enjoyed. All these we omit, and pass on to Mr. Trench's next point, for which he takes so much credit to himself. We allude to the annual expenditure of £3,279 on the estate.*

Therefore, Mr. Trench, with that glaring contempt for Logic, to which we have before alluded, argues that Lord Digby is a good landlord, and a public benefactor.

The best answer to this audacious theory will be found in Mr. Trench's own words on the same page, viz: that this system of expenditure on improvements *pays well*, as a mere mercantile speculation. We are, of course, using the common slang of the day, and ignoring, *a la Trench*, the idea that a faithful, virtuous, and industrious peasantry can possibly be looked on as a *paying* property;—that is a mere vulgar error, the cant of philanthropists, the vain dream of the enthusiast.

It pays well. When the tenant has paid the capital, thus expended, *plus the interest*, he will still have to pay the increased rent; and on this estate it is estimated that Lord Digby's son will come into a rental increased by £5,000 annually, when once the money thus borrowed by the tenants shall have been repaid.

But, we would ask, is a man to be styled a public benefactor, in whose eyes his son's interests, to the exclusion of those of his tenantry, are regarded as the one thing needful? The profits, which ought to be shared with the cultivators of the soil, are diverted from their proper destination, and become

* Page 331.

the sole property of the landlord. Yet this man is to be hailed as a public benefactor, and a *good* landlord!

As an instance of his right to such a title, we would give our readers the following.—A poor Catholic widow of Geashill had the temerity to marry again without the consent of the agent. In addition to this enormous offence, she dared to refuse the miserable sum of £10 as “compensation” for a house, on which she had expended £51 10s.—the engineer of the property valued it at £31 10s. For this she was evicted; and, notwithstanding all her applications for an allowance on her improvements, she was refused even a hearing, and compelled to leave the estate, and her Native Land itself.

Such acts of “felonious Landlordism” afford a cheap way of improving property, and an easy means of acquiring a character for benevolence.

The tenants, as they now are, have more than enough of work for all the hands now available. Mr. Trench’s measures, therefore, have been a positive injury, instead of a benefit. He has absorbed into his own hands all the labor of the country; and has thus diminished the number of workers required, and enhanced the price of labor. But this is not benevolence : it is a miserly economy, getting the work of four done by three men, and paying for it at the rate of three and a quarter. A benefit may be defined as the provision of benevolence or charity for the supply of human wants, at the expense of some sacrifice to the benefactor : but here there are no wants to be supplied, and the paymaster makes a large profit out of his workmen, without giving them even their fair share in the returns obtained solely through their industry.

If Lord Digby were in reality a benefactor, such as Mr. Trench paints him, the dispositions of his tenantry towards him would be of the warmest and most grateful. Instead of this we question, if anywhere there can be found greater distrust and irritation, than on this property. There is no security for the holders : there are but few leases, and these are so clogged and hampered with conditions impossible to be fulfilled, that the people will not ask for them, inasmuch as they can afford no security for continued possession, or any guarantee against the caprice and ingenuity of the agent, should he have made up his mind to turn them out.

Tenants trapping rabbits on their own lands, for the protection of their crops, have been served with “ Notices to Quit.” The agent’s office is shunned as a place where litigants for land are still further set by the ears, only to find their difficulties solved by the removal of each from their holdings.

Mr. Trench's own portrait of himself, fronting Page 180, with a brace of pistols in his hands during his interview with his serfs, best expresses the feelings, which exist on the estate between himself and the tenantry, a state of feudal lordship on the one hand, and absolute serfdom on the other.

As an illustration of this, we may give the following incident. Some time ago the Postmistress of Geashill died, and the office, through Mr. Trench's means, was temporarily transferred to a Protestant. The then Parish Priest, awaiting the gift of the appointment from the local Liberal members, delayed his application for three weeks. He then wrote, and was told, in answer, that any nominee of his should have the appointment, though, as he was informed by a letter, the highest county influence had been brought to bear in favor of Mr. Trench's candidate. The will of the agent was paramount ; and no one in Geashill had courage, by accepting the situation, to brave the consequences of thwarting Mr. Trench.

As a consequence, the Protestant's appointment was confirmed, and Geashill sees under one roof the Post Office and the Dispensary, whilst the father of the Postmistress is a pensioner from the Constabulary, and confidential Clerk to Mr. Trench, through whose influence four valuable offices are held by a Protestant family of two persons, whilst not a Catholic in the district holds a single place under Lord Digby, or the Government.

Nay, more, the Catholics in Geashill hold as *monthly* tenants, and *dare* not accept any benefit, when the agent is known to have any other object in view.

Now, granting, for argument's sake, that the Geashill tenants are all that Mr. Trench's book describes them to be, Ribbon-men, and cut-throats, without meaning to defend violence, we would ask is there not a cause ? When he came to Geashill, no more peace-loving, or industrious people existed. '98 and '48 had seen them unmoved, as '67 passed over without any support from the Barony.

A few years before Mr. Trench's advent, an agent on the estate had tried to clear the property, but had been disarmed by the gentleness of the people ; and in 1816, when a murder was committed in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants rose as one man to vindicate the Law. A Vigilance Association was formed, and the murderers were arrested. Great was the satisfaction of all to find that the criminals were utter strangers even to the county.

And when the author of the **REALITIES** came amongst them, he found them improving, peaceable, punctual tenants ; nor

was it till he followed out the course above described that he found them otherwise. Rack-renting, fines, evictions, will soon change any man's nature, and when to these is added the importation of doubtful characters, to fill up the places of the exterminated, what wonder if a whole population falls away into Ribbonism ?

But has it fallen away thus ? Mr. Trench is circumstantial in his accounts of his apprehensions, his preventive measures, and, of course, his undaunted courage. Yet the clergy of the district tell a different tale; and the total absence of disturbance during the late Fenian rising would seem to bear it out.

To us it looks as if Mr. Trench had been the victim of a guilty conscience. He and his son went about, accompanied by police, who also swarmed in the adjacent village. Hedge-rows were cut down, and bushes removed along the roads he traversed, lest, haply, a ferocious Ribbonman might lurk behind them, and shoot him or his son to their death. Yet, even he, whilst hinting at conspiracies against his life, never ventures to insinuate that it was as much as attempted. Surely this savors of a different class from those he describes, and throws suspicion on the rest of his story !

Of two "ruffians" we do hear—but not from Mr. Trench—one man, Connor by name, refused obedience to the agent's behests, and was evicted. This sturdy vagabond, instead of meekly acquiescing in his fate, persisted in remaining on the spot, and a life was sacrificed in consequence. True, it was his own, and not Mr. Trench's, still a murder resulted. Mr. Trench's indictment is so far true. Sad, down-cast, broken-hearted, the poor man lingered amid the scenes he found it impossible to leave. Starving, cold, hungry, he must have perished in a ditch, had not a neighbour moved him into his cabin only to die, after a quarter of an hour's sharp agony. But Landlordism had enjoyed its rights, and what mattered the life of an obstinate pauper ?

Another picture of Geashill iniquity, and we are done. It was a Christmas Eve, cold, bleak, wintry. A poor woman, who had been reduced to poverty from comparative comfort, wishing to enjoy, at least, somewhat of less misery at such a season, went into a shop to beg for a little sugar to sweeten her cup of tea. Alas, for her hopes ! A Trench would have no beggars on the estate : she was arrested, and sentenced by this descendant of Lord Ashtown's to a term of imprisonment. The way to the gaol was long ; the night was inclement ; the poor woman was but thinly clad ; she shivered as the cold winds whistled round her, and pierced to her inmost marrow. The

policeman, pitying her state, took off his own coat, and wrapped it round her frozen limbs. She reached the prison half dead ; and, at the end of her week's confinement, laid herself down and died, a victim of an unpitying system, clammed to death by the horrible cold of that night of exposure. Poor Alice Delane ! She was no murderer ; yet her death was a REALITY OF IRISH LIFE, in which Mr. Trench was concerned. Why does he not give it to us ?

He dared not. Its very recital would have caused the English readers of his book to cry shame upon the perpetrator of such a deed ; and its bare mention would have operated unfavorably against the writer's cherished object.

A few such instances of oppression, as those we have given, added to the many and glaring inconsistencies, with which his pages abound, and to which we have repeatedly called attention, ought to have been given, when the work was first published ; then they would have gone far to shake people's faith in Mr. Trench as a truthful writer. We fear they are now somewhat late in the day. Still we give them, even now, in hopes that some good may be done by their publication.

Police Versus Riflemen.

Introductory Remarks. Police of the Olden Time—Formation of the “Peelers.” Capture of Notorious Outlaws by Major Vokes, unarmed,—of Tim Lynch—of the famous Captain Rock.

In our last Number we gave our readers a slight insight into the workings and causes of Ribbonism, in order that they might thereby have an opportunity of defending the fair fame of their countrymen, when aspersed by such writers as Mr. Steuart Trench, and many of the English journals.

From the case there given, and the course of reasoning adopted in that article, as well as in others, which have, from time to time appeared in our pages, any one of our readers will be able to hold his own against those whose wicked delight it seems to be to make invidious comparisons between the two countries, and to argue from the peculiar kind of crime prevalent—unfortunately too prevalent at present—in Ireland, that, therefore, there is here less regard for human life, and a hatred of law and order, so strong, and so universal, as to seem inborn in the Irish character.

They forget, or deliberately ignore two things;—first, the absolute infrequency, and, in many districts, the total absence of crimes of violence against life and property, as contrasted with the same species of crimes in England. Secondly, they pass over the fact, that, out of ten Irish murders, or attempts at murder, eight, at least, may safely be put down to agrarian causes; and that, though barbarous enough, and bloody enough, the same cause, the sense of wrong and injustice sustained at the hands of one who ought to be the father and protector, rather than the persecutor and the exterminator of his people, underlies every case.

This renders our murders *sui generis*; and we can only suppose that the morality of Ireland in other respects, and the unacknowledged consciousness that all these offences are due solely to England's former unrighteous dealings with this Nation, excite in the minds of the English people a feeling of jealous anger, which can only spring from the *odisse quem læseris* spirit so peculiar to conquerors.

For the present we would leave this subject, and would devote this article to a sketchy contrast between the mis-called Police of the period, and those of the olden time.

No stranger who has *ever* visited Ireland can fail to have been struck with the fine, strapping, soldierlike fellows, who are

to be met with, on horse or on foot, all over this country. When he is told that these form a body of some twelve thousand men, all drilled as perfectly as any Guard Regiment, and armed with Snider rifles, and sword bayonets, or the usual cavalry equipments, if they are mounted men, he naturally exclaims, "Why, these are soldiers, not peace-officers!"

And that just expresses our objections, and the objections of all reasonable beings, to the existence of such a force. Except in the cities of Dublin, and of Londonderry (where their days are numbered), we have *no* policemen *at all*: for which reason, when any serious crime has been committed, whose detection has been rendered *at all* difficult by extra skill on the part of the offender, unless the Police can make the arrest on the spot, the chances are that the criminal gets clean off.

The existence of such mere soldiers as policemen has caused that infamous and expensive system of Secret Service money, which prevails so much in Ireland. It reduces the Government to the necessity of offering large rewards for the discovery of offences, which, in England, would be found out in the usual manner: it tempts men to betray their friends; and causes the Police to be guilty of acts of meanness and oppression, unworthy of them as men, and degrading to the uniform they wear;—to say nothing of the miseries caused to the unhappy innocent persons, on whom, for want of a little of the commonest training as constables, not to mention detectives, these ignorant riflemen pounce, only to let free again, after, perhaps, weeks of imprisonment. The real murderer, all the while, is probably living next door to the Barrack, and, it may be, in daily conversation with these "active and intelligent officers."

Against the Secret Societies the Police are simply powerless. For fair, open fighting, we will back them against any troops; but for unraveling the tortuous ways of these Italianised conspirators, they are as useless as a blind man would be in following up the snake-like track of a Maori.

Ribbonism and Fenianism are, in many ways, distinct: in one thing, however, they are essentially the same. Like all Secret Societies, they will not endure traitors in their ranks, and for all such offenders the punishment is identical. Death, in some form or another, is the penalty awaiting the wretched offender against the laws of the Brotherhood; and, in Ireland, *shooting their victim* is the means generally adopted by each Society.

For the detection and punishment of such assassins the Irish Constabulary was originally embodied by the late Sir Robert

Peel, when Secretary for Ireland : hence their vulgar name of "Peelers." They were divided into four sections, one for each Province ; each section being commanded by a Police Magistrate, with the rank and title of Major.

Each Police magistrate had a sufficient command of money to pay for information, and of men capable of procuring it. All were of thoroughly tried courage and conduct, keen as blood-hounds, and as fierce.

A County of Limerick gentleman, and J.P., named Vokes, was active in quelling these disturbances. He accepted the appointment of Police magistrate of Munster. Major Vokes was stationed in Limerick. A braver, or more determined man than "Old Tom Vokes," as he was familiarly called, was never in command of any force.

At that time

"Munster was paralysed by the murder of Major Going. Many magistrates shrunk back in natural terror, well-knowing the fatal consequences of activity. Harassed authorities, worn-out troops, and ill-organised constables, held back from a task of no ordinary danger, until Vokes boldly stepped forward to put down crime : and he succeeded."*

Vokes habitually went boldly amongst the people, through the most retired parts of the counties of Clare and Limerick, occasionally in disguise, more frequently armed to the teeth, and sometimes followed by one or more policemen, having rather the appearance of "bog trotters," than of a civil force.

One adventure of this extraordinary man will give a better idea of his tact and courage than any words of ours. At the commencement of his semi-military career, Vokes had ridden from Limerick to Ennis—a distance of eighteen miles—on an early winter's morning. On his return, he left Ennis after dark, varying his morning's route, as a matter of precaution. On his journey he remarked several bonfires on the hills. These he knew to be the sure signals of outbreak, or kindled to telegraph some important news.

Disguising himself, as well as he could, and imitating the manner of an English stranger, he made his way up to one of them on Cratloe Hill, about six miles from Limerick.

He found at the top an enormous fir fire, round which some fifty or sixty people were assembled, smoking, drinking, and chatting in Irish, which, fortunately for himself, he understood perfectly. When challenged, he told the party—

"He had only ridden up to say he had lost his way, and

* From an Obituary Notice of Vokes in the *Illustrated London News*, October, 1852.

wished to be directed to Limerick."

He learned from them that the fires were to convey the news that Tom Vokes (that was himself) "the Prosecutor," was dead; and he gathered from their conversation to each other, in Irish, that one Teddy Lynch, the man of all others he had long sought to catch, was of the party. He quietly offered Lynch a pound note, if he would guide him into Limerick. Lynch agreed to accompany him as far as Bunrally Bridge. "He had reasons," he said, "for not wishing to enter any town just then."

The Limerick road crosses a small river, near the old Castle of Bunrally, formerly the residence of the Earls of Thomond. It is now used as a Police-Barrack, and is still the most perfect of all the Castles, which are plentifully scattered throughout the county of Clare.

Upon their arrival at the Clare side of the bridge, Lynch demanded his reward.

"And you shall have it," said Vokes, seizing the peasant by the collar. "Attempt to escape and your brains shall be scattered over this bridge. Police! police! quick here! Tim Lynch, *I am Tom Vokes!*"

Terror-struck, as by an apparition from the grave, the wretch allowed his captor to drag him across the bridge to the Police-Barrack.

Vokes only remained to see his prisoner handcuffed and locked up, to write the committal and a short note to the nearest magistrate. Then, mounting his horse, he galloped off on his return to Limerick.

One other achievement of this extraordinary man will interest our readers.

He had been to Limerick with his wife, who had driven there upon her jaunting car, accompanied by the wife of another magistrate, the two husbands agreeing to accompany the ladies on horseback. The country was then laboring under all the terror, which the celebrated Captain Rock inspired. The distance they had to go from Limerick was about eight miles. At the moment of starting on the return journey, the gentlemen were detained to transact some pressing business. The ladies, unwilling to be out at dark, started at once. Vokes followed alone, as quickly as he could, leaving his friend, who was likely to be detained a considerable time. He came up to his party at Patrick's Well, a village about five miles from Limerick. He learned from them that they had been stopped by two persons, and robbed. The driver pointed out to Vokes one of the robbers running across the bog to the mountains,—

"Faith, I think I could direct the Police after them," he cried.

"It is he," said Vokes, without a moment's hesitation.

Then, throwing his horse's bridle to his servant, he directed him to repair to the Police-Barracks in Limerick. His wife at once drove there, and apprised the military and police authorities.

Parties were at once despatched to look after Vokes, but without success. On the second morning afterwards, an order, signed by himself, was received at Limerick, "to send four men to Patrick's Well Station, to receive a prisoner of importance." This was at once done; the particulars of the chase will be found at length in the *Recollections of an Irish Police Magistrate*.* The capture will be sufficient for our purpose.

On the second morning of the chase, Vokes saw his quarry ascending the brow of the hill, on which he stood. He at once concealed himself behind a projecting rock, on the path, over which "the Captain" must necessarily pass. This the latter did in a few moments. Vokes instantly jumped out, and presented the muzzle of an unloaded blunderbuss at his head. The other surrendered without a struggle, and allowed the Major to pinion his hands with the thong of his horsewhip, and two handkerchiefs. In this manner he marched the boldest braggart in that part of the county, nearly three miles, and lodged him in the hands of the Police.

The party sent from Limerick found Vokes in a deep sleep, unwashed, his clothes torn, and covered with mud, and his hat gone. He grasped in his hand a loaded horse-whip, his only weapon. On the arrival of the party from Limerick, Vokes led them into an adjoining room where, guarded by two policemen, and strongly bound, was his prisoner, the veritable "Captain Rock."

Within three months afterwards, Fitzmaurice, alias "Captain Rock," was executed in Limerick.

Such were the men, and such the means by which peace and security were restored to the counties of Clare, Limerick, and Tipperary. Whether our present pipe-clayed Constabulary would deal with agrarian crime with equal success, may be readily questioned. "Flying columns" of cavalry, sent here and there, in mid-winter, may do much, as they have already done to knock up men and horses. A far less sum than they cost the Country, if spent upon a Detective Police, organised as Vokes's were, would be more successful in the detection of such outrages. At all events, in our present state of disorganisation, the experiment would be worth trying.

* London : Ward and Co., 1860.

On the Tendencies of Modern Historical Inquiry.

PART II—REHABILITUDE.

IN our last paper we traced the rise and progress of the sceptical tendency, now so evident in Historical criticism.

From credulity it passes, through doubt and compromise, to the developement of the German School, who are sceptical as to remote facts, but credulous of their own theories. This is again improved on by the more advanced English critics, who would, in every case, apply the unbending tests of judicial evidence, and always require the production of credible testimony and authentic proof.

Not less marked in our Modern History is the tendency to Rehabilitating, though its course is not so interesting in its progress, or so brilliant in its results, as the more purely critical spirit. It also is critical, for it aims at placing objects before us in their true light, but the means which it has hitherto employed give it the air of paradox, rather than of probability.

Of this School Carlyle is, of course, the leader. To him the world is a sham—all Cant and Unreality. He leaves it, and introduces us to a phantom world of his own, where gigantic, often grotesque forms stalk wildly about, and before whose irregular strength we are to bow down and worship.

“In this world,” he tells us, “there is one God-like thing—the essence of all that was, or ever will be God-like in this world; the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men—hero worship in the souls of the heroic, of the clear and wise: it is the perpetual presence of Heaven in our poor Earth.”

He shows us glimpses of life, and History and character, as if through a magic lantern.

The room is darkened—a white screen hung up at the furthest end—the one bright circle, and across this, at the will of the exhibitor, great, startling figures pass.

In some such way does he introduce Mahomet, William the Conqueror, Cromwell, and Frederick IV.; and in his unqualified admiration of heroes he expects all to join.

Mahomet is described as
“an Arab man in cloak of his own clouting; with black beaming eyes, with flaming sovereign heart direct from the centre of the Uni-

verse ; and, also, I am told, with terrible horse-shoe vein of swelling wrath in his brows, and lightning (if you will not have it as light) tingling through every vein of him."

William comes on the scene :—

"Do you not discern veritably some rude outline of a true God-made King ?

Sweep away thy constitutional, sentimental, and other cobwebberies ; look eye to eye, if thou still have any eye, in the face of this big burly William Bastard :—thou wilt see a fellow of flashing discernment, of most strong lion-heart, in whom, as it were within a frame of oak and iron, the Gods have planted the soul of a man of genius.

The essential element of this Conqueror, is, first of all, the most suneyed perception of what *is* really what on this God's earth, which thou wilt find at bottom does mean justice and virtues not a few : conformity to what the Maker has seen good to make : that, I suppose, will mean justice, and a virtue or two."

Frederick II. of Prussia is

"a wild man, wholly in earnest ; veritable as the old wells, and with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. There is a Divine idea of fact put into him :—the genus sham never hatefuller to any man . . . a just man, who would not wrong any man :—a just man, I say, and valiant, and veracious. . . . He was a very arbitrary king ; but a good deal of his arbitrism, or sovereign will, was that of the eternal heavens as well, and did exceedingly behove to be done if the Earth would prosper . . . full of sensitiveness, rough as he was, and shaggy of skin. I confess, his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great."

And yet, in Carlyle's writings, there is much which appeals to the best and highest feelings of the man : there is a love of the true and real, which might almost atone for the paradox in which it is clothed, and which stamps all he writes with the seal of deep, and earnest, though sadly distorted sincerity.

Froude, the Historian of the Tudors, seems to have followed Carlyle, but with greater moderation of style.

In his attempt to hold out Henry VIII. as a model of almost every virtue, he has taken, perhaps, the most advanced position in the Rehabilitating School. This object he has tried to effect by a minute elaboration of detail—a pre-Raphaelitism of the pen, which has been compared to modern realism in painting, and yet can scarcely be said to be so successful in producing the desired effect.

There are many disciples in this School—our limits only permit us to name the masters ;—and our sovereigns have been lately the objects of much *literary charity* at their hands. Richard III.* for instance, "Crookback," has been shown to

* Halsted.

have had neither physical defect, nor moral deformity; and King John* has just received a vindication from an enthusiastic *remodeller* of History.

These two tendencies, the sceptical and rehabilitating, appear, from this point of view, to pervade, in a great measure, Modern Historical Criticism. They have their common rise in the desire to ascertain the grounds of our belief, and to establish in due relation our ideas of men and things; and they lead to one common end, the ascertainment of matter of fact.

Even though both may be proved to err on different sides, they still serve to elucidate, and render precise what might otherwise remain misty and confused.

Yet, this is but a small part of History,—of that History, at least, which Lessing has styled “the Education of the Human Race,” and which should consist not merely in a catalogue of facts, but in their explanation.

If History is to deserve the rank and power to which it lays claim, it must theorise, as well as observe.

Our space confines us chiefly to the field of observation. We must have the facts before we proceed to unfold their causes, relations, and results. But History ought not to stop there. In the true sense of its meaning, it cannot be limited to any one particular time, or restricted to any one particular place. It should always have in view the past and concurrent condition of the human race. It should either trace the biography of mankind—not of kings only, but of peoples:—or, when it sets itself to write a chapter in the world’s life, it should treat the particular period, or the particular country, which forms its special theme, not as in itself complete, but as one link in a long chain of glory, as one member in a great family of nations.

Nor, while having before its eyes the past and present, can the future be omitted from its view.

Until very lately, this, the Philosophy of History, had no disciples in our country.

In Germany, Hegel thought it possible to construct a Philosophy of History, which should be, in its application, universal.

But the position he assumed laid him open to the charge of attempting to construct an *a priori* science of History. This charge he denied; but it is evident that he makes use of Historical facts rather as illustrations of a pre-conceived theory of History, than, as in themselves, the basis on which sound *Induction* should be made to rest.

F. Schlegel and Bunsen have each constructed a Philosophy

*Chadwick, 1863.

of History, the one upon a religious, the other upon a philosophical basis.

Neither has succeeded in commanding confidence for his system;—neither has had any weight in affecting our current of historic thought.

In France, Comte suggested the possibility of treating History, or at least Sociology as a positive Science;—and he has arranged, with the rigor of mathematical reasoning, stages, *through which mankind must pass*, and formulas, which, he believes, will be applicable to all possible cases in the future of the Human Race.

Guizot, in his fragmentary Lectures “On Civilisation in Europe,” without arriving at this rigid science, traces with truth and clearness, the mixture of the different elements which make up modern life; their action and re-action; the sources of their influence; and the conflicting state in which they are kept: and, though not the most pretentious, this is, perhaps, the most truly philosophical History we possess.

At last, Mr. Buckle, in England, propounded an Historic theory, which would treat man and society as amenable to positive laws, which may be ascertained as accurately, as those which govern the in-animate and in-organic kingdoms. Dr. Draper, also, in tracing the intellectual developement of Europe, adopts a similar theory.

These would erect History into a Science, in the strictest sense of the word. That is to say, it should show *how*, and *why* all human affairs have happened as they did, and not otherwise.

Mr. Buckle's method is, to a certain extent, inductive. He would collect a number of details, and then from them he would derive certain abstract formulæ, which, when applied to particular cases, would enable the historical observer to predict events with the same accuracy, that the astronomical observer can predict eclipses.

The verification will, of course, consist in the conformity of those predictions, and imply that those who are skilled in the new science will be able to trace out beforehand the march of human affairs.

In his first volume, Mr. Buckle labored to clear the ground for the establishment of four great principles, which he holds essential to the right understanding of History.

1.—“That the progress of nations depends upon the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of their laws is diffused.

2.—“That, before any such investigation can proceed, a spirit of

scepticism must arise, ‘which, at first, aiding the investigation, is afterwards aided by it.’

3.—“That the results of this investigation tend to increase the influence of intellectual truths, and to diminish, not, indeed, accurately, but relatively, the influence of moral truths, which latter are more stationary than intellectual truths, and receive fewer additions.

4.—“That the great enemy of this progressive investigation, and, consequently, of man’s civilisation, is the protective spirit in which Governments undertake to watch over men, and teach them what to do, and Churches prescribe for them what they are to believe.”*

Now, the fundamental principle of this theory, the key-stone of this arch, which would show not only the present but the future, is that dogma “that Human Actions are governed by fixed rules.” Society is made up of individuals, and unless their action is governed by laws, which you can ascertain, there are no data for a science.

But consciousness tells me that it is not so.

Mr. Buckle denies the validity of consciousness.

“But free-will, and the consequent moral responsibility?”

There is no such thing, says he, as either. There is instead a rigid series of cause and effect, and a supremacy of intellectual truth over moral principle.

“But the deranging influence of men of genius?”

They are the necessary result of a previous state of society.

“And the interposition of Providence?”

The Creator is not such a “clumsy Mechanic,” that his handywork should require perpetual repair, and constant supervision.

This Science is to be based on observation of a variety of facts—and, as the validity of consciousness is denied, Mr. Buckle establishes them from statistics.

Statistics prove the law, and the law binds mankind.

Now, the establishment of these facts, the collection of data is exactly where History differs from Astronomy, and where the Positivists assume a position which, we think, ought not to be accepted.

Even if, as they say, Providence never directly interfered in human affairs, still, from their very nature, the phenomena, on which a science of History should depend, are so various, so complicated, and so exceptional, that it does not seem possible they could ever be accurately ascertained: yet Comte, and Buckle, and Draper, *postulate as a condition* of their

* The above rationale of Buckle’s theory is so given in the *Westminster Review*, July, 1861. We preferred substituting this; so to speak, *official statement* of his views, to our own analysis of them.

theory, this *infallibility* of observation, and further, its *universality*.

Doubtless, History is susceptible, to a certain extent, of scientific treatment, but not such as to ignore the power in directing human affairs of those great influences which affect the nation not less than the individual.

More than aught else religion has a powerful effect on the individual.

In the History of *Mankind*, Christianity has produced the greatest of all revolutions. Yet, it was not *immediately* determined by the antecedent state of society, nor was it the result of any *general* Law.

In the individual, free will, and independent personal action are important characteristics. In nations, race and nationality act not less powerfully : and, yet, if you reduce society to a collection of statistics, and History to a handbook of positive laws, you altogether deny the existence of the one, and you overlook the influence of the other.

As regards modern times, this impossibility of ascertaining with scientific accuracy all the social phenomena, is more apparent, than as regards earlier ages : and this Dr. Draper appears to have overlooked, for he applies to the new civilisation, rules which he derived from study of the old.

In antient times, and in antient communities, we see, for the most part, that one principle of Government became dominant, and hurried on to its complete developement; carrying with it all the other components of the State. Theocracy, Caste, Oligarchy, Democracy, Military Despotism, each had a sphere, in which it reigned supreme.

But, in modern times, there is no such unity.

Everywhere there is a conflict between these different principles ; and, doubtless, it is on this conflict that the progressive character of our civilisation depends.

Nor is this difference between the antient and modern spirit confined to their political constitutions ; we find it no less clearly illustrated in the case of Art.

There is no longer that perfect union of soul and sense, that harmony of mind and matter, which gave such extraordinary completeness, such perfect beauty to antient Art. The spirit and the senses are now alive and active, and the whole nature of man, no longer at rest, is stirred to its greatest depths.

A. W. Schlegel beautifully expresses the difference in the case of poetry :—

“ When the soul, resting, as it were, under the willows of exile,

breathes forth its longing for its final home, what else but melancholy can be the key-note of its song?

Hence, the Poetry of the Antients was the Poetry of enjoyment, while ours is that of desire. The former has its foundation in the scene that is present, the latter hovers between recollection and hope."

So should it be with History.

As modern Art recognises an ideal, to which it tends through a thousand beautiful forms, but which it never hopes to grasp ; so should History recognise, as existing outside human nature, an influence, at each moment affecting man, and yet not subject to his analysis.

To assert that society, in its complicated action and constant progress, may be reduced into a science of Mechanics, and fully resolved into the operation of certain statical and dynamical laws, is to follow the Antients in their belief that Human Nature is, in itself, complete and all-sufficient.

To deny the material influence which events produce, and the connexion which exists between them, would be to lose the surest guide for our conduct in the future, by neglecting the lessons, which are derived from the experience of the past.

It is not for us to draw a line where positive Science ends, and particular Induction should begin. It may be that it is not possible to do so. We find, on all sides, problems which we cannot solve.

On one head, we think, all are agreed, that, in tracing, through the progress of society the operation of fixed conditions, and the prevalence of order, while we recognise therein, to a certain extent, the existence of Law, it is a law which refers us to the Law-giver ; and, while we gather from the experiences of the past all the lessons it can give for our future guidance, we should, at the same time,

"in reverent Faith, far different from that teaching of Philosophy, pause over the mysterious vestiges of Him, Whom History, indeed, reveals, but only all History, and, in Eternity, will clearly reveal."*

* Carlyle *Miscel.* : Vol. II., p. 385.

Ethics of the Irish Land Laws.

“A free people on a free soil.”—BRIGHT.

THE social and political aspects of the Land Laws of Ireland have been ably discussed by men of every shade of opinion, but few have adverted to their moral relations except to assume the injustice of the present demand of the Irish tenant farmer.

The sacredness of the rights of property is the basis of social order, and a law which violates distributive justice, cannot conduce to the greatness of a nation, or to the happiness of her people.

The land laws of Ireland, confessedly unjust, though for centuries they strengthened the English power in Ireland, are now bearing their legitimate fruit of social anarchy and disaffection. They were unjust to the occupier, and confiscated his property for the interest of the proprietor. Any attempt to reverse the process, and to confiscate the property of the proprietor for the interest of the tenant, would not be less productive of social evils.

Legislation to be effective of good, to secure the greatness and glory of a nation and the happiness of her people, must be based on the fundamental principles of justice, and blindly hold the balance evenly between all classes of the community. Class legislation is intrinsically unjust, essentially opposed to the best interests of society, and must create discontent, disaffection, and national weakness. It is then of the utmost importance to inquire, Is the present demand of the Irish tenant in accordance with the principles of justice? If not, it should be firmly resisted; but if it violates no moral right of the proprietor, it should be graciously and promptly conceded.

In this inquiry we must desert Mr. Mill and his School, who would transfer the inductive method to the domain of morals. We must not seek principles from facts, but govern and regulate facts by the intuitive principles of our reason.

These principles are antecedent to us, and independent of us; they are the laws of our moral being imposed on us by our Creator; they are the same in all experience, and with every people, they are eternal and immutable as their

Divine Founder, and have their sanction, irrespective of time, place, or circumstances. Their measure is not the utility of the individual or the community, but justice, virtue, and truth. Legislators cannot make them, change them, or modify them, but must be governed by them, if they would govern justly.

This reflection is forced upon us by the host of inquirers who honored us with their presence during the past summer. These gentlemen literally inundated the country—in the spirit of Lycurgus, let us hope. The Irish Railways, so contemptibly slow, could not convey them with the desired speed—a glance was sufficient. How many hogs? How many sheep? How many horned cattle? How much green crop?—were the stereotyped questions. Poor Paddy was put rapidly through his catechism—and his replies jotted down in the seer's note-book as the basis of future legislation. The character of the soil was analysed, and its value accurately determined by digging a hole one foot deep in every ten thousand acres; Paddy's slovenly farming is reproved; and sapient foot notes are added, Surplus population!! Lime required!! Scotch husbandry should be introduced, &c., &c. This class of Solons would legislate for the Irish farmer on the same principles on which they bought their eggs in Britanny, their herrings in Scotland, and sold their ropes, tar, and soap, and wondered exceedingly that any legislator could find a difficulty in framing laws upon principles so clear and simple. We had also our literary and antiquarian commissioners, who enlightened English opinion on the struggles of the Irish chiefs, the beauties of Killarney, and the antiquities of Clonmacnois; but it was difficult, indeed, to see what precise relation existed between these very interesting topics and the present demand of the Irish tenant farmer.

That demand is clear and concise. It is eloquent in its simplicity, and strong in its appeal to natural justice. It appeals to the first principles of legislation, and asks from the State that protection which she owes to every subject. What, then, is this demand of the Irish tenant farmer? He asks fixity of tenure, at fair rents. That is, he asks the State to protect him in his home, paying for it its full value. We appeal to Mr. Gladstone, to Mr. Bright, to any statesman in England, is this demand unreasonable? Is it unreasonable that the Irish tenant farmer should ask the Government of England to make such laws as shall allow him to live in the home of his fathers peaceably, honestly, and loyally? Is it reasonable or just that one class of the community, and that the strongest, because the most

wealthy, should possess the power of expelling from their homes the tillers of the soil, breaking up the tenderest and closest family ties, and forcing them into exile, though guilty of no crime? If this demand of the Irish tenant farmer is not just, it must violate the right of some class. What class can have a right to drive the people from their homes, directly, by eviction, or indirectly, by extorting an exorbitant rent? If any class of the community possesses this right, whence is it derived? It means, in plain language, the right to exterminate the occupiers of the soil. This right the proprietor enjoys by legal statute, and of this the occupier calls on the State to deprive him. He contends that it is not a right, but an usurpation, a remnant of feudal barbarism, or of conquest, intrinsically unjust, and a violation of the natural rights of the people.

If the proprietor possesses this right, whence has he derived it?

The highest title in land is that which the State confers. In Ireland, at least, all titles to land are derived from the State, directly or indirectly, by concession or purchase. If, then, the proprietor has the right to exterminate the occupiers, he must derive it from the State. But the State cannot confer upon another what she does not possess. And that the State has not the right to exterminate the people needs not proof. The State is the collective wisdom of the nation, acting for the common weal, and derives from the people the right to govern them, but not the right to exterminate them. If, then, she rewards a distinguished servant by an estate in land, his title deeds, whatever they confer, do not involve, and could not involve the right to exterminate the occupiers of the soil. We contend, then, that the right of the people to dwell peaceably in their homes, is paramount to every right of the State and of the proprietor, and that any violation of it must be an usurpation and an injustice destructive of the best interests of society. The demand of the Irish tenant—fixity of tenure at fair rents—is not a violation of the rights of property, but a protest against an usurped power, which violates natural justice.

A high authority has denounced the Irish land laws as felonious. In what consists the felony? In giving the proprietor a legal power to seize on the property of the tenant, and to violate his rights. Has the tenant a right to live peaceably in his home, as long as he fulfills all the duties of a good and loyal citizen? If you say he has, will not the law be still felonious, which gives to the proprietor a power to violate

that right? If you say he has not, in what does the condition of the Irish farmer of the present day differ from what it was in the days of Cromwell? The Protector issued his fell edict, to Hell or to Connaught, against which there was no appeal. Is not the Irish landlord vested with the same power? Can he not issue his arbitrary edict against his unoffending tenant, and send him not to Hell or to Connaught, but to the workhouse, the emigrant ship, the fever-shed, or the grave. We speak of abstract power, not of power as modified by the progress of opinion; and Derryveagh, Cloneen, the estates of Lord Lucan, Mr. Pollok, and a thousand such painful examples, prove to the most sceptical that this power is enjoyed, and exercised as ruthlessly, if not as extensively, as in the days of the Protector.

The two hundred and eighty three thousand homes of the people levelled; the campaigns of the crowbar brigade through every county in Ireland; the millions who have fled from the land, and who thirst to avenge their wrongs; and the millions who dwell at home, their bosoms filled with disaffection and undying hatred of English rule, afford evidence painfully conclusive that the Irish people lived under a government which claimed their allegiance, but afforded them no protection, which left them slaves at the mercy of severe task-masters, and threw not the sacred shield of the law over the sanctuary of their homes. The demand of the Irish tenant is an appeal to the Government to protect him in his home. He asks nothing more; and, yet, such is the perverted sense of justice in this unhappy land, that this appeal for protection against an unholy power which has immolated millions of loyal subjects, and driven a whole nation to the verge of ruin, is denounced as communistic. In Ireland, the proprietor claims to own as his absolute property the homes of the people, and contends that they derive from his arbitrary will the right to live in the land of their birth. The laws of England sanction this assumption. The tenant protests against it as a violation of natural right, and appeals to the Government for protection. This is the simple issue between the demand of the tenant and the exorbitant claims of the landlord: in this form it must go before the assembled Parliament; and on that issue the verdict of Parliament must be given. If the Government of England repeals those iniquitous laws; if she reverses the policy of Cromwell; protects the homes of the people from intrusion or violence, and proclaims that no man shall have power to drive

them from the land, as long as they faithfully discharge their obligations as good and loyal citizens, she can justly claim the allegiance of the people of Ireland ; for she fulfils towards them the correlative duty of protection.

But, if this appeal for justice is rejected : if the Government of England says to the people of Ireland—we will not give you, by law, the right to live peaceably in your homes ; we will afford you no protection against the power of the proprietor ; he is the representative of Cromwell, and derives his power from the Cromwellian confiscations ; we will leave him that power unrestrained, and vindicate it for him by all the might of England ; the 8,000 proprietors shall own as their absolute property the homes of the three millions of tenants, to level them, or let them stand at their good pleasure :—this verdict of the English Parliament must go forth to the world. It must be known to Europe, and to America, that England refused to protect the homes of the people by law ; that, as to his legal right to live in his home, the Irish tenant is precisely as he was in the days of Cromwell ; that he is still governed, not as a loyal subject, but as a conquered slave, and held in a social and political bondage, which is a blur and a blot on the civilisation of the century. If the homes of the people are not protected by law, to speak of Government is a sheer impertinence, but, as long as the power to exterminate remains an element of proprietorial rights, the homes of the people have no legal protection. Push this power to its legitimate consequences, and no man can defend its exercise. But a power which I cannot justly exercise, I cannot justly possess. The exercise of a power does not affect its intrinsic justice. What I justly own I can justly use ; and if I cannot exercise a power without violating the rights of others, it is evident such power is not a right but an usurpation. It is an axiom in ethics that what is just in itself cannot become unjust by its exercise.

Test the rights of the Irish landlords by this principle, they claim the absolute right of exterminating all who occupy under them at their good-will and pleasure. Let us conceive the rights of the 8,000 landlords united in one ; or, what is the same, let us suppose that all the proprietors unite in one purpose. If the 8,000 proprietors assemble together, and agree so to do, they have the legal right of driving from the country every man holding land in Ireland. Will any jurist, will any man of sense or knowledge, in Parliament, or out of Parliament, defend this position ? and yet, such is the legitimate consequence of the pretended rights of the Irish landlord. A prin-

ciple from which it follows that 8,000 proprietors have the right to depopulate the whole island, must be intrinsically unsound : the power to exterminate is, therefore, not an element of proprietorial rights ; and the demand of the Irish tenant—fixity of tenure at fair rents—violates no moral claim of the landlord. And yet, the law, as at present constituted, confers this power. The extent to which a millionaire can exterminate the Irish people depends on the length of his purse. The laws by which the Irish people are governed authorise the purchase of the country to an unlimited extent ; and with the title to the land is granted by the Court the legal power to exterminate the people. Turk, Jew, or Atheist may go into the Landed Estates Court, and purchase a townland, ten townlands, or ten counties, and receive from the Court a legal right to level the homes of the entire population, and turn the country into a howling wilderness. Let it not be said that this power has not been frequently exercised. Every man in England and Ireland knows well that the homes of the Irish people have been made a matter of traffic. It is notorious that cleared land (that is, land from which the people have been exterminated) is more valuable in the market than land in occupation ; and greedy speculators—land-sharks, as the poor people call them—go into the Court, purchase part of an estate, clear off the tenantry, and sell it again at considerable profit.

Mr. Gladstone is aware of the existence of this monstrous violation of a people's rights. Mr. Bright knows it well ; and if he remains a member of a Government which refuses to repeal laws so iniquitous, so subversive of the natural rights of the people, the nation has to mourn over the fall of another great champion of popular rights.

It is a fearful truth, which should be proclaimed to the world, that the homes of the Irish people have no legal protection ; that they are placed by law at the tender mercies of men, many of whom are their hereditary enemies, and some of them sworn foes, banded together in an unholy alliance to exterminate them. To this painful rule there are many noble exceptions—men whose acts are dictated, not by felonious laws, but by their innate sense of justice and humanity. It is sufficient to name the Earls of Granard, Fingal, Portarlington, and Bessborough.

By the laws under which they live the homes of the people are a matter of traffic, and their property an object of legalised plunder, that is, what is felony according to natural right, and would be felony according to law, if perpetrated on

any other member of the community, ceases to be felony, and is sanctioned by law, when perpetrated by the proprietor, on the occupier. The property of the Irish farmer has been thus for centuries, confiscated for the landlord; and, yet, men wonder that he was not loyal, thrifty, and progressive, and that he sought for himself, by the strong hand of outraged justice, that protection of life and property which the law denied him. Let no man say we approve or palliate agrarian crimes. We revert to them incidentally, to trace them to their cause, to deplore and to execrate them, and to urge on the Government of the country the duty of eradicating this monstrous social evil by just legislation, by depriving the landlord of the power to exterminate, and throwing the protection of the law over the homes of the people.

The common law of England is a code of equity, resting on natural right more than on legal statute, and modified by local custom and immemorial usage. This law, if we are rightly informed, recognises no absolute property in land. Whatever is an object of property can also be an object of prescription; but the law recognises no prescription of land. You can prescribe incorporeal hereditaments, such as right of way, right of pasturage, tithes, rents, or service; but you cannot prescribe the land itself. This significant fact, if fact it is, proves that, according to the common law of England, the land belonged not to the individual, but to the State, for the good of society; and that, as the State did not own the land except for the people, neither could she confer on another any property in land incompatible with their rights.

The origin of all property is labor and thrift. Whatever I have produced by my labor, or saved by my abstinence, is my property absolutely. But, as no man produced the land, so no man can make it his property except to reap from it the fruits of his labor; and as most of the valuable qualities of the Irish land is the produce of the Irish tenant's labor, his property in it rests upon a more solid basis than that of the proprietor. He who supplies the raw material has a right only to the value of the raw material; and a law which assigns him the property created in it by the labor or skill of another, violates the first principles of justice, and the most sacred rights of property. Property is the result of the natural powers of matter and of man's labor, and to ask whether nature does more, and labor less, or labor does more and nature less; would be as reasonable, in the words of Mill, as to ask which half of a pair of scissors has most to do in the act of cutting, or which of the factors, five or six, contributes most to the

production of the number thirty. Those who talk of the latent powers of the land as cancelling the right of the tiller of the soil to the full produce of his labor, and to the increased value produced in the land by his capital and industry, might talk with as much reason of the latent powers of the canvas and the paint, as transferring a per centage on the value of Guido's pictures to the haberdasher and the druggist, from whom he purchased his materials.

There is in flax a latent power to produce linen; in wool—to produce cloth; in leather—to produce shoes; and in land a latent power to produce corn, cattle, and agricultural produce. Apart from class legislation, the merchant who sells the flax, wool, or leather, has the same moral claim to a share in the profits of the manufacturer of the linen, cloth, or shoes, that the landlord has to the increased value produced in the land by the skill, capital, and labor of the tenant.

This principle, like many others equally mischievous, came to us from the Continent, and was most congenial to the aristocratic mind of England, in which there is a *latent power* to receive with avidity, and to develope to bitter fruit every sentiment opposed to the interests and rights of the tillers of the soil.

Another favorite sophism with the advocates of class legislation is, that the tenant forfeits all right to the fruits of his labor, by having enjoyed them for a fixed period. On what moral principle we are at a loss to discover. If a tenant lays aside £500 from his capital, and invests it in the funds, he enjoys the interest for an unlimited period, without forfeiting his right to the principal. If he expends this sum in permanent improvements on his farm, on what principle of justice must he forfeit his right to the increased value of the land produced by his capital and labor? If a tenant rents a bog at £1, and makes it permanently worth £2 per acre, is not the second pound the property of the tiller of the soil by a more sacred title, than the original value is held by the proprietor?

But the tenant has derived a larger per centage on his capital in land than in the funds, urges the abettor of landlord rights; therefore, the excess belongs not to him, but to the proprietor, and must be considered as accumulating for him to pay to the tenant the original expenditure.

If the tenant derives a smaller per centage, as not unfrequently happens, will the landlord recoup him?

If a proprietor purchases in the Landed Estates Court, and if the investment pays more than the average per centage, will the excess be handed over to the original owner of the estate? If the principle of the sophism were sound, it should be so,

unless you hold that landlord's money, or money invested with the landlord's rights may bear any amount of per centage for its owner; but that if tenant's money, invested in land, bears more than five per cent, the surplus must be handed over to his landlord, as a member of the privileged class. If I buy a landlord's sheep or cattle, and fatten them, and if they pay me more than five per cent, must I return him the excess? The principle is precisely the same, except that the landlords have not the cattle market under their control as they have the land market, and cannot, therefore, impose the terms of sale.

But the old instincts of Feudalism crop up. The proprietors have resolved that they alone shall have permanent property in land; that there shall be but two classes—proprietors and stewards, or rentmaking machines—and that rent shall mean everything the land can be made to produce, except a per centage fixed by the arbitrary will of the proprietor for the tillers of the soil. The landlords—men of progress in other respects, are, retrograde in their conduct to the occupier, for they should know that the progress from barbarism to civilisation was effected by freeing the tillers of the soil from the oppressive power and unjust exactions of the Feudal Lords, and that oppression of the occupier by the Government has paralysed Eastern nations, and held agriculture stationary. Some of our public instructors have yet to learn that a Nation's greatness and strength must rest upon a more solid basis than enormous individual wealth and extensive commerce, and that agricultural improvement should have a higher purpose than growing turnips and fattening bullocks.

The trite axiom of the political economists, that a second blade of grass produced where but one blade grew before, is a boon to society, covers a most ingenious fallacy. If this second blade is produced not to bless with greater abundance the tillers of the soil, but to increase individual wealth, already enormous; if it adds not to the contentment and happiness of the people, but is produced at the expense of their religious sentiment and moral feeling; if it is produced at the expense of the many, and for the aggrandisement of the few, it is not a boon to society, but a curse; not a means of social advancement, but of social degradation; not a step to a higher civilisation, but to barbarism. The past, if we read it rightly, teaches a significant lesson. The *latifundia* of the Roman Empire sowed the seeds of her decay, squeezed out the hardy and virtuous peasantry who fought her battles, extinguished the military spirit, and made her an easy prey to the conquering barbarians.

The degradation and the pauperism of the agricultural districts of England, the utter paganism of the wretched serfs who till the soil, and the gross immorality produced by the Bothy system of Scotland, should make good and wise men think, and ask themselves, is the Empire as great, as glorious, or as powerful as she would be if we had less bullocks and more contented and virtuous peasants, if the laws were framed not so much to increase proprietorial rights and individual wealth, as to plant a free people on a free soil—a people such as Wordsworth describes, and of which, we believe, there scarcely remains a specimen. A wise Government will encourage individual exertion, and the creation of individual wealth, but will protect the general community from the evils it entails, and the spirit it engenders. Progress in any department must be regarded but as a means to an end—a progress which depresses the general community, aggrandises the few at the expense of the many, checks the growth of population, and dries up the sources of the contentment, peace, and happiness of peasant life—is like the march of Admiral Trunnon's Marines—an advance backwards.

On the plea of those patent sophisms, how enormous a robbery has been perpetrated on the Irish tenant farmers.

The single barony of Farney, according to Mr. Seymour, as quoted by Mr. Trench, was raised in value from £200 to £50,000 a-year, exclusively by the labor of the tenants in occupation. Every shilling of that property was confiscated, many of the tenants were cleared off with as little remorse as vermin is destroyed, and those who remain are tenants-at-will—the property created by themselves and their ancestors, year after year, being transferred by law to the proprietor. Extend this principle to the whole island. Consider the cases quoted by Sir John Gray at Manchester, where the peasantry were placed on patches of unreclaimed land, and when, by their labor, they had brought it into cultivation, and made it productive, were transferred to other patches for the same purpose, like sheep in a fallow; and, finally, when they had reclaimed the entire district, and made it fertile for the proprietor, were given the merciful alternative of emigration, the workhouse, or the grave.

Millions of acres in Ireland have been improved by the tenant's industry; mountains reclaimed, bogs drained, fenced, and cultivated, homesteads erected, roads and watercourses constructed. Millions of property have been thus created by the tenant's labour, and confiscated for the landlord's benefit.

It is the interest of the privileged class, and has ever been

their favorite habit to decry their less favored countrymen, and to represent the Irish tenant as ignorant, unthrifty, idle, and vicious.

They were fair game for every nameless scribbler. The herd of "Wes", from the *Times* to the lowest Orange rag, seasoned their pages, and pandered to the *prurient* taste of their readers by graphic pictures of Irish ignorance, Irish superstition, and Irish crime.

The lisping juvenile in St. Stephen's, haw-hawed out his anathemas against the lazy Irish: and the hoary advocate of ascendancy became young in his eloquent denunciation of that alien race which disgraced the civilisation of the glorious British Empire.

This trade is at a discount. Paddy has made himself heard in the councils of the nation. His brogue is unpleasant music to ears polite; yet, the restless fellow will not take friendly counsel and be silent.

The Island has not been submerged, strange to say. The irreclaimable Celt (who, by the bye, is not a Celt at all, it appears, but a noble Saxon spoiled by bad treatment), to be sure, went with a vengeance, but he has come back with a vengeance, too; and, even in his western home, he stores up, cranky animal as he is, a little vengeful feelings, which are, just now, the least little bit inconvenient.

The Press of England notwithstanding, we believe no other people ever exhibited so much patient labor, and steady and persevering industry, under such adverse circumstances. What the Irish tenant has accomplished in the past, though he knew that, of the produce of his labor, his own would be the smallest share, is a magnificent guarantee of what he will accomplish for the future, when his home is protected, and the fruits of his honest labor secured to himself and to his offspring. And protected that home must be. The Irish people are in no temper to be trifled with. A little tinkering legislation will not satisfy them. They are sick unto death of iniquitous laws. Sustained by the solemn conviction that they hold from Heaven the right to live in their own country, and that this right is paramount to every right of state or landlord, the people of Ireland have formed a fixed resolve that if this right be not conceded by law, it shall be extorted by force. It is well that the Government should know the tone of the public mind. The people have been taught a new Gospel by Missioners from beyond the Atlantic, and, unfortunately for the peace of the country, have learned the lesson but too quickly. They feel that no class has a right

to drive them from their homes ; that they are no more bound quietly to submit to be exterminated by unjust laws than by the sword. They have called on the Government of England to protect them from this unjust aggression on their rights ; and if the Government does not protect them, they have resolved to protect themselves, their families, their homes, and their property.

The Irish people make now to the Government of England what we believe will be their final appeal—an appeal which no wise Government can despise. No enlightened Government can regard the homes of the people as the absolute property of a class, to be levelled or allowed to remain at their good pleasure. No just Government can sanction laws which confiscate the property of the poor and the industrious for the advantage of the wealthy and the idle ; and no Government, however constituted, Tory, Whig, or Radical, can permit a state of anarchy to remain in one-third of the realm, where property is protected and robbery avenged by private assassination. We but formalise the words of a Cabinet Minister. Lord Clarendon has declared that the power of the proprietor over the property of the occupier is legalised felony. The proprietor exercises that power ; and seizes on the property of the tenant who repels the unjust aggressor on his rights by assassination. Is not such the unhappy state of the country ? is it not a disgrace to humanity, and a deep stain on the escutcheon of England ? Politicians of all shades of opinion admit that this state of things cannot remain. The diseased state of society is clear and patent. What is the remedy ? It was expressed very tersely a few days since by the President of the Board of Trade.

“ A free people on a free soil.”

Let us trust in his wisdom, and in the wisdom of his colleagues ; and hope that he will promptly apply it.

1.—A Land Bill, to place in Ireland a free people on a free soil, must protect the properties and the homes of the Irish people.

2.—Whatever the tenant has created in the land by his labor, capital, and skill is his property, the Bill should, therefore, secure to him all improvements, present, past, and future.

3.—The Bill should consult indirectly for the happiness and contentment of the working classes ; and should, therefore, hold out the strongest inducement to the occupier to employ agricultural labor extensively.

4.—If the occupier has capital, and expends it in improving

his farm, the expenditure should be as secure as if invested in Government stock.

5.—The improvement should be estimated by the letting value of the farm, and as long as the letting value is increased by the tenant's labor or capital, so long should that increased value be secured to him.

6.—If the tenant have not capital, the Bill should afford him the facility of obtaining it on the same terms on which it is at present granted to the proprietor. The Bill of Lord Naas contained this excellent provision. Any Land Bill without this provision will be imperfect, as it will not afford the means of providing labor, and, therefore, contentment for the working classes. The money obtained from the Board of Works should be expended under the supervision of a competent inspector.

7.—The occupier should have the power of improving his farm independently of the consent of the proprietor, and all *bona fide* improvements, whether registered or not, if they increase the letting value of the land, should be secured to the tenant. Mr. Forescue's Bill contained this excellent provision.

8.—In many parts of Ireland, it is very difficult to procure agricultural labor. The proprietors, in their terror, in '48 and '49, drove all the cottiers from the farms. They fled to the towns, and were demoralised; to the Workhouse, and died off; or to America, and swelled the ranks of Fenianism. The cottiers must be again planted on the farms, and an earnest effort made to lay solidly this, the lowest, and not the least important stone, in the social edifice. The official who inspects the expenditure of the public funds for erecting the cottages of the agricultural laborers, could decide the number of cottiers which each occupier would be permitted to erect, independently of the landlord's consent or approval. We are happy to find that Mr. Campbell, in his most thoughtful pamphlet, and Mr. Samuelson, agree in the necessity of providing cottages for agricultural laborers.

9.—To protect the homes of the people from the exterminator, there are four measures before the country, and only four which deserve consideration.

1st—Mr. Bright's, which must form a portion of any satisfactory Land Bill. Mr. Bright's plan should be adopted, as far as is compatible with the rights of property; but as coercive sale is objectionable, its operation could be but partial. But even a partial application of this measure would be a great boon to Irish society, and impart to it two elements

in which it is strikingly defective—stability and independence. The condition of the peasant proprietors of Switzerland, Saxony, Prussia, Norway, and Belgium are conclusive evidence of the excellency of Mr. Bright's plan.

2.—The plan of Mr. Mill would be acceptable to the Irish tenant, and would not be unwelcome to many of the Irish landlords, if it includes the clause suggested by Mr. O'Brien, of Limerick, that they receive as consideration for the perpetuity granted to the tenant, and that payment is secured by the State. We see no serious objection to this arrangement. Mr. Dix Hutten's plan of land-banks would secure its efficient working, independently of State support.

3.—The plan of Mr. Napier, which makes fixity of tenure the premium of skill, industry, and labor, would be accepted by the tenantry of Ireland, provided they got a 21 years' start to rise from their present abject condition.

4.—But, perhaps, the most simple and effective plan, and the one to which proprietors can least object, is to legalise and extend to all Ireland the tenant right of the North.

If it is a violation of proprietorial rights, it should not exist in Ulster; and if it is not, and if it brings peace and social order to this unhappy country, why should it be withheld from any part of the Island? It is objected that what is so indefinite and variable could not be made the basis of legislation. Tenant right, in its principles, is uniform and definite. It is the unwarrantable attempt, to disturb it on some estates which gave to tenant right its indefinite and variable character.

If, then, a tenant wishes to retire from his farm, let him have the power to sell to the highest bidder—at present rent, the landlord always having the right of pre-emption.

If a landlord wishes to remove a tenant, the Bill should deprive him of the power, except for non-payment of rent.

If a landlord wishes to raise the rent, let the tenant appeal to the court of arbitration, which the Bill is supposed to provide; and if he is dissatisfied with the result, let him still have the power of selling his tenant right—the landlord always having the right of pre-emption. A Bill with these provisions, would meet all the wants and wishes of the Irish tenant farmers, and violates none of the just rights of property.

Legend of King Robert.

PART II.

XIV.

Thus spake his faithful subjects—one by far
More clamorous and rampant than the rest,
Bold as a foremost wave against the bar
With all the urging ocean at its back.
A pensive glow that from the vestal fire
Above the Altar struggled thro' the black
Sepulchral atmosphere, as if in quest
Of the last ray that parted thro' the West,
Died in quick horror on his face of ire !

XV.

He drew his sword—or stood in act to draw,
As struck to marble by Medusa's head ;
For, downward gazing to his feet, he saw
His state was changed indeed ! and very well
He knew the sorcerer's art, that in those days
Was wont to work full many a miracle.
The purple pride and dainty down was fled,
With all his royal insignia ; and, instead,
He stood and palsied in a blouse of baize.

XVI.

As when some demon from the inmost earth,
Issuing, with anti-natal fury swelled,
Stuns all the region with its boisterous birth ;
Or as, swift following the swifter flash,
The wrathful thunder bursteth, undefied,
Through heaven's bulwark, with a startling crash
Smiting earth dumb,—so, with an oath, he felled
The massy portal and the throng that held
Therby to catch a glimpse of the inside ;

XVII.

And strode toward the palace—at his heels,
In hot pursuit, recovered from their shock,
The troop of scorners : to the gate he reels,

And smites to earth the balking janitor ;
 Thro' courtyard and quadrangle, till he stands
 Within the entrance of a corridor,
 Leading towards the presence : vassals flock
 About him, taking him for mad ; and mock
 His kingly airs, and lay on violent hands.

XVIII.

He shook them from him with a giant's strength ;
 And passing down the gallery, pursued
 By his astonished hunters all its length,
 Behold another band, a form uncouth
 Heading the rest, to meet him rushed apace !
 They all but dashed together, mouth to mouth.
 He stood appall'd, and in the mirror viewed
 Only the selfsame mocking multitude,
 And stared right into his misfeatured face !

XIX.

Into his own face, and he knew it not !
 But pale with rage, and speechless with surprise,
 ' That such a madman, fiend, he knew not what !
 Had been allowed to penetrate the maze,
 Impenetrable, that surrounds a king,
 And even front the imperatorial gaze ?'
 No marvel if he failed to recognise
 The beauty lauded by a kingdom's eyes
 In that preposterous, foul, frightful thing !

XX.

For never, since the days when gods were prone
 To walk the valleys that Olympus fringe,
 Had moved a godlier form than erst his own.
 But now he gazed upon a very boor :
 His puckered mouth was like a healing wound ;
 Wild as thick stubble on a wintry moor
 O'erblown by sharp north wind, and of like tinge,
 His hair. And they were rushing to impinge
 Each other, when for rage he well-nigh swooned.

XXI

At length the ripple of a murmur crept,
 Crept on through half a hundred hindrances,

Until it reached the presence ; whence there swept
A turbulent command forthwith to bring
The strange impostor up before the throne
To be interrogated of the king.
In vain they strove to drag him,—at his ease
He shook them off as shower drops from trees,
And strode the chambers as they were his own ;

XXII.

Impatient to ascend the royal dais,
Resume his sceptre and prerogative,
And make those traitors fear him in his place
Of pomp and power ; through halls and vestibules,
Aflush with courtiers who, recreant as proud,
Fell back before him, as the gorgeous gules
And dainty purp'e ; that, in chantries, live
But on the smiles the king of heaven may give,
Shrink at the coming of an uncouth cloud.

XXIII.

Through corridors and chambers, till he burst
Boldly right into the saloon of state ;
Where tittering stood, of all affronts the worst,
They whom from out the ordinary herd
His favor had exalted ! One huge stride
Towards the throne he measured undeterred,
Then paused aghast—for, lo, upon it sate
Another king, the very duplicate
Of his own image in his olden pride !

XXIV.

His soul in silent curses cursed his doom,
And cursed the witchcraft that had wrought it all
A laughter-volley hurtled through the room,
And in an instant there was great uproar.
But he was speechless as unready thunder,
Gathering his fury to yet fiercer store,
That he might hurl one unequivocal
Anathema, and crush in headlong fall
The usurper and his partisans thereunder !

XXV.

As when a mortar, kindled at the breach,
Hangs fire, and stuns expectant ears with hush

More deafening than explosion, all and each
 Looked on confounded that he made no sign,
 But stood immovable and dumb—his arms
 Uplifted, and his mouth, as bellowing kine,
 Agape, and all his face a fiery flush
 Of kindled wrath—discharging but a rush
 Of soundless fulminations and alarms.

XXVI.

And still he stared at him upon the throne :
 A fearful vision, staring at his own face,
 With certain knowledge it was not his own !
 For, despite his great pride, his soul confessed,
 'Gainst the perverseness of reluctant eyne,
 The king, the image of himself, pos sessed
 A wondrous light, or beauty, or, alas
 He knew not what !—as well might come to pass,
 Seeing 'twas glory of a grace divine.

XXVII.

For he was loved and worship'd, and became,
 By reason of a miracle that wrought
 Some blessed transformation, of saintly fame—
 Liker an angel than e'er sat before
 On earthly throne : whereat, when Robert gazed,
 No marvel he was dumb ! And o'er and o'er,
 And coil by coil, the wrinkles of his thought
 In gradual involutions shrank to naught,
 And ere he left the spot his brain was crazed.

XXVIII.

' Bring hither cap and bells, and crown the fool !
 'Tis meet, since royalty hath turned his pate,
 He should be made Court Scaramouch, and rule
 The Liege of zanies !' thus the good king spoke.
 And Robert half began to doubt the past:
 ' Had he from out some lifelong trance awoke,
 Or was he slumbering still ? Had he of late
 Dreamed in his dream he was a potentate,
 And, waking, found it but a dream at last ?'

R. S.

(*To be continued.*)

Hector Ingelford ; or, The Onward Course.

CHAPTER XIV.

“A F U N C T I O N . ”

WHILST “Daddy” was enacting his novelties at the Residence Ball, a far different performance was being gone through at “Clacks” House.

The work for the next day had been duly studied ; the bowls of milk and hunches of bread, which formed the last meal, had been duly despatched, when “Dame Clack’s” son, the guardian of the establishment, made his appearance, preceded by “Clacky Bill,” whose grinning face belied the solemn gait and Stiggins-like countenance of Mr. Charles Fitzroy Clackmannan, a venerable pedant of some forty-five years of age, seldom indulging in the use of words of less than four syllables, and making-believe to a larger share of learning, than the very slender portion of which he was possessed.

Like “Daddy,” Mr. “Clack” was very vain of his personal appearance, perhaps even more so than of his fine words and imposing speeches,—but that was doubtful. Unlike “Daddy,” he really was handsome ; though the crow’s foot would put in an appearance here and there, and his raven black hair would show a rare white one, despite the many and infallible dyes, of which he made unsparing use.

For “Dame Clack’s” Charley had not yet resigned all hopes of matrimony : indeed, if Fame had not been possessed of that mendacious character with which she is generally credited, there were stories of the “Bedeham Apollo” (so was he dubbed) actually refusing one or two good offers made to him by romantic young ladies in the Leap Year just passed.

From nine every morning to three every afternoon, Mr. Clackmannan was the slave of the desk and the wielder of the ferule. In a small court, off Highgate, he daily taught the (shopkeeper) young idea how to shoot ; and for the small charge of one pound a quarter—when he could get it, and less when he could not—Mr. C. Fitzroy Clackmannan, of the Royal College of Preceptors,—an institution, apparently licensed solely for the promotion of ignorance and cram—conde-

scended to instruct the young gentlemen in “ all the branches of a thoroughly liberal education.” Indeed, to judge from his prospectus, parents sending their children to Bedeham Grammar School, instead of to the “ Highgate Literary Institution,” made a great mistake ; and poor Dr. Senior’s star quite paled before the long and various list of Mr. Charles Fitzroy Clackmann’s accomplishments.

Such was this well-known character during the morning and afternoon. In the evening he was the “ Man about Town ;” his curled black beard and carefully-trimmed moustache, his clothes well-made and tastefully selected as to colors, his hat of the newest shape, his gloves fitting most accurately on his aristocratically-white and tapering fingers, not undecorated with rings, and his boots rivaling even “ Daddy’s,” showed that he thought himself one in a thousand.

He affected the learned societies of the city, and had himself started a Philological Reunion, at which he had read, with great difficulty and stumbling over the long words, a startling paper, of eighty-two pages and a half, on “ The Ethnological Affinities of the Skandinavian Nations, with a Critical Glance at the Skalds and Bardic Traditions of Ireland.”

By this paper he expected to win immortal fame ; but, as it had been composed for him by a late impecunious and larky Under-Master of Bedeham School, and paid for it at the rate of one shilling a page, it contained more novelties than truths; and by its absurdities, of which its reputed author was utterly innocent, caused the meeting to break up in the much admired disorder of peals of laughter and derisive shouts of applause. The collapse of the Society, and the eclipse of Mr. C. Fitzroy Clackmann’s fame as a light in the Bedeham world of literature followed as matters of course.

Such, then, was Mr. “ Clack,”—a good-hearted man, with all his mother’s kindness of nature, but without one grain of her shrewd common sense, and utterly spoiled by his overweening conceit and invincible self-opinionatedness.

Every night, at nine o’clock, he proceeded in state to the Long-room, there to read Prayers. The Rubric was as follows : Supper being over, he waited in his own “ Study,”—who, without pretensions to being a literary man, has not a Study?—until he was duly informed that the tables had been cleared, and carefully swept of any fragments of bread or milk that might offend his eyes—by the way, one was glass—or sully the faultless purity of his garments.

The information aforesaid he, at first, expected to be conveyed to him by the Head Monitor, as a tacit acknowledgement of his position as master and owner of the establishment. The Head Monitor, however, not seeing it in the same light, consistently refused this act of homage, and sent "Clacky Bill." This old "Clack" could not stand, and after a vigorous exchange of diplomatic amenities, which at one time assumed such a serious aspect as to seem to threaten the interposition of Dr. Senior—at the Monitor's request—a compromise was effected by the high contracting parties, by which it was arranged that, for the future, a doul should be the Mercury from the Olympus of the Long Room to the sacred penetralia of Mr. Charles Fitzroy Clackmann's Study.

According to the Clackmannian Rubric, the doul having made the announcement, a bell was solemnly rung by "Clacky Bill," who then, with a preternatural gravity of visage, reverently assumed a very large Family Bible, with extra sized print, in deference to the little visual infirmity before hinted at. On the top of this volume reposed an imposing looking royal octavo, solid, ponderous, authoritative in appearance, and lettered, "A Perennial Fount of Devotion," from which welled forth, night and morning,—when Mr. C. F. C. was up in time,—which happened, on an average, once a quarter—a stream of very dry petitions and thanksgiving. I regret to state that in the "Clack" parlance the book was entitled "the Prayer-tap," and "Old Clack" was spoken of as "turning it on," or "cutting it off," as occasion required.

These implements of piety being duly deposited under the central gas lamp, "Clacky Bill" disappeared for a moment, and then a procession entered in the following order.

First, the cook (when sober), fat, greasy, and smudgy : next, the scullery-maid, half starved, very oily, and very forgetful as to that excellence which is said to rank next to godliness. To her succeeded the two housemaids, smart, smirking, and cappy : next, "Clacky Bill," sanctimoniously hypocritical : then Mr. "Clack" himself, stately, and grave as beseemed the occasion, clad in a voluminous, many-tasseled dressing-gown of some sad-colored texture. Bringing up the rear, "Mother Clack" scuttled in, smiling a cheery salute all round.

Seating himself as nearly under the light as possible, Mr. "Clack" would wait, in patient dignity, till perfect silence reigned around. He would then open the Bible at the chapter marked by a very broad gold-embroidered book-marker, and proceed with sonorous accents to blunder through

a given portion of the Holy Scripture, carefully avoiding, if possible, all proper names more intricate in their pronunciation than "Peter" or "Moses." This accomplished, he closed the book, and poured forth two columns from his "*Fount of Devotion*," said the Lord's Prayer, arose from his knees, dusted his trousers, shook hands with all the boys, and disappeared, as he had come.

Not that this nocturnal performance always passed over so harmoniously. Mr. "Clack's" elocution was often interrupted, and the stream from the "*Fount*" diverted by an unseemly apoplectic snore from his mother, who had a strong weakness for twirling her thumbs, and going to sleep during her Prayers; or some of the maid-servants would giggle under the friendly winks bestowed on her by "Clacky Bill," or some profane school-boy. Perhaps a subdued shriek would issue from a far corner, where some wretched doul was catching it on the sly from "Daddy" for daring to touch his coat-tails with his foot; or the whole business would be interrupted by a burst of laughter, as Mr. "Clack" came out with his Golgotha, or Bethabaura, or Oleevet, or some such barbarism peculiar to himself.

Again, his little ocular defect was no secret, and his desires for a good light were not unfrequently frustrated by dropping a little ink into the burners, just before he came in, and watching the effect. He would pompously request the nearest boy to "elevate that luminary to a slight extent," and then, pretending that it was the fault of the gas and not of his eye, would fire away boldly, only to come to utter grief.

The book-marker already then spoken of, was also too tempting to escape being tampered with; and often, when the poor man had carefully arranged it beforehand, in such a manner as to escape some chapter with any obtrusively long names in it, on opening the books he would find to his horror that the "portion of Scripture appointed for that evening's perusal"—for so he always began—included, perhaps, one of the Genealogies, or some crabbed chapter in Deuteronomy or Numbers. Ashamed to acknowledge the mistake, and too proud to own to ignorance, the wretched pedagogue would frantically make a bolt at the page before him, only to be shut up at the first, or second verse. The result I need not mention. As he was very particular about his clothes, so he would be extra careful, in choosing a clean chair to sit down on, and an equally clean place in which to kneel down. Yet, all his precautions failed to guard against the surreptitious insertion of a piece of cobbler's wax between his trousers and

the chair, or the smearing of the oil-cloth with bird-lime,—processes which, in neither case, improved his temper or his clothes, when he found himself “firmly fixed and sure” in his seat, or glued to the floor by a cruel, and insidiously disposed patch of some viscous substance.

Thus were rewarded Mr. “Clack’s” attempts at keeping up the moral tone in his House. No wonder he shirked such an ordeal, as often as he could, consistently with the terms on which the license to keep boarders was granted him.

When her son was absent, Mrs. “Clack” dispensed with Prayers, as the Monitors refused to read them, as they did in the case of anything else that did not strictly fall within the letter of their defined duties.

Rumor, indeed, had it that once Mrs. “Clack” rashly undertook to conduct the stereotyped devotions, but that on rising up *minus* her wig and cap, which had been deftly removed as she knelt down, she, for the future, objected to expose her charms to further profanation, and preferred to allow the boys to say their prayers for themselves, if they liked, so long as she was not called on to perform the duty.

On this, the first night of Hector’s presence at the devotional function, the unfortunate “Clack” was fastened down to his chair; and as Hector was known to have a large piece of cobbler’s wax in his box for various schoolboy purposes, and as he was also one of the most ready in his offers of assistance, it is not to be wondered at that suspicion should fall on him, instead of on “the Kitten,” who, of course, was the author of the deed.

Mr. “Clack” was wise enough to pass the matter over, knowing, from bitter experience, what was in store for him, if he betrayed further annoyance, or acted on a vague suspicion.

He resolved, however, to keep a sharp look-out on Master Hector, and to pay him off on the first opportunity.

Odes of Anakreon.

No. IV.

Εἰς ποτήριον ἄργυροῦν.

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύων,
"Ηφαιστέ μοι ποίησον,
πανοπλίαν μὲν οὐχί,
[τὶ γὰρ μάχαισι κάμοι;]
ποτήριον δὲ κοῖλον,
ὅσον δύνῃ, βαθύνας.
ποίει δέ μοι κατ' αὐτὸν
μῆτ' ἀστρα, μῆδ' ἄμαζαν,
μῆ στυγνὸν Ωρίωνα.
τὶ ΠΙλεάδῶν μέλει μοι,
τὶ δ' ἀστέρος Βοώτεω;
ποίησον ἀμπέλους μοι,
καὶ Βότρυας κατ' αὐτῶν,
καὶ Μαινάδας τρυγώσας:
ποίει δὲ ληνὸν οἴνου,
καὶ χρυσέους πατοῦντας
ὅμοιν καλῷ Λυαίῳ
"Ἐρωτα καὶ Βάθυλλον.

Mould, Hephaistos, mould for me
Not, indeed, a panoply.
What of battles?—Let them pass,
Shape for me a silver mass.
Fashion it a hollow cup,
Deep as thou canst build it up.
Upon it raise no chaste, cold star;
Nor trace the ever-trending Car, *
Nor dark Orion, nor the Seven
Sister Pleiads gracing Heaven.
(For to me of what concern
Are Pleiads and Boötes stern?)
But, certain, trace the vine, and shape
Great clusters of the luscious grape,
The wine-press, and the stained throng
Of Bacchanals discoursing song;
And form, in golden figures, there
Evan, the beautiful, the fair,
And rosy Cupid, and Bathyllus,
As they the generous stream distil us.

J. T. N.

* Charles's Wain.

Short Notices of Books.

Of Dr. Maguire's utterances, as embodied in his *Maynooth Resolutions Considered* (Dublin : McGee, 1869), we can only say that they are too feeble and egotistical to do any one any harm. But what else can be expected of a man, who devotes more than one-third of his pamphlet to proving, what no one ever denied, that he is a Protestant, and who, because he "cannot construe Materialism to his own mind as intelligible, and as he never met any one who could," therefore, "believes in the Roman Catholic religion?" *Ex pede Herculem.*

As an antidote, if antidote is required to the very feeble poison of the LL.D. of T.C.D., we would recommend *Popular Education at Home and Abroad* (London : Burns, Oates, and Co., 1869). This most valuable pamphlet contains extracts from the Reports of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of National Education in England, and of their Assistant-Commissioners, who were sent to look into the working of the Schools in Germany, America, Holland, Switzerland, and France. The work will be found especially useful at the present time ; and as, during the next Session of Parliament, discussions on the subject of Education are sure to come on, its contents ought to be well studied by every one directly, or indirectly interested in the education of our poorer classes.

The mystery of the Incarnation of our Blessed Lord fills every mind with gladness ; we may, therefore, fittingly call our readers' attention to three little works, which show forth that "greater love" which no man ever had beyond Him, who was made Flesh to tabernacle amongst us. In Father Nepveu's treatise *Of the Love of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Means of Acquiring it* (London : Burns, Oates, and Co., 1869), the pious soul will learn the great business of life, namely, how to study, know, honor, love, and imitate that Saviour, Who, for us men, became a Child, that man might know how to learn of Him His meekness and lowliness of heart. In Father Coleridge's most excellent translation of this work will be found the means "most suitable to inspire us with a great desire to love Jesus Christ, and to unite ourselves solely to Him, as well as a distinct catalogue of the motives," wh.ch may assist us in acquiring this love, Whose consummation is to be ound in the Holy Eucharist. To enkindle in our hearts, and to draw out the relations of the personal love and care, in which our Divine Lord is pleased to stand to us, is the object with which Father Rawes has translated Father Lercari's *Eucharistic Month*, (London : Burns, Oates and Co., 1869). In it will be found a completest system of preparation and thanksgiving, together with a series of aspirations for receiving the Most Holy Sacramens of the Altar. The meditations,

thirty-one in number, will be to all streams of living water, with which to nourish their souls before and after approaching the Holy Table ; furnaces whence they may in-breathe a fire of love and devotion to their Lord, and offer up to Him an holocaust of gratitude for the benefits afforded them in His Incarnation, His Cross, and His Passion. And that all may be attracted to meditate upon that “terrible hour, during which the Son of God endured pangs, which His enemies had not the power to inflict on Him,” that all “who sympathise with the most afflicted Heart of their Lord in the hour of Its most bitter agony,” a Jesuit Father has published a translation of *The Holy Hour* : or, *The Intimate Union of the Soul with Jesus in His Agony in the Garden*. (London : Burns, Oates, and Co., 1869). We can most cordially recommend the three as books fit for any season, and calculated at all times to raise the soul Heaven-ward.

Mr. A. J. Nicolls’ Essay, *Lord Brougham, an Essay*, (Dublin : University Press, 1869), by its elegance of language, and the accurate historical knowledge displayed in its pages, well deserved the Presidents Gold Medal of the Historical Society in T. C. D. We refer to this Essay with great pleasure, inasmuch as its author was a Student of ST. PATRICK’S COLLEGE. One fault, only, we should wish to have seen corrected before publication, and that is the sentence, in which Mr. Nicolls decrees the canonisation of Lord Brougham.

We have received the Rev. Dr. Molloy’s *Geology and Revelation* (London : Longmans, 1870), a handsome volume, giving the antient history of the earth, considered in the light of geological facts and revealed religion. In every way it is a work to be recommended — first, as worthy of a Professor of Maynooth, and, secondly, as containing much valuable information suitable for the dangerous times in which we live. In our next we hope to review it in detail.

The Dead.

Of your charity pray for the soul of

THE REV. HUGH SMITH,
of the Diocese of Kilmore, a distinguished Student of ST. PATRICK’S. He was ordained Priest on the 17th of October last. After celebrating his first and only Mass, he was seized with consumption, and died at the close of the year, 1869, fortified by all the Sacraments of the Holy Church.

We have also to beg your charitable prayers for the eternal repose of the soul of

HUGH KEATLY, ESQ.,
nephew of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, lately deceased, whose memory will be honored by all who were at CARLOW COLLEGE with him.

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29. *Ave Regina*, Richardson; 1s 6d.
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32. *Alma, Ave, Regina cœli*, and *Salve, Witska*; 3s.
- 32a. *Alma Redemptoris*, Richardson; 1s.
33. *Regina cœli*, Richardson; 2s. (See also No. 10, Cherubini).
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- 37a. *Justorum animæ*, Crookall; *Martyrs*, 2s.
38. *Ecce Sacerdos*, Stadler; *Confessors*, 1s.
39. *Iste Confessor*, Richardson; *Confessors*, 1s 6d.
40. *Justus ut palma*, Drobisch; *Confessors*, 1s 6d.
41. *In virtute tua*, Casali; *Confessors*, 1s.
42. *Meditabor in mandatis tuis*, Casali; and *Justus germinabit*, Baini; *Confessors*, 1s.
- 42a. *Dum esset*, Palestrina; *Bishop and Confessor or Pope*, 1s.
43. *Diffusa est gratia*, Richardson; *Virgins*, 2s.
44. *Veni Sponsa*, Baini; *Virgins*, 6d.
45. *Quæ est ista, Vini Sponsa*, &c., Richardson; *Virgins* 1s 6d.

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53. *Lætatus sum*, M. Haydn; 2s.
54. *Magna et mirabilia*, Drobisch; 2s,
55. *Protector noster*, Drobisch; 1s.
56. *Benedicam Dominum*, Drobisch; 1s 6d.
57. *Domine quæ admirabile*, Assmayer; 1s 6d.
58. *Cantate Domino*, Witska; 1s.
59. *Benedictus Dominus*, M. Haydn; 2s 6d.
60. *Dominus firmamentum*, Terziani (men's voices); 1s.
61. *Jubilate Deo*, Richardson; 1s.
62. *In te Domine*, Drobisch; 1s 6d.
63. *Dominus regnavit*, Drobisch; 2s.
64. *Laudem dicite*, Musetti; 1s.

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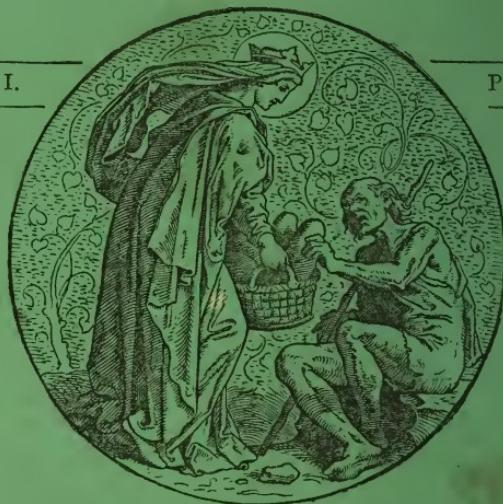
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THE
CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

M A R C H , 1 8 7 0 .

March 18th 1870

—♦—
English and Irish Crime.

NO. I.

No. 1

England, of all the countries in the world,
Most blind to thine own good.

—RANDOLPH.

“M^OST blind to thine own faults” would have read as well,
and better served our purpose.

“Comparisons are odorous,”

cried old Dogberry, a sentiment with which we fully agree. Still, if comparisons are forced upon us, we are bound, in self-defence, to show not only that we are not so black as we are painted, but that those who provoke such comparisons had better look a little more at home, and mend their own manners, before they attempt a similar task abroad.

Mrs. Jellyby’s interest in the conversion of the benighted natives of Borrioboola-Gha was of a sort so absorbing, as to close her eyes to her own domestic short-comings; and Mrs. Weller’s indignation at the obduracy and hard-heartedness of the “man of wrath,” her husband, altogether blinded her to the hypocrisy of Mr. Stiggins, and his weakness for her pine-apple rum. So self-interest, self-love, bigotry, prejudice, envy, hatred, or malice, each one is sufficient to cause the neglect of the scriptural maxim respecting the beam and the mote.

Of all these motives for ignoring the commandment, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,” hatred and self-interest are, perhaps, the strongest.

The first bears sway all the more, if the hatred of our neighbour springs from a consciousness that he has been injured by us,

“Odisse quem læseris.”

The second teaches men to forego honor and conscience, truth and virtue, even the dictates of Christianity itself, in order to accomplish some sordid aim, to work out to an end what bigotry and injustice began.

“Int'rest makes all seem Reason that leads to it—

Int'rest that does the zeal of sects create,

To purge a Church, and to reform a State.”

The depth of infamy, the bathos of meanness, to which interested persons will stoop to attain their object, if catalogued, would astonish the world. Their recital would be received with incredulity; the iniquitous bede-roll would be for a jest to the majority.

To go through the various forms of meanness would be foreign to our purpose; nor would it serve our ends to say what members of the community are most often guilty of them. We would at once plunge *in medias res*, and institute a comparison between English and Irish crime.

Simultaneously with its desertion from the ranks of the penny Press, the *Pall Mall Gazette* favored its readers with a chronicle of Irish crime for the year 1869. This paper, professedly, be it remembered, a journal “written for gentlemen by gentlemen,” signalled its return to its former price, and heralded its own downfall by a piece of unfairness, such as might have been expected from the *Morning Advertiser* or the *Dublin Evening Mail*. To serve its private ends, and in hopes of catching an extra copper or two, it paraded in flaming posters all through London the “Register of Irish crime for the past year;” and exhibited to English eyes a black catalogue of murders, attempted murders, threatening letters, and the like. In fear and trembling we threw away twopence, and invested in the paper. We opened it slowly and hesitatingly, hardly venturing to look up into the faces of our fellow-passengers—all Englishmen. We cut the leaves, and at once turned to the page, on which was blazoned the note of Ireland’s shame. We read it through carefully: we were horrified. We re-read it: we were amazed. We read it once more: we gave it up in despair and disgust. We had no idea it was so bad: we had fondly thought to find a better state of things.

But our feelings of horror and disgust, our sensations of amazement and despair did not arise from the *Pall Mall's*

black list—black enough it was, and sad enough for anyone to read. But, dark as it was, and mournful as it seemed to us, it was not one hundredth part as black or as sad, as the villainy of him who could dare so to traduce a Nation's fair fame. True, the scribe made no remarks—he thought any would be superfluous in the face of such a document. But the *animus* that prompted its production, the “inward part, or thing signified,” was clear enough :—and too well did it answer its purpose. So many extra twopences were pocketed that day, that the proprietors of the journal were actually hopeful of ultimate success; whilst John Bull's prejudices were confirmed, and, with this infallible authority to guide him, he granted a willing assent and consent to all and everything contained in the mythology of Mr. Trench. He endorsed that “Irish” writer's fictions, and dubbed the natives of this Island irreclaimable savages, born villains, treacherous scoundrels, cowardly ruffians, fiendish assassins, and whatever else there may be in his vocabulary for infamous and vile. And, as wrote the *Pall Mall*, so have written most of the English papers, a few only being honorable exceptions to the rule. As the compiler of that catalogue of crime,—a compiler whom, for spiteful mendacity, we should feel justified in bracketing equal with some others of (alas !) home growth—professed to believe, so do nine out of every ten Englishmen of average ability and ordinary reading really believe.

Yet, what did it all come to ? *Thirty-three murders, agrarian or otherwise, in one year!** i.e., not three a month ! Add to these a few threatening letters, some few assaults, and a very few robberies, forgeries, and the like, and, in one year, we actually get *for the whole of Ireland* a record of crime infinitely less than is to be shown in the Assize and Sessions' lists of *one year* in the three counties of York and Lancashire, and the city of London. And be it understood that we speak of open murders, passing by, for the moment, the more secret sins of infanticide and foeticide, most of which, in England, at least, never come to light.

“But,” our objector at once replies, “your Irish murders are so brutal, so cowardly, and committed for such slight causes.”

* We allow the *Pall Mall's* amount for argument's sake ; in reality there were not so many. In fact, some cases were false: one was a fatal accident, the result of drunkenness. Of the whole, six only were agrarian, and some of the others would, in England, have been catalogued under the head of “manslaughter. For further particulars on this subject, see Page 615.

(1.) *They are so brutal.* We would ask whether it is more brutal to shoot a man, and so at once to put him out of his pain, or to kick him to death, to dance on him, to cut his throat first, and then to maul him, till he dies in agony, to put him on the fire, to dismember him, and boil him after death. Yet English murderers show all these symptoms of horrible atrocity : in those committed over here these revolting features, as a rule, are totally wanting.

(2.) *They are so cowardly,* which, being interpreted, means that the murderer fires from behind a hedge. Well, we admit that to be objectionable : but is it worse than three or four able-bodied men skulking behind walls in a dark lane, rushing out on their victim, garotting him, felling him with a life-preserver or a knuckle-duster, and beating out his brains on the ground ? Is it more cowardly than hiding arsenic or strychnine in the victim's food, or drowning the helpless infant in the nearest pond ? We trow not.

The Irish are *cowardly assassins*, because the murdered person is so often an unarmed man, or a weak woman. Yet, as often as not, *teste* Mr. Trench, the murdered man is better armed than his murderers, to say nothing of the guard of Royal Irish, which, as in Mr. Scully's case, never ceases to surround him day or night.

But, waiving that point, we would ask do the English thieves and murderers select as their objects of attack men armed to the teeth, rather than the unsuspecting citizen, the timid and unprotected female, or even childhood itself ? Let an English newspaper* bear witness that we tell the truth, and lie not. Speaking of English crime, it asks :—

“ Is Herod of Jewry come to life again, that we are to hear of nothing but massacres of the innocents ? Dead babies thrust into holes in back cellars ; live babies set on fire by drunken nurses ; little school-children immersed in wash-house coppers by ignorant governesses ; little boys burned with red-hot pokers by female friends ; girls of six horsewhipped within an inch of their lives by their step-fathers for not giving them a light for their pipe properly ; babies drowned, babies chopped up, babies hidden away : *this is but a sample, indeed, of the catalogue of infantile horrors which has been published within the last month.*”

Irish ruffians sometimes attempt the lives of defenceless women. Here we might ask how often has this occurred ? But we will allow it, for argument's sake, in order that we may show how immaculate Englishmen are in this respect. Let our unprejudiced witness † again speak for himself :—

* *Daily Telegraph*, March 27th, 1867.

† *Daily Telegraph*, as above.

"At the present day England is the only civilised country where the strong arm and ubiquitous eye of the law is demanded, but fails to protect the English wife and daughter from the fists and feet of the paterfamilias."

As a ryder to the above, we give one instance taken at random from the police-reports of the *Daily News* of the 7th ultimo.

"Two brothers, George Wedge, 35, and Samuel Wedge, 16, were charged with having assaulted Ann Wedge, the wife of the elder prisoner.

The prosecutrix deposed that one evening, when her husband and the prisoner Samuel returned from work, she expostulated with the latter about some filthy immorality he had been guilty of. He, in reply, blackguarded her; her husband then called her names, and, taking up some hot meat, struck her in the face with it. She ran to the door, but he pursued her; and struck her a heavy blow in the eye, which closed it up directly. Her husband then said that one eye should not laugh at the other, and struck her a second blow, which blinded her, and knocked her senseless to the floor. Samuel Wedge then got a pail of cold water and threw it over her. This brought her to, and she then left the room. The day being very cold, and her clothes wringing wet, she had to go into a shed at the back of the house, strip off all her things, and cover herself with sacks. In that place she remained all night, afraid to go into the house, as they had threatened to have her life. At 8 o'clock in the morning her husband went out, and she returned into the house. She was completely blind, and went to bed, which she was obliged to keep for a week. About 1 o'clock another day the prisoners came in, burst open her bedroom door, and threatened to have her life. The lad said he would split her skull open, and threatened her with a life-preserver. Her husband said he meant to tame her with it. When she got up she found that Samuel was in the kitchen breaking the crockery, and her husband was destroying some of the furniture. She tried to stop Samuel, and he struck her in the mouth. Her husband threatened her again, and she then left the house. The prosecutrix further stated that she had been repeatedly assaulted by her husband, who had on previous occasions broken her collar bones, and her breast bones, and fractured her skull."

In fact, so thoroughly is ruffianism towards women and children recognised as an English institution, that there actually exists in London a Society for their protection. This Society procures evidence, and supplies to these unfortunates the means of bringing the law to bear upon the husbands, fathers, and brothers, and paramours at whose hands they are such grievous sufferers.

(3). *They are committed on such slight provocation, and for such trivial causes.* In answer to this we have but to point

to yonder cabin's ruined walls. Once they sheltered a happy husband, a loving wife, and a virtuous family. Punctual in their payments, industrious in their habits, they gave no offence to anyone, and strove only to do their duty to God and their fellow-men. For generations the little holding had been handed down from father to son, and they had fondly deemed themselves rooted in the soil. But the agent, or his pupil casts his lustful eye upon the fairest of the flock. Within hearing, almost within sight of her agonised father, she is dishonored, and ruined. The injured parent dares to remonstrate, to threaten his daughter's destroyer with the law. In a moment she, the only witness of the crime, is smuggled off to America, and, at a word from the ravisher, he whose is not the land nor the dominion over its inhabitants dissipates their sweet dreams of home and fatherland. Another outrage is added to that already committed, and the work of extermination begins.

It is a cold and bitter day; the snow lies thick on the ground outside; inside the wife has but just been confined. The myrmidons of the law suddenly appear, agent, bailiffs, sheriffs, police; in their hands is the landlord's ukase to send them forth to beg or to die. The injured father begs for mercy, for time that his wife may regain her strength; the sheriff is willing to grant the delay, but the landlord will not away with such sentimentalism. The roof is torn off the cabin; its inhabitants are cast out shivering into the ditch, where, amid the falling snow, a priest administers the last rites to a dying mother, still clasping to her breast a dead child. That night there are a mother and a landlord less in the district, a double murder has been committed, differing only in this, that the one was sanctioned by the law, whilst the other was the offspring of revenge. Was that cause trivial? Was the provocation slight?

Reverse the medal. In the darkest and filthiest room of the darkest and filthiest house of the most squalid court in Drury Lane, in the metropolis of civilised England, sits a pale, and slatternly woman, cowering over a few dying embers. Her wan countenance, her sunken cheeks tell their own tale. Vice has stamped its brand on her brow, and starvation its seal on her pinched features. A fair girl was she once, till foul deceit and fouler lust did their accursed work. Lower and lower she fell, till she found her level as the burglar's mistress. A step is heard on the stairs, heavy, unsteady: a hand is on the latch: she starts up in fear to meet him who enters. His sodden, sensual look shows his brutish nature. With an oath he reviles her, for that she has not

purchased for him his wonted delicacies with the wages of her sin. With another oath he fells her to the ground, and, heedless of her cries for pity, heedless of his antient love for her, he kicks her to her mortal hurt. That night

“One more unfortunate”

is gathered to herfathers; and whilst the “LAST IRISH MURDER” is published all abroad in the largest type, with naught of explanation, nor aught of extenuation, a crime the result of drink and lust, in contradistinction to one of a wilder, but mistaken and wicked sense of revenge, resulting from dishonor, from cruel, but legalised murder, from bereavement and oppression, passes unrecked of, or, if noticed, is noticed only in the smallest print, in the obscurest corner of the broadsheet of the *Times* or *Telegraph*. Which cause, we would ask, was the more trivial ; which provocation the more likely to stir up to such a crime?

Another objection urged against Ireland is the frequency with which crimes are committed, and the impunity which seems to accompany them.

The first part of the objection is easily answered by a reference to statistics. During the year 1868 *two hundred and fifty-five* murders were committed in England and Wales alone against twenty-three in Ireland ; which gives us an average exceeding twenty-one a month in England, as compared with a little less than two in Ireland during the same space of time. * In these statistics infanticide is not included, a crime which is comparatively unknown in Ireland, whilst, in England, it is unfortunately the rule, rather than the exception amongst certain classes.

And that we may not seem to exaggerate in this respect, we will quote the words of the well-known “S. G. O.” in a letter published in the *Times* of August 5th, 1865.

“Child-murder,” he says, “has, throughout the rural districts, and, for all I know to the contrary, in large towns, long ceased to be considered in the light of other murder.”

* See Dr. Neilson Handcock’s Statistics, quoted in a leading article in the *Times* of February 4th, 1870, which may be analysed as follows :—Attempts to murder are in a large excess in England, and so are immoral offences ; but Ireland takes the lead in the score of manslaughter, acts of violence, and common assaults. It is noticeable that of all offences against property, with the exception of those termed “malicious,” the English statistics contrast unfavorably with those of Ireland, while in riot, breach of the peace, and miscellaneous offences, including sedition, Ireland again wins the foremost position. From these statistics Scotland is omitted.

In their recent most discreditable speeches during the debate which

We pass over the statements of Dr. Lankester, one of the Coroners for Middlesex, who only the other day held three inquests on infants murdered by their mothers. His words on the subject have been so often quoted, that to repeat them were needless.

On the frequency of Irish murders, therefore, our opponents need say but little, when they look at home.

As to the objection with respect to the impunity with which Irish murders are committed, we have but to refer our readers to two articles which have appeared in our pages.* In these they will see how often the perpetrators of such crimes are complete strangers to the locality, and, therefore, unknown to the inhabitants, and also how much is due to the utter inefficiency of the police. At the same time, we do not deny an unwillingness on the part of the peasantry to give up the perpetrators of agrarian murders,—an unwillingness arising from distorted notions of right and wrong. These ideas, however, are the natural results of English misrule and unjust

followed the delivery of the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament, Lord Cairns and Mr. Disraeli, with a spirit of delight akin to that displayed by the *Pall Mall* writer already quoted, exulted in the details of Irish crime committed during the past year. The former, an Irishman (*nefas dictu*), declared that eighteen agrarian murders had taken place in Ireland in 1869. On this a writer in the *Times* says:—"I have the authority of Dr. Neilson Handcock for saying that the number of murders reported by the Irish police in 1869 is thirty-one.

"It is consoling to know," he adds, "that, with occasional fluctuations, the number of Irish murders is rapidly decreasing. Taking periods of five years from 1828, we have the following results:—From 1829-1833, 1,676 persons were tried for murder, 152 sentenced to death, and 103 executed; in 1834-1838 the number tried for murder was 1,588, of whom 131 was sentenced to death, and 75 executed; in 1839-1843 the numbers were 851 tried, 85 sentenced, and 28 executed; in 1844-1848 the numbers were 631 tried, 104 sentenced, and 47 executed; in 1849-1853 we have 543 tried, 81 sentenced, and 33 executed; in 1854-1858 we have 226 tried, 24 sentenced, and 9 executed; in 1859-1863 we have 175 tried, 18 sentenced, and 11 executed; in 1864-1868 the figures are 110 tried, 16 sentenced, and 8 executed.

"Lord Cairns justly remarks that the serious part of the business is the difficulty of convicting criminals; but that is an aspect of Irish crime which is not peculiar to the year 1869. To go no further back than 1868, when Lord Cairns was himself in office, I find that in that year 53 persons were tried for murder, but none convicted."

* CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, pp. 422 et seq., and pp. 570 et seq.

legislation, and, as we shall afterwards see, were once equally common in England itself.

But cannot the same charge be urged against our accusers on the other side of the Channel? Have English detectives ever yet penetrated the mystery which accompanied the discovery of the *disjecta membra* of a man,—the victim of some foul midnight murder, in the slums of Drury-lane, or Holborn—let down in a carpet-bag over one of the piers of Waterloo Bridge, only not in the sight of the London Metropolitan police, and the toll-keepers of the bridge? And when Sheward murdered his wife, then dismembered her, then boiled her down, and then scattered the mangled remains to bleach in the fields and lanes about Norwich, did they ever find out the perpetrator of the deed, or even take much trouble about the matter, till he voluntarily gave himself into custody some ten years after? What of the hundreds of infants, whose dead bodies so constantly turn up in the streets of our great towns, in the fields, in the ditches, and in the ponds of our rural districts, many bearing on their innocent bodies the marks of the most barbarous cruelty? Are the inhuman mothers more often discovered, or given up to justice by those who *know* by whom the murder has been committed; or do they not, as a rule, escape the law?

We pass over the sickening details of the murder of those children, who never come to the birth: we omit the horrible facts connected with the system of “baby-farming,”—a system unknown in Ireland. We have not time, even if we had the inclination to put down in our pages the many instances, in which the processes of murdering have been slower, in which starvation, exposure, and systematic brutality have got rid of the inconvenient foundling, or the wife who no longer enjoys the love of her husband; matters of every-day occurrence in England, and, as often as not, allowed to go unpunished. Thank God, they are not yet naturalised in Ireland!

Whilst such crimes and such dispositions are characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, they are foreign to the nature of the Celt. Whilst the Brehon Laws of Ireland were distinguished for their mildness and humanity, those of England have been the reverse. To quote the recent words of George Henry Moore, M.P.—

“English Law and English Government have been, at all times, up to very recently, exceptionally cruel, barbarous, and bloody.”

This the savage enactments of Elizabeth indisputably prove. To this the bloody penalties, which await the prisoner convicted of high treason, still bear damning witness.

And this is inborn in the Englishman. Nathless Mr. Huxley's speculations to the contrary, we assert the fact with Mr. John M'Elhern, who, in his work on *The condition of Women and Children among the Celtic, Gothic, and other Nations*, amply establishes it.

"History," he says, "confirms anatomy. The Gothic tribes were most difficult to convert to the chastity, the charity, and the temperance of Christ. And they, in one generation, threw off fasting and celibacy, and returned to infanticide, and free love, and wife-beating and gluttony. What is true of the Gothic race in England is also true of the Gothic race in Germany."

The New Zealand Savage, the Chinese heathen, the Gothic English-woman, and Saxon frau—these races have the carnivorous type of skull. The men of these races sell their wives and daughters; the women of these races murder their own infants. . . . Christianity found the Gothic and Tartar races of a low type, carnivorous, brutish, proud, intractable, and constitutionally averse to temperance and chastity, while the first law of nature—the love of a mother for her child—was very weak. After several centuries of Christianising the national Saxon character again appeared in full force. Since the Reformation, it is a fact that the most sensual forms of belief and practice have spread among the most Gothic population of Europe; the low developement of inferior races thus appearing to be the rocky soil on which the seeds of truth fall."

The testimony is, we fear, too conclusively borne out by the daily papers in England to admit of refutation. Irish murders, we have already said, are *sui generis*: so are English. The latter spring, in most cases, from brutish lust, from drunkenness, from avarice, from jealousy. In most cases their victims are women, too often women of ill fame, drunkards and drabs.

The Irish murder is of another class, and shows a state of morality, at least, much less low. Incest, lust, profligacy do not prompt their commission, but the slayer's arm is nerved by the "wild justice of revenge," by hatred of the oppressor, by the madness of sorrow at leaving all that there is to the peasant of dearest and most precious on this earth.

English penny-a-liners prate of "agrarian outrages," and their impunity before alluded to, but, says Mr. L. Owen Pike—an Englishman,—writing to the *Nation* of the 5th ultimo,—

"This crime is, at least, as old as the Norman Conquest, and was at one time considered no less characteristically English than it is now considered characteristically Irish. When Englishmen, rightly or wrongly, believed themselves to be unjustly dealt with in the distribution of land, as the Irish now believe, they acted in every respect, even to the minutest details, exactly as the Irish are now acting. They murdered, when they had the opportunity, and their fellow-countrymen

refused to give up the murderers.

"Almost all students of early English History are aware of the fact that the 'Hundred' was after the Norman Conquest made responsible for certain offences committed within its limits, and that this method of dealing with a discontented population was said to have been copied from a similar decree of the Danes. The records of the English Exchequer, together with some other important documents preserved in the Public Record Office, show distinctly how the law was carried out, what was the number of murders committed *per annum*, and what was the gain to the revenue from each murder, and from each instance of concealment. The Frenchman, or Francigena, as he called himself, suffered severely at the hands of the Angliegena, or Englishman. Out of a population reduced by continual wars, by the devastation of whole districts, and by many other causes, there were five hundred persons murdered in England alone every year, and concealment was a common offence many generations after the Conquest had to all appearance been completed. The English bowmen, with whom Richard met Saladin, had precisely the same feeling towards their French rulers as the Irishmen, who sometimes fight battles for the English, have towards their Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic rulers.

"The truth is that the English have long been acting towards the Irish Leigh Hunt's famous epigram upon the French. They have been drawing a distinction between Nature and Irish nature, and forgetting that to resent a wrong and to claim a birthright are not distinctively Irish characteristics, but simply human. Professor Huxley has brought out in strong relief the policy of Cromwell towards the Irish, and told us, *a priori*, that had Englishmen suffered in like manner they would not have acted differently. It is seldom that an opinion can be verified, as I can show that this opinion has already been verified, not by the burning rhetoric of some partisan writer, but by the cold, hard facts of the tax-collector, recorded without a suspicion of the purpose to which they might one day be applied.

So Mr. Pike—who, by the way, favors Huxley's theory—and with his words we conclude, till we can renew the subject, and, quiting the department of murder, show how English and Irish crime differs in other respects less deadly. Meanwhile we would commend the foregoing remarks to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and to Englishmen in general. Of the conversion of that mendacious newspaper we have as much expectation, as we should have of the impenitent thief, or Judas; but we do not yet utterly abandon all hopes of a *sera pœnitentia* on the part of John Bull, more especially as he has already begun to show some faint signs of it.

On the Cultivation of Music in Ireland.

I.—Taste of the Antient Irish for Music. II.—Present Want of Cultivation of Musical Taste. III.—Plan Suggested for its Education.

I. The taste for Music, for which Ireland was so celebrated in past ages, affords in those days of ours so few signs of vitality, that one is tempted to ask—"Is it altogether dying out? If so, can anything be done to revive it; and what should be the means?"

That Ireland did possess in olden time a superior musical taste, is a fact that does not, we believe, admit of contradiction. Indeed, it is one of the very few facts connected with the antient history of Ireland which is not called in question. Giraldus Cambrensis, who came over here as a private Secretary in the royal retinue, during the first English invasion in the twelfth century, and who has manifested in his writings anything but partiality to the Irish, nevertheless, bears strong testimony to their superiority in Music.

Speaking of them, he says:—

"The attention of this people to instrumental music I find worthy of commendation. *In which their skill is beyond all comparison superior to that of any nation I have ever seen.*"

It should not be forgotten that Cambrensis, with all his anti-Irish prejudices, was one of the most accomplished scholars of his time, and that, being of the royal family of the Prince of Wales, he had ample opportunities, not only in England, but also on the Continent, of knowing how Music was cultivated in those days.

To the same effect is the testimony of Powell, a Welsh historian, who wrote in the sixteenth century. Speaking of the century before that of Cambrensis, he relates that

"Gruffydh, of Conan, brought with him from Ireland cunning musicians, who devised, in a manner, all the instrumental music that is now there used."

And the learned Seldon speaking of the Welsh, says:—

"Their Music, for the most part, came out of Ireland with Gruffydh, of Conan, about the times of King Stephen."

But, without recurring to the testimonies of History, we have proof positive ready at hand,—proof no less conclusive and authentic than the “Irish Melodies” themselves. They bear witness to the musical taste of our ancestors. Their sweet voice cannot but sing its praise, and, in their plaintive strains, they would now seem to many an Irish heart to be mourning over the loss of that early taste, as if it were for ever dead. They speak not only for themselves, but for their composers: they show that the Bards of Ireland were eminent not merely for a general taste for Music, nor for that superior execution for which Cambrensis gives them credit, but for a Music peculiar to themselves, which they handed down traditionally, and which bears upon it the stamp of its own National character distinguishing it from the popular Music of all other countries.

And again—what is still more worthy of remark—it is not only distinguishable from the style of French, German, Italian, and Scottish National airs, but it possesses beauties, which entitle its pathetic, simple melodies to a high place among the National airs of all other countries: beauties, which are admired by the most accomplished musicians of the Continent, even at the present day, when the art of Music is cultivated so scientifically abroad, when the wondrous combinations of its harmonics are ever coming forth in endless variety, and when musical taste has become so refined by cultivation, that it is almost fastidiously hard to please. It is the high estimation, in which several of our Irish airs are held by foreigners, that proclaims their merit. If Irish Music were sweet to Irish ears alone, there would be nothing remarkable in that.

It is not wonderful that the “poor Exile of Erin,” in the distant lands of America, or the far-off shores of Australia, melts into tears at the notes of “Savourneen Declish,” or that he cheers up for a moment, when he listens to the gay strains of “Patrick’s Day” or “Garryowen.” We know what the “Marseillaise” can do with the French. The public singing of it for a week would be followed by a revolution. Even “Yankee Doodle” can be listened to with delight by an American citizen:—we beg pardon, probably that is saying too much: a man should be a *born Yankee* to find charms in such music, even though it were supported by its appropriate accompaniments of banjo and bones. However, it is always true to say that the Music of a man’s Native Country—the tunes he used to hear in his early days—will be grateful to his ear beyond all others, when he is far away:—with

a kind of magic power they excite in the heart a tender love of Fatherland that is sometimes overpowering. Thus it was that when the Israelites were in captivity in Babylon, their hearts sank within them at the very recollection of the sacred songs they used to hear in Jerusalem ; and when asked by their captors to sing them, their answer was—"Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena"—

" How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land ?" *

But it is not in its native character that we speak of it, when we say of the old Irish Music that it possesses charms of tender pathos, which make their way to the heart of everyone, who has a soul for harmony. We speak of it impartially, as we would of the Scotch Music, in which there are several airs that all must admire, no matter what their country.

There are persons, however, especially on the other side of the Channel, who may say to all this—" Well, there is some truth, to be sure, in what you advance, but there is also an immensity of exaggeration. You, Irish, think too much of your Music, as, indeed, you do of all that you formerly had. You are always dreaming of by-gone glories, and imaginary greatness, that you never possessed. Your poets were all Homers, your judges all Solomons. Your Brehon laws the essence of wisdom. Your language fit for Paradise, and, perhaps, the very one spoken before the Fall. Your chieftains were Kings,—and an abundance of them you had :—and, then, your kings were all warriors, (no doubt they were well-practised in bloodshed),—and your people were all Saints. With similar magnifying power of vision you see perfection in your antient Music, where others behold a fair, passable mediocrity."

To this kind of storming attack, which is not uncommon, we shall quietly observe that on the present occasion, it would be mere random-firing, quite inapplicable to the matter in hand. We speak of our Antient Irish Music as evidently marked by a peculiar character, and admired by strangers abroad, as well as by our countrymen at home. There can be no contradicting this,—there is no exaggeration in it. It is well known that Irish Melodies are constantly played, and listened to with admiration on the Continent.

For instance, in the favorite modern opera of "Martha," which has met with applause in every leading city of Europe, one of our Irish airs, "The Last Rose of Summer," is introduced with such effect, that it may be said to be the air by

* Ps. 136, v. 4.

excellence of the opera, even with Flotow himself, the composer, for he ingeniously contrives to introduce it a second time, when it is again welcomed as a dear old acquaintance.

And still, delightful as the Irish melodies are, how near they were to falling into total oblivion ! It was only towards the close of the last century that a successful effort was made by some patriotic gentlemen of the North of Ireland to collect and publish the Irish airs, which were still traditionally known, and played by the last remnant of the Irish Harpers. Our National poet, Moore, gives a concise and very interesting account of their proceedings :—

“ During the prevalence, ” he says, “ of the Penal Code, the Music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilised life ; and seldom anywhere but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom, for a long period, our antient Music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious tradition ; and a great Music-meeting, held at Belfast in the year 1792, at which two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish Music to preserve to their Country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus, what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavoured vainly through so many centuries to effect,—the utter extinction of Ireland’s Minstrelsy,—the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished ; and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume ; and the National spirit and hope, then wakened in Ireland by the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work ;—flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin’s early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilisation.”

II. Since those days, to which Moore refers, what has been done in a general way to preserve throughout this country anything like a good taste for Music ? He, himself, did more than all others to effect it by wedding the best of our antient airs to words that can never let them be forgotten, as long as English Lyric Poetry is relished with delight ?

His accomplished ally, Sir John Stephenson, arranged with exquisite taste the accompaniments, and composed the symphonies of the first seven numbers of the “ Melodies ” with equal talent. The Irish tinge is always perceptible, in his ornamental coloring, and it is no disparagement of the musical

abilities of Sir Henry Bishop—master as he was of the Art—to say of him, that, in his arrangements of the last few numbers of the “Melodies,” he did not catch that expression in the same way as his predecessor. He was not Irish: he had not been reared up like Stephenson, breathing, as it were from childhood, an atmosphere of Irish Music. But since Moore published these Melodies, has anything been done for Music in Ireland deserving of general commendation? We shall be glad to record every public service of the kind.

It is true that the National Board of Education, has, within certain narrow limits, that it could not overstep without going beyond its province, taken measures to promote a knowledge of the rudiments of Music among our peasantry. By the encouragement it has given to vocal music, especially to part singing according to the Hullah system of teaching, it has contributed much to elevate the musical taste of the rising generation of our humbler classes to a something that will not rest quite satisfied with the strains of the Ballad singers, fiddlers, pipers, and such other wandering minstrels, as they were obliged to put up with for many a year.

It is also true, that, at present, and for some time past, a few Irishmen—half a dozen or so—have been cultivating Music scientifically with success. We find the names of Balfe, and Wallace, and Sullivan among those of modern composers of merit—and at home we have a Stewart and a Robinson deservedly mentioned with honor: though they have not aimed at much, they have achieved enough to manifest well-educated, classic taste. But, while Germany points with pride to such authors as Beethoven, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer—France to Boieldieu, and Aubert, and Flotow, and Gounod—Ireland to her Rossinis, and Bellinis, and Donnizettis, and Verdis, and a crowd of others, can we name one from Ireland, whose place equals theirs in rank? Certainly not; we may have abundance of musical talent in the country—but, like the millions of acres of our waste lands, it is uncultivated. Even though it may be fairly presumed that the musical taste, for which antient Ireland was distinguished, still runs in the Celtic blood of her sons, it may be said of it, as the Roman Poet said of silver as yet buried in the mine:—

“ Nullus argento color est avaris
Abdito in terris—”

there is no color, no beauty, no worth in silver hidden in the bowels of the earth. Even so we may count as naught the latent musical powers, that will never come into play for want of

cultivation, nor ever reach the perfection to which they would attain, unless they begin to be cultivated by study and practice from an early age. Mendelssohn and others were distinguished composers even in boyhood. Mozart,—but he was a prodigy—composed several concerted pieces of the highest merit before he was ten years old—some of them even before he was eight. Where are the opportunities in Ireland for such early cultivation; or the hope that, in the end, it would be rewarded?

Perhaps, it may be said that the nobility and gentry of a country are the natural patrens to be looked to for promoting the cultivation of Music in its highest sphere. To this the answer is short and true—*we havn't got them*. Wherever they are, they are not in the Metropolis of Ireland. The great body of the Irish nobility and leading gentry are strangers in Dublin. After spending what is called “The Season” in London or Paris, they will pay a summer visit to their country homes:—the pure air of poor Ireland will serve their health—the weary head and aching heart will be rested for awhile—economy will be easily practised, where poverty is the rule—a rustic fete will be given to the natives of the neighbourhood—and then, the usual measures having been thus taken to reinstate health and purse, back again they fly through Dublin.

From the remnant of our gentry, in and about Dublin, our Governmental and legal officials, together with our wealthier citizens—by no means numerous—Musical Societies have been formed from time to time. They have had their Anacreontic Societies, their Antient Concert Societies, their Philharmonic Societies. But these Clubs have never thought of promoting the general cultivation of Music by taking any active part for that purpose. The members have been quite content to approve themselves attentive listeners and dilettanti admirers of good professional performers, whether vocal or instrumental. One has only to open the daily newspapers to see that they get up their concerts—not as amateurs themselves taking part in giving a musical treat—but by hiring foreign professional singers and performers at considerable expense. We do not blame them for this, any more than we should find fault with the members of any other social club for enjoying themselves at their own expense, agreeably and harmlessly together. All we wish to convey is, that they do nothing towards the general cultivation of Music in Ireland. In fact, they never aim at such a mark—or, if they affect to do so, they succeed in not hitting it.

III. Then, if the Board of Education has, from the very

condition of its institution, been compelled to do but little—if our few musical composers have been able to do no more, than set, as they have done, a praiseworthy example—if the remnant of our resident gentry never dream of any encouragement beyond what may result from the engagement of musical talent in London for an occasional concert in Dublin—the question naturally arises—what *can* be done for music in Ireland? We answer at once that *much* can be effected *now*—more than at any former period—and that, too, with less difficulty than at any other time in our History.

But here let it be observed that, when we speak of cultivating Music in Ireland, we are not to be supposed to entertain any such childish idea as the cultivation of what is called Irish Music. That was mere tuneful melody, excellent in its own way, and for its time. But the epoch for such Music has long since passed away. Again,—we are not speaking of Church Music; that may form the subject of a future article in our pages. What we would aim at, and advocate is—the establishment of a *School of Music in Ireland*, as distinct from any other public Institution as a School of Painting, or of Architecture ought to be. In this School, as in the *Conservatoires* abroad, Music should be cultivated scientifically, in its highest degrees of excellence. The funds to maintain professorships and reward merit with suitable endowments and prizes should be supplied with no niggard hand.

"All very fine," says some sceptical friend, "but where will you get means for the three or four thousand a year which all that might require?"

This question is easily answered. The means can be most appropriately derived from what we may now call the Irish Fund—that is, from the seven millions and a half of money that will remain to be appropriated after leaving to the Disestablished Church an equal amount to begin with as a *disendowed* Church (not a bad beginning by the way—as far as money is concerned).

The means will be there, as it were, on the table before Parliament. It is to be disposed of—that is certain. The question for Parliament will be, how to do so to the best advantage for Ireland. We say that for the sum required there could not be a more useful or judicious application of it. By a kind of miracle, all parties, political and religious, would combine in approving of it. Whig and Tory, Protestant and Catholic, Landlord and Tenant, Clergy and Laity, for once in their lives, would unite in signing a petition in favor of the measure.

In fact, it would be, in itself, a curious inquiry to investigate from what quarter opposition could come. Would the Protestant party oppose it? No; for the most part, they are of a class to whose education Music belongs as an accomplishment, and, besides, they would consider it only fair that, as the funds for their Choral Services have been withdrawn, restitution should be made in some shape to the Genius of Music in Ireland. Would the Catholics be for it? They would be only too glad to cultivate highly what the Church delights in. What would the Presbyterians do? They are not musical—their ear is formed in Ulster to the melody of fife and drum, supported by the sound of fire-arms—by way of bass. Still they can adduce no argument against it. Will that *ex-officio* opponent of all Parliamentary grants—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, resist it? Even he will not do so, for it will not trench on the Nation's purse.

What a blessing, morally as well as socially, a School of Music would be! Presiding over the Music of the whole Country, it would elevate its taste ; it would civilise, in many a case, where the ear is deaf to admonition ; it would be a bond of union among neighbours ; it knows no politics, though mutual foes will drag it, in spite of itself, into party strife. Only the words they put to it bear the sting, the insult, and the bitter meaning ;—Music is innocent of the malice. Neither does it know any difference of religion. No one thinks less of Handel's "Messiah" because he was a Protestant, or of Mozart's "No. 12," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Haydn's "Creation," because their composers were Catholics,—or of Meyerbeer or Mendelssohn because they were Jews. In a word, it is the one, and almost only neutral ground, the sole bright, sunny isle, where all may meet in harmony, and strive to advance, and labor to excel without fear or offence to any, or suffering detriment to any.

Most anxiously, then, do we hope that the golden opportunity, which now presents itself, of establishing a High School for Music in Ireland will not be lost.

T

Tennyson and his Poetry.*

NO. I.

POETRY, in the wide sense of the term, is neither a department of literature, nor a branch of mental discipline: "it is the stuff of which our life is made" The poetic fire is a divine element in human nature. It is enkindled at our birth to be at once the light and the heat of the soul in its cold, dark, earth-bound home. It gathers strength from the growth of our years, and is fed by the fuel of our human experiences. It is the beacon of life along the path to the golden land—to Him "Who is our Home." We may not be always sensible of its shining presence; but the least favored of mankind, even they who know nothing of Poetry as an art, instinctively obey its principles every day of their lives.

While Poetry is, in this sense, the common dower of humanity, there exist in every age a few richly-gifted spirits, in whose breasts the heavenly flame burns, as on an altar of sacrifice. These are "the Poets" by excellence, who are able to impart to the passionate emotions and vehement aspirations of man's inner being, the form and the coloring of actual life. Those fitful yearnings of the heart after something of far more precious than this earthly life affords—yearnings, which, in the breast of an ordinary mortal, arise only to pass like "the shadow of a dream"—the Poet can convert, as by some strange magic of his own, into the sweetest of our pleasures and the most substantial of our blessings. The people's Poet is a public benefactor. He is a prophet of good tidings, for

"He sings of what the world will be,
When the years have died away."

His office is a priestly one, for to him a voice has been vouchsafed to chant celestial melodies in the Temple of the Spirit.

Such a noblest title Mr. Tennyson may fairly claim. If great popularity during a lifetime is sufficient evidence of poetic genius, the Laureate's wreath has rarely encircled a more worthy brow. The greatest of uninspired writers has said:—

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin;"
and when a bard reaches the pinnacle of public favor, to which

* *The Works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate, 10 vols.*
(London : Strahan & Co., 1869.)

Alfred Tennyson has attained, we cannot but regard it as indicating that the strains of his lyre are truthful echoes of humanity, and that he possesses *genuine claims upon our common poetic sympathies*.

The popularity of which we speak will rest for its durability on the author's Idyllic Poems : of these the Idylls of domestic life we rank among the most successful efforts of his genius. These are genuine touches of our common nature, and we need to search no farther for proof of Mr. Tennyson's poetic faculty. Here is the secret of the fascination they exercise upon the mind and heart of the ordinary reader. The noblest harmony, the most exquisite melody, the brightest fancy, the most consummate art—all these things are of little worth, in comparison with the power to think and to feel in accordance with the immutable principles of Nature. A just view of human life, and a profound acquaintance with the mainsprings of human action are as necessary to the Poet, as they are to the vitality of poetic fame. Where these are wanting, all display is empty glitter, and all popularity evanescent ; where these are present, all other excellencies act these several functions in the Poet's mind, and unite to refine his genius. Exquisite, and all but perfect, as are the secondary qualities of Mr. Tennyson's Muse, it is assuredly not for these, but for his profound knowledge of the human heart in all its various phases, that his fame will be handed down to posterity. The almost scriptural simplicity of "Dora," and her disinterested affection, cherished under the severest trials, without a murmur, to the end, the continued tenderness of "The Miller's Daughter," and its beautiful delineations of English rural scenery, the melancholy pathos and mournful event of "The Lord of Burleigh," the spectacle which "The May Queen" exhibits to us of a child forced to resign life and all its innocent pleasures, yet at the last submitting with cheerfulness to the decree of Heaven, such things as these "the world will not willingly let die."

Yet what interest have these things for us? Are they not ordinary incidents of daily life ? Do we not hear of them continually, and witness them often ? Domestic quarrels and peace-makings are matters of hourly occurrence. Many a young couple marry, and live all their lives in the uninterrupted reciprocity of mutual love. Not a few women marry above their position, and die a premature death. Why should such common-place topics as these affect us ? It is because the Poet reveals them to us, not as we are in the habit of beholding them with our bodily eyes, but as they exist engraven on the heart in characters of which, the Poet alone is the in-

terpreter. And surely there daily pass away children, as bright and beautiful as the "May Queen," with hopes as fair, pleasure-lands as spacious, parents and friends as loving and tender: but that the "May Queen should have been content to exchange all these much-prized blessings for those of that other Land, of which she knew so little, is what constitutes the pathos of her situation, and evokes the tenderest sympathies of our hearts." This "one touch of nature" immortalises the poem; and, so long as there are hearts to feel, the following lines will be read with pleasure:—

"All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul."

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping: and I said, 'It is not for them; it's mine.'
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window bars,
Then seemed to go right up to Heaven, and die among the stars."

* * * * *

A great Poet is, of necessity, a great philosopher; for his ability to appeal to the wide-spread and deeply rooted principles of our nature, and to embody them in the life of action, is the only measure of real greatness—the only criterion of indelible fame. Upon such ideal embodiments alone, as upon the immutable principles of Nature herself, does the sense of mankind pronounce the verdict:—

"Οὐ γάρ τι νῦν τε καὶ χθές, ἀλλ᾽ ἀεί ποτε
ζῆται ταῦτα.

It is, however, more especially to the lately completed series of Arthurian Poems, that we must look for a full exposition of the Laureate's genius. They are sufficiently lengthy to have demanded continued exertion and sustained effort on the part of the poet, and to have called for the highest exercised of his faculties of conception and execution. The subject is a wide one, and opens out an hitherto almost unexplored source of poetical interest, embracing, as it does, the magic world of

Faeryland and Enchantment, and exhibiting the mystic ideal of romance and chivalry. Moreover, to the student, whom a laudable curiosity impels to trace the progressive developement of a Poet's faculties, these Idylls of the "Table Round" will be productive of yet further interest, as being identified with the early dawn, the gradual growth, and the full maturity of the author's genius. Furthermore, they discover the peculiar bent of Mr. Tennyson's gift—what he feels to be his special vocation—to revive, in the English mind, the hallowed memories of the good days of old ; and to contrast the genuine courtesy, the ardent charity, and the purity of heart, which were the ornaments of our knightly ancestors, with the cold formality of manners, the close-hearted selfishness, and the hypocritical propriety of external conduct, which are the badges of these latter times. The volume of poems published by the author in 1842 contained several pieces of similar purpose, some few, as, for instance, "Lady Godiva" and "Sir Bedivere," of similar material ; but, of all Mr. Tennyson's works, these Idylls of "the blameless king and stainless gentleman" will exercise the most salutary influence upon the manners of the age.

"The life of an Epic poet is an Epic poem"—says one, who was himself a poet ; and it is impossible that he, who attentively studies these noble and sweetly-uttered records of the days of courtesy and charity, should not rise from the study more courteous and more charitable.

Although each separate Idyll forms a distinct poem, and may be read as such, the author informs, us in a note prefixed to his recently-published volume,* that their natural sequence is as follows :—(1.) "The Coming of Arthur;" (2), "Geraint and Enid;" (3), "Merlin and Vivien;" (4), "Lancelot and Elaine;" (5), "The Holy Grail;" (6), "Pelleas and Etarre;" (7), "Guinevere;" and (8), "The Passing of Arthur."

"The Coming of Arthur" serves as a prelude to the rest of the series, and narrates the circumstances attendant upon Arthur's marriage with Guinevere, and the Institution of the Round Table. Leodogran, King of Cameliard, being menaced by "heathen hordes," implores Arthur to come to his relief.

"And Arthur yet had done no deeds of arms,
But heard the call, and came ; and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass."

As he

"rode a simple knight among his knights,"
she knew him not; but Arthur,

"Looking downward as he passed —

* *The Holy Grail.*

Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden."

Arthur is victorious, but, during his absence, his Lords and Barons, uncertain of his kingly origin, waver in their fealty, and rise in arms against him.

" And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail, and throes, and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be joined with Guinevere,"

in order that they might have power,

" Reigning with one will in everything,"
On this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live.

Then, from the field of battle, Arthur sends Sir Bedivere and two other knights to ask Guinevere in marriage. Leodogran hesitates to give his consent, being disturbed by the rumors aife about Arthur's claims to kingship. Sir Bedivere endeavours to dispel the king's doubts, and proves Arthur to be the son of Uther; while, very opportunely at this juncture, Queen Bellicent, Arthur's half-sister, appears upon the scene, and excites the king's feelings of awe and wonder, by narrating the commonly-received opinion of her brother's supernatural origin, and her vision of the king at his earthly crowning, attended by three fair queens, who stood in silence near his throne, and by Merlin, the maker of his magic palace-halls:—

" And near him stood the Lady of the Lake
Clothed in white samite, mystie, wonderful.
She gave the king his huge cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen ont: a mist
Of incense curled about her, and her face
Well nigh was hidden in the minster
But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice, as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world, and, when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord."

Still Leodogran affects to doubt, until he dreams how
" the solid earth became

As nothing, and the king stood out in heaven
Crowned."

Hereupon Leodogran gives his consent to the marriage; and Arthur sends Sir Lancelot of the Lake to bring the Queen to her bridals. On her arrival, before

" The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the king
That morn was married, while in stainless white
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy."

Now, whoever expects to find high poetry in the “*The Coming of Arthur*,” will be disappointed. Despite some fine lines and a few fine snatches, such as we have quoted, the poem, as a whole, is not to be compared with “*The Passing of Arthur*,” the greater part of which is the work of earlier days. Compare, for instance, the barren passage in the present poem, where Lancelot conducts Guinevere to her bridals, with the same episode so touchingly described in “*Guinevere*,” and what we mean will be at once apparent. It must be evident to every reader that both its surroundings and its consequences would combine to render this episode, if well-handled, the most interesting situation in the present poem, where it finds its proper place. It is rather poetic tact, than poetry that the reader must look for in “*The Coming of Arthur*;” such, for instance, as is exhibited in the introduction of Guinevere to the reader’s notice in its very opening. There, pointing to the sublime moral of these Idylls, she stands

“the fairest of all flesh on earth,”

yet the prolific source of Arthur’s trials, of the failure of his mission and the dissolution of his Knightly Order. And the Poet’s aim is realised: henceforward, Guinevere in her loveliness and her guilt, is never absent from the view, till her injured lord

“moves ghost-like to his doom,”

and Faery-land fades away for ever. Nevertheless, mere poet-craft does not satisfy us: we have it in abundance in “*Elaine*” and “*Enoch Arden*,” of which it is but the secondary feature. Still less are we content to accept from Mr. Tennyson a recurrence of worn-out imagery: Leodogran’s dream, for example, presents no feature of novelty, and bears a resemblance to a good many other dreams.

We venture to assert that most readers, disappointed with “*The Coming of Arthur*,” will turn with a sense of relief to a re-perusal of those master-pieces of the author’s genius—“*Enid*,” “*Vivien*,” and “*Elaine*.” For many years these exquisite poems have been the delight of every reader. Whoever has once read them, will turn to them again and again; and each fresh perusal will bring fresh delight with it, and disclose some beauty unmarked before. In “*Geraint and Enid*” we have a noble ideal of knightly and feminine perfections. That the guilty love of Guinevere for Lancelot should have forced innocence itself to pass through the ordeal of so many and so bitter trials,—and that those trials should have been borne in silence and fortitude, is a spectacle that awakens

Within us the deepest feelings of pity and compassion ; while our delight is almost boundless at witnessing the glorious triumph of this same innocence at the last. With what beautiful pathos the happiness of Enid is portrayed, when all shadow of her lord's mistrust is removed—

“ And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived through her, who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again : she did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green,
Before the useful trouble of the rain.”

In “ Merlin and Vivien,”—a poem which, by the way, should never have been published, or, being published, ought to have been treated with less freedom by its writer—we behold the far different sight of the triumph of the flesh over the spirit. Nor could the scandalous intrigue of Launcelot and the Queen have been set in a more hideous light, than that it should have scandalised *Merlin*, “ Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore ;”* caused him to fly the Court ; and so prepared the way for his own shameful fall. Nowhere, moreover, is the Poet's fine skill more conspicuous, than in protracting the spectacle of that catastrophe. The passage wherein is described the mage's indignation at Vivien's attempts to overcome his purity and obtain possession of his mighty secret is a perfect picture of the pride that precedes a fall. The concluding portion of his silent invective is expressed with a force and felicity well-nigh worthy of Shakspeare :—

“ They that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range ; or low desire
Not to feel lowest makes them level all ;
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
To leave an equal baseness ; and in this
Are harlots like the crowd, that, if they find
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
Her godlike head crowned with spiritual fire
And touching other worlds.”

* *Southey's Madoc.*

In "Elaine," an additional victim is immolated for the sin of Guinevere, whose guilty love is most graphically contrasted with the pure affection with which the "Lily Maid" loved the "Warrior of the Lake." Had he returned that love, his former wickedness had remained untold, and Elaine might have made for him

"This, and that other world another world."

But it was not to be :—

"The shackles of an old love straightened him."

We cannot forbear to quote the beautiful song in which Elaine, when she finds her passionate love for Lancelot all unrequited, expresses her yearning for death. It is a most moving elegy of brokenheartedness.

"Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain ;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
Love, art thou sweet ? then bitter death must be :
Love, thou art bitter ; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.
Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
I fain would follow love, if that would be ;
I needs must follow death who calls for me
Call, and I follow, I follow ! let me die."

And die she does ; and the spectacle of her corpse in the barge steered by the "dumb old servitor" down the river to the palace of Arthur, and its vision by the guilty lovers is one of the most pathetic things in all Poetry.

Next, we come to "The Holy Grail,"—

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad Supper with His own.
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good Saint
Arimithean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury and if a man
Could touch, or see it, he was healed at once
By faith of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil, that the Holy Cup
Was caught away to Heaven and disappeared
. . . . and when King Arthur made
His Table Round, and all men's hearts became
Clean for a season, surely he had thought
That now the Holy Grail would come again."

The poem is too long, and our space too limited for us to attempt a detailed analysis of its contents. On the whole,

it by no means realises what we anticipated from the Laureate. The scheme is a mystic one, and consequently suited to the author's taste. It possesses many and various elements of Poetry, and of a high stamp of Poetry, and, we venture to say, presented to Mr. Tennyson plenty of scope for the exercise of the inventive faculty. As it is, the poem does not place us, notwithstanding that it contains many beautiful passages, some notably so, as, for example, the one descriptive of Sir Lancelot's inability, because of his sin, to see the Holy Grail, in the very room, where it lay concealed. The several visions of the "Blessed Cup" are undoubtedly poetical in themselves, but are too suggestive of each other; and not one, in our opinion, at all approaches, either in power of description, or simplicity of effect, the following beautiful stanza from a short poem of the author's entitled "Sir Galahad," and written years ago :—

" Sometimes on lonely mountain-mere
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Those angels bear the Holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! Blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars."

Moreover that the "Holy Grail" should have been made the subject of a narrative between Sir Percival and the monk Ambrosius always seems to us particularly unfortunate, and is the last treatment we should have expected. The vital energy of action is inseparable from such a subject, as this poem comprehends; and our interest flags, when we see that vitality submerged in a mere lifeless recital. We would the more insist on this head, because, with all due deference to Mr. Tennyson, whom so many regard as *facile princeps* among the Poets of his time, this subject of the Holy Quest has received different, and, as we think, infinitely superior treatment from another hand.*

Unquestionably the finest poem in the present series is "Pelleas and Etarre." Its story is simple, revealing the tragical situation of a young knight, ruined in his affections and blasted in his hopes, upon discovering the shameless

* *The Quest of the San Graal.* By the Rev. R. S. Hawker : reviewed in the CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE. Page 33.

licentiousness of her whom he loved. Its moral is the exposition of a great truth: how the best of mankind may be deceived, and the purpose of their lives frustrated by an injudicious regard to mere appearances; and how the worst are forced to recognise the worth, and to pay homage to the beauty of virtue, when it is too late to begin a new life. The subject of this poem is not so closely connected with the main action of the plot, as are the other individual idylls. It is rather an episode skilfully introduced to prepare the way for the catastrophe. The open wickedness of Gawain and Etarre seems to be set forth as one of many such evil results of the secret sin of Lancelot and Guinevere. The shame and amazement of Sir Pelleas at discovering the guilty pair asleep in the tent is finely told :—

“ ‘ Back, as a hand that pushes thro’ the leaf
To find a nest and feels a snake, he drew :
Back, as a coward slinks from what he fears
To cope with, or a traitor proven, or hound
Beaten, did Pelleas in an utter shame
Creep with his shadow thro’ the covert again,
Fingering at his sword handle, until he stood,
There on the castle-bridge once more, and thought
‘ I will go back and slay them where they lie.’ ”

The passage where Pelleas lays his naked sword across the throats of the sleeping twain is one of the few instances of the sublime in the Laureate’s poetry. We prefer, however, to quote the following fierce invective uttered by Pelleas, as he rides forth in mad fury from the scene of wickedness :—

“ Would they had risen against me in their blood
At the last day? I might have answered them
Even before high God. O towers so strong,
Huge, solid, would that, even while I gaze,
The crack of earthquake shivering to your base
Split you, and Hell burnt up your harlot roofs
Bellowing, and charr’d you thro’ and thro’ within,
Black as the harlot’s heart—hollow as a skull!
Let the fierce east scream thro’ your eyelet-holes,
And whirl the dust of harlots round and round
In dung and nettles! hiss, snake—I saw him there.”

There is a certain class of readers of Poetry for whom such lines as the above have a singular attraction. At the same time we must protest against the author’s treatment of the conclusion. There are scenes which ought never to be laid bare, and this is of them. It is the blot of the volume, as “Vivien” is of the “Idylls of the King.”

We have always considered “Guinevere” to be Mr.

Tennyson's masterpiece ; and the publication of his last volume in no wise inclines us to alter our views. We would fain believe that there is a time in the poet's life, when, not only his faculties reach the prime of their strength and the perfection of their activity, but some fortunate turn of circumstances, or some felicitous mood of mind enables him to stamp the impress of all his combined excellence upon some single, simple theme, so as to invest it with a never fading halo of poetic interest. He may seize the happy moment, or he may not : if he seizes it, he has grasped immortal fame ; if he suffers it to escape, it is lost to him for ever. In some such happy mood we can conceive Gray to have written his "Elegy," and Pope to have composed his "Rape of the Lock;"—and may we not believe that "Guinevere" too was "panted through without a pause" in some silent hours of divinest inspiration? Had Mr. Tennyson written no other poem, this one were sufficient to secure for him an undying glory.

Our readers may ask us why we say this? What is there in the poem that should so move us? We answer, it is the almost overpowering pathos of the catastrophe. The spectacle of that guilty woman lying prostrate—

"Her face against the floor,"

in the presence of her injured lord, the "blameless King," while, in words that have no anger in them, but only pity, and tenderness, and grief, he showed her "for her own sake," the sin which she had sinned ; his solemn prayer that the eternal God may forgive her, even as he forgives ; his "last hope" and only consolation that they may meet, in mutual love, in the kingdom of the King, "where all are pure :" this it is that moves us, because it sounds the deepest depths of the human heart—as deep as pity, and pardon, and hope. Contemplating the Queen, now so humble and so repentant, we also pity her, and forgive ; while the utterance of the good king's "last hope" awakens our own hopes of pardon in that Land

"Beyond these voices, where is peace."

The greater portion of "The Passing of Arthur" has been long and favorably known to the public under the title of "Morte d'Arthur." In its present amplified state it forms a most interesting sequel to the "Idylls of the King." The noble traits of Arthur's character, which, in the preceding poems, the Laureate, with fine skill and purpose, keeps in the background, stand out in bold relief on the day of that "last battle in the West." The grief of the good king at being forced to war against his own knights and people, the anguish,

which his ever-present thought of Guinevere brings with it, his kingly majesty and knightly prowess in the fight, the calm dignity and unruffled meekness, with which he bears his mortal wound, all these attributes are exalted and glorified by the idealising process of Mr. Tennyson's art, so that Arthur's name and glory shall indeed "cling to all high places like a golden cloud for ever." Deserted by all his knights save the faithful Sir Bedivere; having yielded back Excalibur, the sword of his might, to the Lady of the Lake, the blessed type of his humility, the great and glorious king passes away in that "dusky barge," laden with no earthly freightage, passes away with no companions saving the

"Three dark Queens with crowns of gold,"
that is, with Fortitude, Justice, and Charity, virtues thwarted here, but triumphant there, whither he is passing—the land,—

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

The fading away of Faeryland, which is the main design of this poem, is an entirely original conception, and the closing scene is rendered with the perfection of that exquisite delicacy, for which Mr. Tennyson's genius is so remarkable :—

"Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint,
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.
Thereat once more he moved about, and clom
E'en to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the king,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less, and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year."

It cannot be denied that Englishmen, whatever they may know of the history, know very little of the spirit of their knightly forefathers. The spirit of the past has a warning voice and a healing power for present and future time; and to disregard this voice, or to ignore this power, is prejudicial to the welfare of the Nation, and quite incompatible with patriotism.

"Love thou thy land, with love far brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought."

Mr. Tennyson has accepted the truth of his own theory, and the promise of long years ago he has at length fulfilled in the completion of his Arthurian poems. Rightly interpreting a need of the age, he has seized upon a grand theme of Poetry, and brought to bear upon it all the aids and appliances which extended progress, increased knowledge, and an all but perfect civilisation unquestionably present to the Poet for drawing from "the fountains of the Past" to purify the Present. These Idylls of "the blameless king and stainless man" are no mere history of manners that have passed away, and of customs long forgotten, no mere record of tilts and tournaments, or of the adventures and gallantries of knights and courtly dames. They are what their name imports—"Representations." They re-present to our minds certain principles of the Divine Government of the world, which we are apt to overlook or to forget. They show us how the holiest and most promising institutions may be foiled in their purposes by the counteraction of vice, and that the most strenuous and disinterested efforts to purify and exalt fallen humanity are utterly powerless, if men are unwilling that their hearts should be changed. Yet, further, they remind us that the triumph of wickedness is but of the earth, while virtue outlives this seeming triumph, securing for the individual happiness here, and blessedness for ever. Each one of these Idylls, then, is "an image of the mighty world :" of its passions and affections, its joys and sorrows, of "the trustful courtesies of household life, chastened and ennobled by a beautiful ideality." What the Laureate's domestic Idylls are for separate affections and specific situations, the Arthurian Idylls are for the whole world of human nature : every secret recess of the heart is unlocked to our view, and every silent spring of the soul's inner working is displayed to our wondering vision. This is the real attraction of these poems : yet they are fraught with a deeper interest and a wider significance even than this. If they are records of "the good old days," in their meaning or application they savor of the present hour. We see "some modern touches here and there." They are a lesson for the times—a satire on them, it may be. "The age of chivalry is gone :" herein its memory is revived, and its philosophy applied. "Arthur is come again ;" but this time it is as "a modern gentleman of stately port." And, surely, the principles of his glorious institution are as potent and as applicable—its end as needful, and as beneficial to mankind to-day, as in the days of

" That fair Order of the Table Round

A glorious company, the flow'r of men,

*To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine, and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her ; for, indeed, I knew
Of no more subtle master under Heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."*

Legend of King Robert.

PART III.

xxix.

So forth they led him, stupefied, downcast,
His breast still heaving wildly, as, enraged,
The ocean surges, tho' the storm be past :
And still, from time to time, a feeble light
Flashed fitful o'er the darkness of his face,
Like sheeted lightning on a troubled night.
And when his passion wholly seemed assuaged,
They sent him forth among the wild beasts caged,
And royal packs, as to his proper place.

xxx.

Scarce had he entered, and was gazing round,
When flashed the light once more across his brow ;
For, thought he, never yet did faithful hound
Turn from the hand that oft hath fondled him.
Then called he them by name ; but some, that slept,
Bounded, as they would rend him limb from limb ;
While others, as huge billows rush and roar,
And leap into their caverns on the shore,
Within and out their kennels madly leapt.

xxxI.

Ere many days he moved among their eyes
Unheeded as a whelp ; for he had now
His dwelling with them, fed with them ; would rise
With them and hunt the wolf, to furnish sport
For the bright monarch and his cavaliers ;
And sometimes he did ape before the Court ;
But ever he disowned him, nor would bow
Before the king his crown-infected brow :
And so for all the space that makes two years.

xxxII.

Then grew from day to day a glad report
Of stately journeying and pageantry,
And meeting of their king and all his Court

With his fair cousin of Imperial Rome.
Each brain was full thereof, as every cell
With the same honey in a honeycomb ;
Till unseen wings, passing from sea to sea,
Winnowed the tawny fields : then joyously
They wended forth, as fain my muse would tell.

xxxiii.

But how, alas, do justice to the throng
Processional, which, from the palace gate
That sunny morn, made all of peace and song,
Poured forth in an interminable train,
That, swelling as it issued, sooth did seem
As it could never get inside again ;
In picturesque admixture of all states,
From lowest vassal's to the potentate's :
Then held their way along the winding stream.

xxxiv.

Gray priests and dancing damsels went before,
With chaplets of white roses on their brows,
And making all the way a flowered floor ;
Then divers bands did follow and precede
The king, who, mail-clad and crown-helmeted
[For show and custom rather than for need],
Rode side by side with his fair gentle spouse ;
His eagled shield hung down ingenuous,
And blushing pages his proud charger led.

xxxv.

The Queen upon her palfrey milky white
Had made it sunny on a cloudy day,
Her broidered bodice flashed forth prismatic light,
A very garden overflowered with gems
Of rarest hues ; a cincture middlewise
In glory shone like to her diadem's ;
Her face had turned December into May,
So fair it was, and brighter still than they,
Set in the lesser lustre of the skies !

xxxvi.

Where'er she moved was light and loveliness,
And nobles followed in her sheeny wake,

Bathed with its splendor, which grew less and less
 As a ship's pathway fading o'er the deep.
 A troop of shepherds, crowned with daffodils,
 Went piping after, and did dance and leap
 Joyful, for their dear lord and ladye's sake,
 While overhead the skylarks paused a-shake,
 And rained song-showers o'er the happy hills.

xxxvii.

Among the goatherds, emulous of goats,
 Robert the Fool went rereward, mortified,
 Changed, humbled, and suggestive of the cotes.
 And thus they go meandering to the sea,
 Awaiting them with smiles ; and quickly pour
 Into the conscious galleys, gracefully
 Nodding their royal prows ; and the flushed tide,
 As on they move, falls back on either side,
 And flatters all the route from shore to shore.

xxxviii.

And in a while, whereas the king had come
 To tarry divers days, they did repair
 Unto the convent of St. Chrysostom
 To hearken Vespers ; and it so befell
 It was the vigil when King Robert had gone
 In all his glory, as we erst did tell,
 To San Giovanni—eve of his despair,
 When died his kinghood in the place of prayer,
 And all his terror and disgrace were born !

xxxix.

While God did listen in the holy place,
Et sanctum nomen ejus rang full sweet
 From Angel voices that did interlace
 In heaven-ascending harmonies ; again,
 Before their echoes utterly did fade,
Deposituit potentes filled the fane ;
 Which, when he heard, as in a frensy fleet
 Amid the throng fell Robert from his seat
 Upon his knees—and long he wept and prayed.

xl.

The breathless organ, faint and fainter, ceased,

While yet its fervor wandered overhead
Like some blest spirit that would be released,
Striking its wings along the hindering roof;
When Robert, starting as from visions foul,
Bewildered, gazed around, above, for proof,—
The place was changed! the Angel king had fled!
And he was standing in his stall instead,
And all was as in days of his control.

XL.I.

He lived an era in that instant thought,
As others in a momentary dream,—
Life, life itself, may thus, perchance, be wrought
Of one fleet instant in a mystic sleep
Amid the darkness of Eternity!—
And now for very joy he could but weep,
Tho' half mistrusting his delight supreme
As some frail mirage of the soul, a gleam
Of happier days which ne'er in truth might be!

XL.II.

And still he dared not deem himself awake,
Afraid to trust his too, too, raptured eyes,
Or thrillings of his heart, which so did ache
With sweet sensations new: ‘ Unless he saw
Blest visions in a trance, he must have died
Away from earth, and through a realm of awe
Entered the golden gates of Paradise,’
He thought, as all its irid mysteries
Merged into the fair ladye at his side.

XL.III.

He led her forth; and all his soul return'd,
Except his pride; an altered man was he,
That day thenceforward ever; and he earned
Throughout the land the name of “ Robert the Good.”
So gently went he forth, before the Shrine
Low bending meekly ere he passed the Rood:
And Saints were sudden riched with dowery
From the King's coffers; and great jubilee
Did celebrate the miracle divine.

R. S.

THE END.

Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill.

"I think that of the crimes, which we have been so recently lamenting, no small portion is to be traced to an interference with the fixed usages of the country, and with what the people believed to be their rights."—GLADSTONE.

ALL who had the privilege of hearing Mr. Gladstone's magnificent statement, introducing his Irish Land Bill, must have thought that the evil star of Ireland was about to set for ever, and the sun of justice to shine out brightly above the dark horizon of this unhappy country. He sealed with his high authority the admission of Lord John Russell, that agrarian crimes were caused by the action of unjust laws. He deplored that redress had been so long delayed; he sketched the condition of Ireland with a graphic power peculiarly his own; and candidly admitted that the miseries of the Irish tenant-farmer and the Irish peasant had been directly aggravated by British legislation, from the period of Catholic Emancipation to the present. He traced the marked difference between the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, and in other parts of the Empire; and significantly added that

"In Ireland the landlord is generally different from the tenant in politics and religion."

There is rooted in the minds of the people the old Irish notion, that the tenant has some interest in the soil."

Is there any nation in Europe where this old Irish notion is not rooted in the minds of the people,—except, perhaps, in England, where it has been stamped out by rampant Feudalism, and where every good man, honestly anxious for the glory and greatness of the Empire, earnestly wishes to see it restored.

Mr. Gladstone, in contrasting Mr. Cardwell's description of the laborer and occupier in 1860 with their condition at the present time, uses the following remarkable words:—

"Wholesale evictions have been fewer, I admit, but *some* have been most indefensible."

In the first days of the battue the bags are larger; as the packs and covies are thinned down, the keenest sportsman cannot bring down so many head of game. The Irish landlords had grand battues whilst the forty-shilling freeholders lasted; when they were all swept away, the larger game, of course, were not so abundant, and, hence, wholesale evictions have been fewer. But we can assure the honorable gentleman that, even at the present day, the Irish landlord has fair average

sport, and seems to enjoy it as keenly, as in the halcyon times, to which the Premier refers.

Whilst we write, there are twenty-two families, numbering 138 persons, under notice to quit in this district. Not a shilling of rent is due by them ; not a shadow of crime is charged against a single member of this community : yet, the law, under which they have the happiness to live, decrees them banishment from their homes, as the reward of their peaceful industry. And this law, as amended by Mr. Gladstone, we regret to say, affords them no protection.

Not many months since, twenty-one families, numbering 122 persons, were exterminated in the same locality. We have before us the statistics of evictions for the last twenty years, and shall be happy to place them at the disposal of the Right Hon. Gentleman, should he require them. They seem almost incredible; and yet they were perpetrated without a single act of violence in retaliation. Had Mr. Gladstone issued a Commission, and ascertained the extent to which the Irish landlords exterminated the people, he would have been in a better frame of mind to legislate on this vital question. And if he is a just and wise ruler, he could not have left in their hands a power, which they so fearfully abused.

After stating that the sale of land in the Encumbered Estates' Court was a confiscation of the tenant's property, in tracing the action of the Poor Laws in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone adds :—

"But, if we have a peasantry endowed with vigorous arms, with both ability and will to earn their own subsistence, and if we encourage a system, under which that peasantry can expect to labor, with only a precarious title to occupation, ever liable to be evicted without fault, or neglect of any kind, and if we think then, it is enough to say, though you are evicted, the doors of the Poor-house are open to receive you, my answer is, that is not an operation by which we can bring about National content."

Yet Mr. Gladstone has left the peasantry in the unhappy condition he describes. Under his legislation the peasant and farmer must labor as they have heretofore labored, "with only a precarious title to occupation, ever liable to be evicted without fault or neglect of any kind." Such law in the words of the Premier, cannot "bring about National content." As long as the title to occupation is precarious, and the tenant liable to be evicted without fault or neglect of any kind, we cannot expect peace, prosperity, or contentment in Ireland. Under Mr. Gladstone's Bill the title to occupation is precarious, the tenant can be evicted on the payment of a small fine. He, therefore, has failed to legislate for Ireland. His measure will not be the

harbinger of "National content," but a terrible incentive to agitation, and deadly strife between classes already but too embittered against each other. Far better not legislate at all on the question, than crush the hopes of an entire people by what they must regard as another delusion, mockery, and snare.

If Mr. Gladstone legislates wisely, is he not bound, as an honorable man, to prevent the injustice he denounces as a cause of National discontent, and to place the peasantry and the tenant-farmers of Ireland in a position, in which they can labor with a certain title to occupation, never liable to be evicted without fault or neglect of any kind.

In referring to emigration as a justification, or mitigation of eviction, Mr. Gladstone uses the following remarkable words :—

" When the emigrant is one, whose wish is to stay, who is truly, fondly, passionately attached, as these people ever were, to the soil on which they were born, and on which they have grown, to say we cannot insure you possession of your holding, we cannot even give you a reasonable probability that you will be able to exercise your industry with confidence; but there is the way across the Atlantic, and there are the wide plains of America to receive you. Do not let us conceal from ourselves that, under such circumstances, emigration is but another word for banishment, and the Country, whose laws inflict that punishment, cannot expect, and does not receive the affection of these people."

We have, then, from the Prime Minister of England the important admission that English Law inflicts on the Irish tenant-farmer a severe penalty, though guilty of no offence against its provisions ; that it grants to one class of the community the power of visiting on another, without the suspicion of crime, the gravest penalty known to the Law, except capital punishment. What remedy does Mr. Gladstone apply to the injustice he so clearly and so forcibly states ? Does he leave the Irish tenant still exposed to the penalty of banishment at the bidding of his landlord, or does he extend to his home the protection of the Law ? Does he say that banishment shall only be the punishment of crime, and that no class shall have the power of inflicting it arbitrarily on the innocent ? Does he insure the tenant possession of his holding, and say to him that he may exercise his industry with confidence ? Does he close up this broad way across the Atlantic, and give to the Irish tenant a quiet home, not in the wide plains of America, but in the green fields of his Native Land, to which he is so truly, so fondly, and so passionately attached ?

An Act, which inflicts the penalty of felony, where there is no guilt, is itself felonious. Mr. Gladstone admits the crime, but condones it ; and grants to one class of the community the power of inflicting the penalty of banishment on another, on the payment of a fine, varying from one to seven years' rent.

This provision is most vicious in principle. No State can grant to one class the power of inflicting injury on another for a mulct. Mr. Gladstone might just as well put a price on the honor of the wife and daughters of the Irish farmer, as admit that it is a crime to banish him, and yet legally sanction that banishment on the payment of a fixed sum. The principle not only condones a felony, but legalises it ; and strikes at the root of all legislation.

We know of no law in any civilised country, where this principle is recognised ; and we believe no law resting on such a principle can be the harbinger of peace, or the guardian of social order. Were the classes, between whom it legislates, in perfect harmony of sentiment and feeling, it must very soon estrange them from each other ; but, when they are antagonistic in politics and religion, as Mr. Gladstone admits, such legislation must become the fruitful source of oppression and violent resistance. Heretofore there was but one class of agrarian crime :—henceforth, thanks to the Premier's admission, people will begin to distinguish two, and to regard the landlord, who exterminates the peasantry, and inflicts on them the penalty of banishment without crime, as only less guilty, than the armed assassin, who avenges this wrong.

The Bill is not stamped with the clear intellect, close logic, and varied knowledge of the present Prime Minister of England. It is a measure of expediency, rather than of principle ; a hopeless effort to reconcile contradictory claims by yielding a little to each, without testing the justice of either, and cannot be a final measure to seal up this vexed question, as its author fondly predicts. It is impossible to frame a law, which shall recognise the legal rights of the proprietor, and the natural rights of the occupier. It is the old bootless attempt to construct a square circle. We may, at one time, approach more the qualities of the circle, and, again, go more towards the properties of the square, but the figure must ever want the essential properties of both ; so a law, which attempts to reconcile contradictory claims, must ever want the first essential of every good law—**JUSTICE**.

Such laws are behind the time ; they come sanctioned by the seal of authority, but wanting the higher sanction of right ; and can never win the respect, confidence, and cordial support

of an enlightened people. The World is sick of such laws. They are the worst legacy of a barbarous period, and have been the prolific parent of many of the ills that afflict European Society. No nation has suffered so sadly by their baneful action as Ireland. If we wanted a proof of this, we have it in Mr. Gladstone's statement, introducing his Land Bill. The enactments of English law in Ireland have been so monstrous, that the people hate the very name of law. Mr. Gladstone knows this well, and expresses a sincere wish to govern the Irish Nation justly and equitably ; yet the principle of his Bill, which permits a landlord to banish an Irish tenant on the payment of a fine, is the very principle of the most atrocious law in our notorious Penal Code, which imposed a fine of two shillings and six-pence for the murder of a mere Irishman !

No logic can convince the Irish people that what is justice for the North, is not justice for the South ; and no enlightened statesman can expect that the tenants of the South can regard the Land Laws as just, until they are uniform over the whole Island. The present Land Law will be but a new incentive to agitation, which has ever been the bane of this unhappy country, and a fresh source of discontent and disaffection.

The Bill should recognise, first—The right of the tenant to his improvements ; and, secondly, his right to his occupancy, which means, as Mr. Gladstone expresses it, his right to live in the Land where he was born, and where he has grown up. If the public interest requires that the proprietor should have the right of purchasing one or other of these rights (which we emphatically deny), he should, at least, in justice pay, for it its full value ; and this should be ascertained by what it will bring in open market.

The Bill, however, does not recognise fully the right of the tenant to his improvements, for the landlord can confiscate them by a lease ; nor to his occupancy, for he can cancel it by a fine varying from two, to seven years' rent : in other words, the right of the tenant to his home is not the right of a moral being, of which he cannot be deprived by private authority, or for private interests, but such as the law grants to the *feræ naturæ*. According to Mr. Gladstone's Bill, a peasant may be banished on the payment of a fine. You may kill a hare on the same terms.

If Mr. Gladstone recognised fully and unqualifiedly the right of the tenant to his improvements ; and, secondly, his right to his occupancy (even though he paid the landlord for the legal right, of which the Bill deprived him),

and left the most full and complete free trade in the sale and transfer of both rights, he would have settled the Irish Land Question finally, so that it never again could possibly disturb Society ; he would have vindicated his fame as a legislator, his courage and integrity as a reformer, and would have inaugurated a new era in Ireland—an era of prosperity, contentment, and peace. He would not have linked his name with such an undigested mass of clauses and sections, as the present Bill; and offered to a rural and illiterate people a law as complex as the Justinian Code, or the Decrees of Gratian, a piece of conglomerate, held together by official paste, resembling more the production of a batch of *Nisi Prius* lawyers, than of a just, wise, and enlightened statesman, a boon to the lawyers certainly, and not a boon, but a snare to the tenant-farmers of Ireland. It is exceptional legislation of the worst type. Its principle is the principle of the Penal Laws. It recognises rights partially, and must be a source of irritation; it places the tenants of the South and West in an inferior condition, and must create discontent, and become a prolific source of future troubles.

Mr. Gladstone shows that British legislation, since 1816, stripped the Irish tenant of all legal protection, and left him helplessly at the mercy of his landlord. He designates that legislation, as ungenerous and harsh, and on these grounds proposes to change by just laws the anomalous relations of the owners and occupiers of land in Ireland. What, then, are the evils he admits, and the remedies he suggests: the evils are stated with a clearness, a fulness, and a fairness, of which none can complain; but the remedies, we regret to say, we consider totally inadequate.

But Mr. Gladstone, before he introduces his own remedies for the ills of Ireland, discusses and rejects the remedy proposed by the unanimous vote of the Irish people, sanctioned by the authority of the Irish Episcopacy and Priesthood, and by many of the owners of extensive estates in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone's first objection to fixity of tenure is, that compensation should be paid to the landlords, which, he thinks, would be attended with the greatest practical difficulties.

We cannot see the practical difficulty, and wonder exceedingly that anything could appear a practical difficulty to the gentlemen who devised the Irish Land Bill, and trod their way through its tortuous mazes. Let us grant that the landlord has a right to a remuneration for giving to the tenant permission to live peaceably in his home, paying for it its full value. Even the greatest stickler for landlord rights must

admit that the claim of the landlord must be assessed at a minimum—First, because the claim is very doubtful in Equity, though very clear in Law ;—Secondly, because Irish landlords, as a class, unjustly acquired more of the property of the Irish tenants, as a class, than would purchase the perpetuity of their farms ten times over.

The Irish tenant loves peace. He dreads eviction, and would willingly pay a very high price for security, so that, if, Mr. Gladstone grants him the perpetuity he asks, and makes him pay for it its full value by a per centage on his rent, he will willingly assent to this arrangement. We cannot, then, see the force of Mr. Gladstone's first objection to fixity of tenure, even admitting that the landlord should receive a consideration. The settlement is exceedingly simple. Let the proprietor receive an increase of a given per centage on the rent.

Mr. Gladstone's second objection to fixity of tenure is that it would make loungers of all the Irish landlords. This statement, we believe, is without foundation. There will still be ample scope for the beneficent influence of the good, the benevolent, and the humane. As to the other class, whose members are too numerous in Ireland, a wise and just legislator would contract their power, for it is better they should lounge in idleness, than revel in mischief ; that their time should be spent in follies which injure only themselves, than in harrassing the unhappy tenants, and tending by their oppression and injustice to the disruption of Society, and the dismemberment of the Empire. Mr. Gladstone seems to think that to evict is the primary function of an Irish landlord, and that he must become a lounger, if he ceases to be an exterminator. He assumes that the Irish tenant is influenced only by a motive of fear, and the landlord only by a lust of power, and, if you place landlords and tenants in a mutual relation of independence, that all influence for good of the proprietor over the tenant must cease.

We believe the contrary is the fact ; and that the state of serfdom of the Irish tenant was the great cause of the unhappy relations, which heretofore existed ; that it extinguished all respect and affection on the part of the tenant, and all feelings of sympathy and interest on the part of the landlord.

Let us test the fact by that favorite principle of modern philosophy—experience. Where is the landlord most revered, and his influence most respected ? Certainly on the estates, where the tenant is most independent, and the landlord least exacting.

Who ever heard of an arbitrary eviction, or an exorbitant rent on the property of Lord Bessborough? Will Mr. Gladstone call him a lounger on his estate? Is his name less revered, or are his wishes less respected, because his tenants are as secure from the terror of eviction, or the dread of rack-rents, as if they were protected by law? Is he less devoted to his duty as a landlord, because he does not wield his power to make serfs and paupers of his tenants? We might cite many examples of such landlords in Ireland, such as the Earl of Fingall, the Earl of Granard, and the Earl of Portarlington, whose influence for good is very great, and yet is not enforced by terror or selfishness. Make other landlords by law what they are by choice. If they do not choose to exercise their influence beneficially, prevent them, at least, from exercising their power injuriously. Let the function of the proprietor be not to oppress, but to foster; not to rule by the terror of notices and rack-rents a tenantry of slaves, whom his power demoralises; but to influence a free people, and lead them on to virtue by his superior intelligence, wisdom, and goodness.

Mr. Gladstone says, if land should be bought up, it must be bought by, and for the State.

The Prime Minister is a very high authority; yet we should like to know on what principle he founds this statement; such, certainly, is not the principle, on which the peasant-proprietors were created in the countries, in which they exist; and we see no special reason why it should be introduced into Ireland. In this, as in many instances, Mr. Gladstone's statements in his speech contradict the provisions of his Bill; for a clause in that measure provides that land may be bought, and by public money, not for the State, but for the individual.

We do not see the connection between this principle, even though it were true, and the present demand of the Irish tenant. There is not a question of selling, or buying land, but of fixing the present occupier in his home; and Mr. Gladstone knows that, in doing so, he no more does an injury to other members of the community, who may wish to become tenants, than he would do an injury to other members of the community, who may wish to become proprietors, by giving the present proprietors perpetuity in their titles, if they did not already enjoy it.

If the Bill gave the present tenants perpetuity with power to sell, tenements, in very great numbers, will come into the market; and the law will so operate, that, by a sort of natural selection, the lazy and the indolent will disappear, and the industrious and intelligent take their places; until there would

planted in Ireland, what a similar law has created in Belgium and Switzerland, an intelligent, happy, industrious, and contented peasantry.

Mr. Gladstone's third objection is, that fixity of tenure would contain within itself the seeds, nay, the substance of the evils it pretends to remedy. As interpreted by Mr. Gladstone and by the enemies of fixity of tenure, from whom, we regret to say, he has borrowed all his objections, we admit it; but we deny that fixity of tenure, as interpreted by its advocates, contains either the seeds, or the substance of these evils. No perpetuity-man should be allowed to create a tenancy at all, or to sublet, except under certain well-defined conditions. He should have the right to occupy in perpetuity, or to sell; and the moment he attempts to create any form of tenancy, he should forfeit his perpetuity, and his holding revert to the proprietor.

Mr. Gladstone's fourth objection is, that, if perpetuity were good for Ireland, it would be good for England and Scotland: —two wrongs never make a right. We fully admit it would be good for England and Scotland, but not equally good, because not equally necessary. Landlord power in England is, as theologians say, *in actu primo*. Its injustice is never felt, because it is never exercised: if exercised in England, as it has been in Ireland, it would long since have caused a revolution.

The last objection to fixity of tenure is one, we regret to hear Mr. Gladstone repeat, in his place in Parliament, and sanction with his high authority. It is a trite calumny against the Irish tenant-farmer, which has been rehearsed at the dinner-tables, and in the little coteries of the *shoneen* Irish landlords; and, like Dr. Newman's Protestant lie, seems to have gained strength as it was refuted, until, at length, we meet it enthroned in high places, and sanctioned by the authority of the Prime Minister of England, and the leader of the great Liberal party, for whom the Irish tenant fought, at the recent elections, with Spartan heroism.

Mr. Gladstone's words are:—

“ Lastly, I must say, those tenures, which produce this perpetuity, do already exist in Ireland. Having endeavoured to examine, as well as we can, the evidence with respect to the condition of those portions of Ireland, which are at present held upon tenures of perpetuity without proprietorship, we do not find that we should attain the object of enlarging the wealth of the soil, and developing a flourishing agriculture by extending this form of tenure.”

But the Government would, at least, attain the object of

doing justice to the Irish tenant, of protecting him from the penalty of banishment, which he has often suffered, though guilty of no crime, and of bringing peace, contentment, and loyalty to his home. Whatever wealth was added to the soil would be the property of him who produced it, and would not be confiscated for him, who has no just claim to its enjoyment. It would be diffused amongst the humble and industrious, whose homes it would bless with abundance, and would not be squandered in luxury by the idle and extravagant. If agriculture should not florish (which we emphatically deny), a nobler plant would spring up—contentment, peace, and happiness in the peasant's home.

But Mr. Gladstone's insinuation against the Irish tenants, who hold in perpetuity, is incorrect in fact, and, though correct, his inference, is unfair, inconclusive, and unworthy of the great champion of Reform.

Mr. Gladstone infers that, because the present tenants, who hold in perpetuity, do not increase the wealth of the soil and develope a flourishing agriculture, therefore, they would not do so, if perpetuity were the normal condition of tenures in Ireland. He must be aware that tenants in perpetuity are rare exceptions, and cannot be ignorant of the power of association in forming character. He must have witnessed it in the Public Schools and Universities of England, and seen examples of it in a thousand forms in his career through life. Place the most temperate in the continued association of drunkards; he will probably imitate the baneful example. A miser amongst spendthrifts will likely be cured of his infirmity. The association of rogues will corrupt the honest; and profligate companions will draw the moral into the erring ways of vice. Mr. Gladstone can tell us which of the antient philosophers defined man to be an *animal imitativum*. We wish he had remembered the definition. We fear he will himself ultimately become a painful illustration of its truth. His Whig associations have already done much to dim the beauty of his character. He seems rapidly adopting the sentiments and maxims of the class, and may yet become, with his present associations, as ardent a lover of office, and as much a minister of expediency, as Lord Palmerston himself.

The reckless and careless habits of Irish tenants and the system of agriculture, which bad laws made inevitable, became the normal condition of the Country, and probably, in many cases, certainly not in all, influenced tenants in perpetuity to imitate the evil example. In the Barony of Forth, County of Wexford, there are peasant-proprietors, who are not

excelled by any tenantry in the Empire in skilled agriculture, civilised habits, and social and moral excellence.

Were there no landlords thriftless, reckless, and retrograde? Were none of that class an obstacle to increasing the wealth of the soil, and developing a flourishing agriculture? Is, therefore, the condition of proprietor to be abolished in Ireland?

We beg respectfully to direct Mr. Gladstone's attention to the following extract from Sismondi's *Studies in Political Economy* :—

“ What endowed man with intelligence and perseverance in labor, what made him direct all his efforts towards an end useful to his race was the sentiment of perpetuity. The lands, which the streams have deposited along their course, are always the most fertile; but are also those, which they menace with their inundations, or corrupt by marshes. Under the guarantee of perpetuity men undertook long and painful labors to give the marshes an outlet, to erect embankments against inundations, to distribute by irrigation fertilising waters over the fields, which the same waters had condemned to sterility.”

Is Mr. Gladstone, then, going to legislate for the Irish tenant on the assumption that he is an exception to the whole human race, and that the sentiment of perpetuity, which stimulates all other civilised members of the great human family to labor, would tend to make him more idle and reckless? Perpetuity prompts other men, because they have greater intelligence, to greater exertion, and more persevering labor. According to Mr. Gladstone, it would paralyse the activity and energy of the Irish tenant—we suppose, because he has not intelligence. Does Mr. Gladstone admit the inference? Does Mr. Gladstone expect any rational man to believe that the Irish tenant will labor less energetically and perseveringly to increase the wealth of the soil, when he knows that wealth is his own, than when it is, each year, confiscated for the landlord's benefit? Does Mr. Gladstone himself believe this paradox? This is certainly governing Ireland according to Irish ideas with a vengeance. This unfounded statement of the Prime Minister of England is more injurious to the intelligence of the Irish tenant-farmer, than any that was ever made against the irreclaimable Celt in the rabid ravings of the *Times*, even in the dog days. Had Mr. Gladstone candidly said to the Irish people—“We cannot give you fixity of tenure, because a Parliament of landlords will not pass it; there are none more hostile to its enactment, than some of the Irish Liberal members; there is but one man in my Cabinet friendly to the measure; he fought long and bravely for the Irish tenant; he has planted

one little seed in the new Bill, which will yet fructify, and bear glorious fruit ; he could do no more, and narrowly escaped with his life from the terrible conflict :”—every friend of Mr. Gladstone in Ireland would respect the admission as a simple statement of facts ; and would attribute the shortcomings of the measure not to the Prime Minister, but to the Whiglings, who torture and embarrass him. But the Irish people, whilst they pour out prayers for their brave champion, and hold his name in reverence, will not soon forget that Mr. Gladstone rejected their unanimous demand for protection in their homes from the power of the exterminator, on the plea of trite calumnies and exploded sophisms.

We come now to examine Mr. Gladstone's statement of the grievances, which exist, and the remedies he proposes.

The grievances are enumerated under four heads :—

1st—The withdrawal of customary privileges.

2nd—The lavish use of notices, and those notices, which, in many cases, though they do not produce the acute miseries of eviction, yet do produce a chronic suffering, and a chronic social mischief, attendant upon an absolute insecurity of tenure.

3rd—Direct eviction.

4th—When demands upon the tenant for increased rent, founded solely on the value, which he, by his labor and capital, has added to the soil, and TREADING, AT THE SAME TIME, TOO CLOSELY ON THE HEELS OF THAT ADDITION, are those powers to demand increased rent, which, of course, entirely depend upon the *ultima ratio* of eviction, which *ultima ratio*, as we have shown, has been made, within the last half century, so far more formidable by the direct action of Parliament, than it had ever been before.

This, translated from the Gladstonian dialect, means the demand of exorbitant rents, under penalty of eviction.

We have called attention to one passage, in which Mr. Gladstone impliedly asserts that an increase of rent, founded solely on the value, which the tenant, by his labor and capital, has added to the soil, would be just, if the increased rent did not tread too closely on the heels of that addition, and there are, towards the close of his speech, the following words, which are a significant comment on this passage :—

“ In endeavouring to secure increased prosperity to the tenant, we are doing so by inducing him to extract it from the soil, and not by taking a single farthing from the pockets of the landlord. Every traveler in Ireland tells you there is abundant wealth in the soil, if

you had but a better system of tenure ; and that, were the people but encouraged to use their great energies in agricultural pursuits, you would speedily witness a great increase in the produce of the land. That increase some place at 30, some at 40, others at 50 per cent. ; some do not scruple to place it at a much higher figure. But any of these figures—and I believe the lowest to be within the mark—represents a fund, which will exist primarily for the benefit of the tenant, but ultimately for the benefit of the landlord."

Here is the vicious principle of Mr. Gladstone's legislation—a principle evidently unjust, for it proposes to hand to the landlord, after a given period, the property created in the soil by the tenant's labor and capital, so that, if two men unite their capital, and one pays £1,000 for the fee of a farm, and the other spends £1,000 in increasing its value, the property created by the tenant is, by this principle, after a fixed period, confiscated for the proprietor.

The principle is unsound, and we call on Mr. Gladstone to vindicate its justice, or to abandon it as the basis of legislation between landlord and tenant in Ireland. If the increase in the value of the soil is the fruit of the tenant's labor and capital *without a farthing from the landlord* (to use Mr. Gladstone's words), it is his property; and if it is his property, he does not forfeit his right to it by any length of enjoyment.

Let us return, and examine the remedies Mr. Gladstone proposes for the four classes of evils he enumerates.

The first is the recognition of the Ulster tenant-right, wherever it exists,—a remedy, if we understand it rightly, just, simple, and complete. I enjoy a tenancy. It is my property. I created it, paid for it, or inherited it. Whoever deprives me of it must pay me its full value, estimated in the public market, so that, if I am evicted from one tenement, I must get for it as much, as will purchase for me another of the same class. If this is the law, nothing can be more simple, more clear, or more just. It requires no new judges, no new Courts of Arbitration, Law, or Equity, no appeals from Law to Equity, and from Equity to Arbitration, none of that cumbrous and complicated machinery, with which Mr. Gladstone has burthened his Bill, and which must make it a dead letter like so many of its predecessors, or an eternal source of litigation between landlord and tenant, which would be a worse evil, than the worst of the evils, which it pretends to remedy. It is a mockery to offer the Irish tenant-farmer protracted litigation with his landlord, as a means of redressing his grievances : he will wisely forego the redress, which he cannot obtain without first submitting to eviction, and, secondly, vindicating it by

litigation in Law and Equity : if he did not, he would be a fool for his pains, for the cure would be much worse, than the disease. Mr. Gladstone says that this Ulster custom, which he now legalises, has trebled the rent ; that it has been an advantage to both tenant and proprietor ; that it has produced contentment, happiness, and prosperity over an entire Province ; that it leaves intact all proprietorial rights ; and yet protects from unjust aggression the homes and the property of the tenants. It is not a new measure, nor is it for the first time proposed as a panacea for the ills of Ireland.

From 1832 to the present it has been sighed for by the tenants outside of Ulster, and guarded, as the shibboleth of their independence, by those who enjoyed it.

Why, then, is not this custom extended to the other Provinces of Ireland ? In this Mr. Gladstone is scarcely consistent with himself. He holds up Ulster as a model Province, where rents have trebled, though the soil is less fertile ; where the people are contented, prosperous, loyal, and happy ; and after this eulogy on the effects of Ulster Tenant-Right, he adds :—

“ I am far from saying it would be desirable, or possible to reproduce the state of that Province with precision, in other parts of Ireland, in regard to the occupation of land.”

Why not desirable ? Is it not desirable to have the people contented and loyal ? Is it not desirable to rid the country of those monstrous agrarian crimes, which so disgrace our civilisation ? According to Mr. Gladstone, these happy results are produced in Ulster by Tenant-Right. On what principle can he urge that such a state of things is not desirable in the other Provinces ?

“ But, though desirable,” says Mr. Gladstone, “ it is not possible to introduce the Ulster Tenant-Right in the other Provinces.” Why not possible ? Why not enact that any tenant evicted, or retiring from his holding, shall receive for it its full value, estimated in open market, either from the landlord, or from some other purchaser.

But, it may be urged, this would violate proprietorial rights. The tenants in the other Provinces paid nothing for their tenements, and, therefore, have not the same claim for compensation for disturbance. Are they not tenants in possession, *de facto* tenants ? A wise, just, and enlightened statesman, legislating for an entire people, will not permit himself to be turned aside from the broad and clear principles of justice by miserable technicalities and trifling differences, which will make his Law an unintelligible bundle of exceptional clauses,

wanting that clearness and simplicity, which are the first characteristics of good laws. And, again, if the tenants, in the other Provinces have not paid for their tenements directly, as the tenants of Ulster, have they not paid for them indirectly? Has not all the property created by their skill, labor, and capital, which would be paid for by the incoming tenants under the Ulster right, been confiscated for the landlord in the other Provinces? All the property created by the tenant, houses, reclaimed lands, fences, manures, &c., amounting to millions outside Ulster, was confiscated for the landlords; but where the custom existed, all this property was preserved for the tenants and their heirs: so that the tenants of the West and South have a better claim to the enjoyment of Tenant-Right for the future, than the tenants of Ulster, who have enjoyed it for the past; for the Ulster tenants, at all times, enjoyed the fruits of their labor and capital, whilst the tenants of the other Provinces were despoiled of both,—unless Mr. Gladstone holds as another principle of his legislation that the fact of a class of subjects being robbed by law, in the past, is a reason why they should be robbed by law for the future.

Mr. Gladstone, in his Land Bill, says to the tenants of Ulster—"What you heretofore enjoyed by custom you shall now enjoy by law. You have not been in the habit of suffering injustice. We will not now ask you to submit to it, because we are well aware you would not." But to the tenants of the other Provinces, he says, by his Irish Land Bill—"For centuries you have been robbed of the fruits of your labor and capital COMPLETELY, for the future we will permit you to be robbed only PARTIALLY; but you shall not have that complete redress we give the tenants of Ulster, nor shall you enjoy the entire property created by your labor, capital, and skill. You have suffered oppression and injustice from arbitrary evictions, exorbitant rents, and notices to quit; be consoled, for the future, this shall be more expensive and tedious. We give you the right to live six additional months in your home, and charge the landlord two-and-sixpence for his notice, and two year's rent for your eviction, and if he raises your rent up to the last point of human endurance, submit to eviction, and you have the magnificent compensation of two years' rent for the penalty of being banished from your home and your Country!"

Be grateful, ye tenants of the South and West, and thank the great and good Gladstone, the Aristides of England, whom you have been taught to regard as the saviour of your race; to whose policy you pledged every member you sent into Parliament, and who now, in return for your devotion, tells the

Irish landlords they may continue their favorite sport of exterminating, at the expense of two-and-sixpence for every notice; and from two to seven years' rent for every eviction. As to rent, they may impose it without limit. If the present tenant does not pay you—another will ; evict him—the land-market is high. And, lest the Parliament of landlords might not submit to the very trifling fine, which the Bill imposes on the exterminator, Mr. Gladstone grants them public money to satisfy all the demands of the tenant, which may arise under its provisions. They can get public money to buy up the Ulster Tenant-Right, and thus extinguish the last stronghold of the tenants' independence in Ireland. They can get public money to buy up the tenants in the other Provinces, consolidate their farms, and get three times the sum paid, in ready cash, from the incoming tenant. Any landlord, so disposed, can thus clear off his Irish Catholic tenants with increased facility, as many have done heretofore ; and introduce Scotch or English, tenants, he himself making a very handsome sum by the exchange.

We do not say this was Mr. Gladstone's intention ; but is not his Bill open to this grave objection ? It aggravates the evils it pretends to remedy ; holds out a new inducement to exterminate the Irish Catholic tenants ; and furnishes the means of its accomplishment by grants of money from the public funds. Had the Bill been introduced by a Tory Government, it would have been received with a burst of indignation, and denounced as a cleverly-devised means of supplying public money to the landlords, to exterminate their obnoxious tenants. But, it may be said, public money will not be supplied to pay the evicted tenant. The landlord can easily induce the tenant to retire by threatening to evict, and paying a gratuity for compliance. The trick has been played a thousand times in Ireland ; it will be practised more extensively than ever, under Mr. Gladstone's Bill.

The third evil, which the Irish Land Bill proposes to remedy, is direct eviction ; and the means proposed is, to impose a fine on the exterminator of sums varying from two, to seven years' rent.

There seems here some confusion of ideas. The claim of damages for eviction, is confounded with the claim of compensation for improvements ; and, if we understand the Bill rightly, the tenant, who retires voluntarily, is much better off, than the tenant, who is evicted, for the evicted tenant cannot claim for any improvement, except houses and reclaimed lands ; but the tenant, who retires voluntarily, is allowed to

claim for all improvements, to their full value. If this interpretation of the Bill is correct, it is a new engine of extermination, more insidiously framed, than any, that has gone before, for it holds out a strong motive to the tenant to retire voluntarily, and not await the more public process of eviction. The threat of eviction would, therefore, induce him to accept the better terms, which he can obtain by voluntary retirement : so he accepts the compensation for his improvements ; bids adieu to his home ; and turns his face to the West. We do not think Mr. Glastone capable of this policy ; but it is quite clear the Bill is not the creation of his brain. It wants the simplicity of genius, and the impartial and even-handed justice of his integrity. If this is not the correct interpretation of the Bill, why mix up claims that are totally distinct ? Why not say, for the damages of eviction, you can claim, according to the scale of remuneration, from one to seven year's rent ; and you can also claim for improvements of every kind, on the same terms, as a tenant, who voluntarily retires. In the clause, as at present framed, an improving tenant, who increased the letting value of his land, affords a strong temptation to a landlord to evict him, for, when evicted, he cannot claim beyond the scale of damages for eviction, no matter what may be the value of his improvements, if they were not permanent buildings, or reclaimed lands.

This clause imposes a penalty on industry, and offers a premium for idleness. No matter how badly I may have cultivated my farm ; if evicted, I have my claim for damages, houses, and reclaimed lands. No matter how well I may have cultivated my land, and improved its value, the Law grants me no more ; and if I seek compensation under the fourth clause, I must forfeit my claim to damages for disturbance. On what principle of justice we cannot discover. The clause affords no security against eviction, if the mulct imposes no loss on the landlord ; it is unjust, if the damages assessed are not an equivalent for the loss inflicted on the tenant. Let us test this by an example. A landlord of the exterminating class, against whose injustice the Bill should be framed, has ten tenants ; each holds a farm of fifty acres, and pays £51 rent. He evicts them : the damages assessed by the Bill after litigation in Law and Equity, of which, of course, the landlord will take advantage, cannot be more than three years' rent, if the tenants have not built houses, or reclaimed lands.

The landlord pays to the ten evicted tenants £1,530 : if he then consolidates the farms, he has a holding of 500 acres.

If he offers this farm for sale, at the normal rent of the Country, say twenty-five per cent. over Griffith's Valuation, he will get for it, whether set in farms of fifty acres, or consolidated, at the lowest, £3,000. So that, a landlord, exterminating his ten tenants, according to the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, could either consolidate these farms, or introduce Eng-testants or Scotch tenants, and clear one hundred per cent. on the transaction.

If, then, Mr. Gladstone really intended to secure the tenants, he should not have granted money to the landlords to buy them out, but to the tenants, that they might more rapidly improve their farms, and thus make their tenancy more secure. As long as the law compels the sale of tenements to landlords, under their market value, it must be an incentive to extermination, especially as the landlord can buy them with public money. The Bill, to afford any security against eviction, should impose such fine, as that no landlord could evict a tenant, without a positive loss.

The Bill, therefore, affords no protection against arbitrary eviction. It imposes no fine on the landlord, that can be any check to him in his favorite amusement ; and offers no equivalent to the tenant for the injury inflicted. To offer a tenant, who holds fifty acres, at the normal rate, and who pays £51 rent, £153 as compensation for the injury of eviction, would be an insult to his intelligence. You might as well offer him two-and-sixpence, as a means of supporting his family in the position they occupied, or of procuring a tenement of the same class, as the one, from which he had been evicted. This provision is, therefore, no remedy against arbitrary eviction ; and affords no security of tenure. Had the Bill provided, that, if a tenant were evicted, he could go into the public market, and sell his holding for its full value, the landlord having the right of pre-emption, the tenant, would then receive an equivalent for the injury inflicted, and obtain for his farm a sum sufficient to procure him a tenement of the same class, as that, from which he had been expelled.

The landlord could not then traffic in the homes of the people by buying them under their real value, and selling them at a higher price. Arbitrary eviction would be difficult, expensive and unprofitable ; and insecurity of tenure, which Mr. Gladstone proclaims to be the one great evil, would have been removed for ever from the list of Irish grievances.

The fourth evil, which Mr. Gladstone proposes to remedy by his Irish Land Bill, is exorbitant rents. We searched the

Bill in vain for the remedy of this evil; unaided by the gloss of the Prime Minister, we doubt if the most acute lawyer could discover it. We beg to quote Mr. Gladstone's words, as they are most important, and more perhaps, than any other portion of his address, show the spirit, in which the Irish Land Bill was framed.

"We were very anxious to avoid, by this Bill, any interference of a public authority with rent, &c., &c., &c."

In this passage Mr. Gladstone admits that some rents are so exorbitant, that it is impossible for the tenant to pay them, and live; that, of late years especially, there were contracts for rent of a character most extravagant; that a deadly necessity practically impairs, and, in many cases, destroys the freedom of contract on the part of the Irish occupier. "They have been compelled," says Mr. Gladstone, "as a question of dear life, to enter into contracts, which they cannot fulfil in justice to themselves."

The case could not be more clearly, more fully, or more forcibly stated. What is Mr. Gladstone's remedy for this, the worst form of oppression, the worst abuse of landlord power? Is it a clause distinctly and clearly stating that the tenant, in this question of dear life, may appeal to the Court of Arbitration, and have his rent reduced to the normal standard by its award? Has even the Civil Court, or the Court of Equity power to correct this fraudulent contract, to adjust the rent according to the decision of the public valuator, and thus protect the oppressed tenant in his home? Does the Bill grant an action against a landlord, who exacts exorbitant and fraudulent prices for land, to the great detriment of the public weal, as the Law punishes the baker, the butcher, or the trader, who defrauds the public, in a matter of much less importance? No, the Bill contains none of these remedies; its sole redress in this question of dear life is—That the tenant declines to pay the exorbitant rents, submits to eviction, and appeals to the Court, which may consider his case, and award him damages for disturbance.

The following words, added to the 8th clause, are the sole check to rack-renting, in the Irish Land Bill:—

"Unless the Court decides that it ought, on special grounds, to be so denied, in the case of a person claiming compensation on the determination of a tenancy, existing at the time of the passing of the Act."

Mr. Gladstone admits that the great evil is insecurity, and yet his Bill, in all its provisions, especially in this (outside the Ulster Custom), tends to make the tenants more insecure, than

it found them; for the Bill is so framed, as to set a premium on eviction. Look at the working of the very clause we are considering. If a landlord of the exterminating class purchases an estate, on which are industrious and happy tenants moderately rented, and if he raises the rents to famine pitch, so that the question of dear life is involved, what redress does Mr. Gladstone's Bill afford them? None, except to submit to eviction, and sue for a paltry allowance in a Court, viciously constituted, where they can have little hope of justice.

This clause, which affords a remedy so inadequate against this monstrous social evil, refers only to tenancies existing at the time of the passing of the Act; so that the Bill implicitly says to the Irish landlords, "Clear off your present tenantry—The State will pay all demands against you from the public funds—place on your estates English or Scotch, tenants, and impose on them what rents you please—this rent clause shall not affect your contract with them."

Indeed, the Land Bill (always excepting the clause which refers to Ulster Custom) seems so framed, as to provide passage-money to America for the Irish tenants, and to afford to the landlord ample means from the public funds to enforce the penalty of banishment. There is no protection for the tenant's home, no adequate protection for his property, which the Bill confiscates every 31 years; and no redress against exorbitant rents, until the tenant first submits to what Mr. Gladstone aptly styles the *ultima ratio*—EVICTION.

Let us briefly state the evils of the Irish Land Laws and the remedies Mr. Gladstone proposes:—

1st Evil—Disturbance of Custom. Remedy—To protect it by law. This remedy seems to us satisfactory.

2nd Evil—Notices to Quit. Remedy—Fine of 2s. 6d. We do not hesitate to call this tinkering legislation of the lowest, and most contemptible type.

3rd Evil—Eviction. Remedy—To submit to the evil, and receive a remuneration for the injury miserably inadequate. The Bill, at the same time, tends to increase the evil it pretends to remedy, for it holds out an inducement to needy landlords to exterminate. The landlord can buy the tenants' occupancy and improvements, eighty per cent. under their real value, and sell them to the incoming tenant at their full value. He can pay for them with public money, and receive for them ready cash.

4th Evil—Exorbitant Rents. The remedy in this case also is, to submit to the *ultima ratio* of eviction with a very

doubtful chance of redress, which redress, inadequate and doubtful, does not apply to any tenancy not existing before the passing of the Bill, so that this clause is also an incentive to evict the old tenants, that the new may not profit by its provisions.

The constitution of the Courts under the new Bill, is, perhaps, the most signal proof of the spirit in which this law was conceived.

The Arbitration Court is fairly constituted, but the tenant can never seek redress there, unless the landlord consents to go into it: hence it becomes a dead letter.

The decision of the Civil Court must depend upon the award of the valuator. Who is this gentleman, at whose mercy are placed the fates and fortunes of the tenant-farmers of Ireland? A Castle official holding his office at the good pleasure of the Lord Lieutenant! It is unnecessary to add one word of comment. The Irish tenant knows what justice he may expect, when the issue is between him and an Irish landlord of the genuine type, if the award depends on the unquestioned decision of such an officer.

Mr. Gladstone's Bill is, we regret to say, a piece of vicious legislation, framed insidiously to exterminate, or enslave the tenant-farmers of Ireland. Perhaps its worst principle is introduced in the following statement:—

“The first right to improve the soil is vested in the proprietor.” This rests solely on the authority of Mr. Gladstone, and, his great name notwithstanding, we much doubt its correctness. The first right to improve the soil is vested in him who occupies it, and whose duty it is to cultivate it, to make it productive, and to gather from it the fruits of his labor. The proprietor has no right to interfere, except as the delegate of the State, if the occupier neglects his duty. The public good requires that the land should not be left sterile, and the State can depute the proprietor to see that the occupier shall not allow his farm to remain unproductive. But to cultivate the farm and improve the soil is a private social duty, and cannot revert to a public functionary, until the individual neglects to discharge it.

To till his farm is as much the right and the duty of the occupier, as to educate his children; and the same principle, which would strip him of the one, would also deprive him of the other, and vest it in the State, or in its officer. If this principle is recognised, it makes serfs of the Irish tenants, and legalises one of the many abuses of landlord power in Ireland. We know how much tenants have suffered by “striping” and “squaring” farms.

If the landlord is told by law that it is his right, and hence his duty to interfere with the tenant's agriculture, with his houses, with his fields, his fences, his crops, his gates, his instruments of husbandry, &c., he can very easily make the position of the tenant intolerable. He can send in a troop of carpenters, and masons to build houses, and a troop of laborers to drain or erect fences, and thus very soon improve the poor tenant out of his little farm. When he has thus improved off all the small tenants, he can consolidate, and sell the improved farm to one of the favored class. Improvements executed by the landlord will be fifty per cent. more expensive, than if executed by the tenant, with his own horses, his own labor, and the labor of his children, and under his own close inspection. If this principle is admitted, it will reduce the tenant-farmers of Ireland to the condition of mere stewards, and destroy their social position, their sense of self-respect, and their independence. They can have no permanent property in their holdings, no rights, save those which the landlord in his good pleasure, may chose to concede, no social liberty, of which he wishes to deprive them. The tenant must till his land, build his houses, construct his fences, erect his gates, sow his crops, nay, educate and marry his children, as he is directed from the "Office;" and, if he dares to disobey the mandate, the notice to quit, the rack-rent, and the eviction will soon bring him to a proper sense of his position, and make him feel he is but a serf on his master's property.

The distribution of the public money is another remarkable feature of the spirit of the Irish Land Bill. The clause, which every man in Ireland rightly attributes to the wisdom and justice of Mr. Bright, and which grants public money to tenants to purchase their farms, is a noble exception. The farmers of Ireland have passed through a trying ordeal. They have lived under that insecurity which, in the words of the Premier, not only abridges their comforts, limits, and paralyses their industry, but vitiates their relations with the landlord, with the Law, and with Society. They have passed through that long and weary struggle for dear life; patiently borne their hard fate; and bravely struggled against notices, rack-rents, and evictions. Mr. Gladstone surely must have felt that, after such trials and sufferings, as he so forcibly describes, the Irish tenant, like an infirm patient recovering from a severe and protracted malady, needed sadly a little rest and a little aid. When public moneys are so liberally granted, one cannot see why the tenant-farmer is so carefully excluded from the privilege, except on the principle, which seems to inspire the Bill, in all its provi-

sions, of placing the Irish tenant more completely at the mercy of his landlord. If Mr. Gladstone really wished the Irish tenant to create a property in the soil, by increasing its producing power, and thus blessing the whole community with greater abundance, why not afford him the means, by allowing him to borrow, on the same terms, as the landlord? This he could have done without the possibility of loss to the public treasury. Mr. Gladstone also expresses his sympathies for the laboring classes; and shows, by the stern logic of facts, that their condition has been made worse by the indirect action of recent legislation. Since 1860 wages have not advanced, whilst the chief articles of consumption have trebled in value. The land of the Country is turned into pasture; pauperism has increased; the laborers are driven from their gardens; and are congregated in towns, depending on precarious labor, often saved from starvation only by the charity of persons but one step removed from want. They demoralise each other by brooding over their miseries, and reading seditious newspapers; and thus spread discontent and disaffection, like a canker, in Society. What has Mr. Gladstone done for this numerous class, who have the first claim on his care? His own words are—"The only boon, and it is a great boon, which it is in the power of the Legislature to give to the agricultural laborer in Ireland, is to increase the demand for his labor."

But the most simple and efficient means to attain this end, Mr. Gladstone has withheld, by excluding the tenant-farmer from the power of borrowing public money to effect improvements on his farm. If Mr. Gladstone had secured the tenant in his home, and afforded him the means of creating property in the soil, he would have made that class contented and loyal. The demand for agricultural labor would have induced the tenants to place a number of cottiers on their farms. The cottiers, in the increased demand for labor, would thus have high wages, and a secure position. They would very soon imbibe, as they always do, the sentiments and sympathies of their employers; so that contentment would be diffused to the lowest ranks, and disaffection eradicated by the beneficent action of peaceful agricultural labor. But Mr. Gladstone has done none of these things; and, we fear, his legislation will leave matters in Ireland in worse condition, than he found them. Landlords will evict, for the Bill imposes no restraint, and affords many facilities and inducements to do so. Tenants will avenge crimes which the Premier has so strongly denounced; and thus the bonds of social order are broken, and

we are placed in the worst form of anarchy, when the laws are too weak to enforce order, yet too strong to be set aside, and to give place to that species of order, which public opinion would establish.

We have toiled through the Irish Land Bill with pain and regret. To criticise its glaring defects, and to show that it affords no protection to the Irish tenant farmer against evictions or rack-rents, that it leaves his tenure as insecure, as it found it, was an unpleasant duty; for we were full of hope, and expected very different legislation from Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet.

We cannot understand the character of the Premier. He disendowed the Irish Church, and handed its revenues to the landlords; and then, by a sort of financial puzzle, wishes to persuade us that this is no gain to the landlords, nor any loss to the public revenue. He now proposes a Land Bill, which is a still greater puzzle; for, whilst it professes to protect the tenant in his home, it leaves him more dependent, and furnishes the landlords with unlimited supplies of public money to facilitate his removal. Every little Whigling in the Country, every holder of place, and every needy expectant (and their number is not inconsiderable), is endeavouring to persuade the Irish people that the measure is one of magnificent justice. But the Irish tenant will not be deceived: the humblest man in Ireland can test the merits of the Bill, by asking himself what protection it affords him, if his landlord wishes to oppress him by notices to quit, eviction, or rack-rents. He has no protection against notices, except a fine of half-a-crown, nor against eviction, except a compensation miserably inadequate, nor against rack-rents, except an appeal to a Court, where the judge may be a Trench, a Senior, or an Adair. Why not extend the Tenant-Right of Ulster to the whole Country? If it violates proprietorial rights, outside the bounds of the Ulster Custom, the public interest seems to require that the State should assess the amount; and, having paid the landlords in the other Provinces, should pass an uniform Land Law for all Ireland.*

* The extracts from Mr. Gladstone's speech have, throughout, been taken from the report given in the *Irish Times*.

Short Notices of Books.

Amongst the Poets of the affections Mr. George Smith will soon take a high place, if, at least, he continues to go on, as he has begun. *A Queen's Death, and other Poems*, (London: Longmans, 1870), deserves a hearty welcome from the public. Not that it is perfect, or that Mr. Smith has avoided the faults, into which the *œstus poeticus* betrays a young writer, such as the author must evidently be; on the contrary, there are many blemishes, which careful culture, and the abundant use of the pruning-knife will surely cure. The poem, after which the volume is called, puts before us, in sweet and unaffected language, the sad tale of the death of Marie de Medicis at Cologne. The story, mournful enough in itself, loses naught of beauty in Mr. Smith's hands, and, if possible, appeals, yet more to our feelings of pity for the end of that hapless monarch. But the author's reputation is made by the Poem "Earth and Heaven." In it appears whatever there is about him of sensitive and high-minded, with a goodly share of the mystical and imaginative. We hope to make Mr. Smith's acquaintance again before very long.

A freebooter turned author! Well, General Garibaldi is sure to make money—in England, at least—inasmuch as his recently published work, *The Rule of the Monk*, (London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, 1870), is one that will, for the future, be eagerly hawked about in the slums of Holywell-street, and head the foul catalogues of gutter-literature, such as the denizens of Wych-street and Drury-lane most delight in. We wonder that a Firm so respectable, as that of La Belle Sauvage Yard, would condescend to publish such vile trash.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (London: Philp, 1869,) is a little periodical devoted to subjects of piety, and specially intended to propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Only a very small portion of its contents seems to be translated from the French *Messenger*. In the opening article for January—"Thanks, Promises, Requests"—the conductors engage to render their little Magazine as varied and interesting, as they can, while still preserving its essentially religious character. It is meant, they say, to be at home in the parlour of the good Catholic family in the world, but a little more at home in the Convent recreation-room. The fulfilment of these promises appears to be fairly begun in these two numbers. Besides a paper on doctrinal subjects connected with the General Council (too grave and theological, perhaps, for a devotional journal), each monthly part contains summaries of contemporary events of religious interest, a "Monthly Gossip" about the Saints of each month, and also "Jesus and Mary in January," &c., which consists of devout thoughts, very genially expressed on the different Festivals occurring then of our Lord and His Blessed Mother. There are, besides, sketches of the lives of Saints and holy persons, who have signally proved themselves to be "Friends of the Sacred Heart." The February *Messenger* gives a beautiful Pastoral on the devotion to Saint Joseph, by Dr. Furlong,

Bishop of Ferns, as a preparation for the month of March, which is consecrated to the holy Patriarch. *Little Angels* seems to be only beginning, since the third of its short chapters gives (in French, English, and Latin) the first out of a large miscellaneous collection of thoughts, in prose and verse, on the death of little children. Many mothers will read, with tender interest, the opening chapter, "Rachel's Heart and the Heart of Jesus." The original poetry of these numbers is graceful, and carefully finished; but the pieces, the "Golden Censer," and "My Saint," are singularly fresh and true. In the February *Messenger*, Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy begins a series of "Hymns of the Church (in the original metres)" with a fine version, the *Lauda Sion*, which might pair off with the late Mr. Worsley's *Dies Irae*.

Mr. Philip's well-known skill and taste in the get-up of his publications are here exemplified.

We have to thank Sister Mary Francis Clare (Cusack) for the second part of her *Life of St. Patrick* (Kenmare: National Publication Office), just issued. In every way it is on an equality with the preceding part. When the work is completed, we shall have more to say to it; and content ourselves, meanwhile, with a short notice. In this number we have accounts of the Saint's captivity and release, of his holy manner of life at Tours, Auxerre, and Lerins, of his visit to England with St. Germanus, of his Episcopal Consecration, at the hands of Pope Celestine, of his Irish Mission, his landing in Ireland, and his preaching at Tara and elsewhere. We are very glad to notice the able manner, in which our author deals with the various matters of dispute with respect to St. Patrick's captivity, consecration, mission, and the exact spot of his debarkation on Irish soil; and from the information thereby afforded, we can foresee much, that will afterwards be of great use in authoritatively settling many disputed points. Most of all do we congratulate her on completely demolishing Dr. Todd's most discreditable attempts at throwing doubts on the Roman Mission of Ireland's Patron Saint, more especially, when the same mass of proof was as accessible to him, as it has been to Sister Mary Francis. The pious reader will also find in this number an accurate and graceful translation of the Saint's famous Hymn, some portions of which are even yet repeated at bed-time by the Irish-speaking peasantry. It is more commonly known as the "Lorica," or "Breast-plate," inasmuch as such compositions were used as ghostly corslets to protect their reciters from spiritual or temporal dangers. With respect to the *Life of St. Patrick*, we can only repeat what we have already said, namely, that it not only reflects the greatest credit on its author, and on Ireland, but proves, at the same time, that there is no need to go out of the Country to get our National works edited and published. We hope that all our Colleges, Schools, and Religious Houses, have ordered copies for their Libraries. If they have not, and if this work has not a circulation worthy of its merits, it will only afford another melancholy illustration of the painful fact, that nothing in the way of a truly *National Literature* need hope to succeed in Ireland.

The third number of *Kottabos* (Dublin : M'Gee, 1870) is an advance on its predecessors. Its contents are as varied as ever, and many of the pieces in it show real scholarship. Professor Webb gives us one of his exquisite translations from Euripides, the "Hippolytus" (525 et seq.) this time forming the subject, one stanza of which we transcribe, in hopes that some, at least, of our readers will compare it with the original, and learn therefrom to go and do likewise for our pages.

"Tell, Thebes of the sacred wall,
And ye waters which Dirce wept,
Of the luring of Love for his thrall,
And the sleep with which Semele slept !
For with thundering, and flashing of fire,
Though fresh from the anguish of birth,
And the bride of a Godhead's desire,
Love swept her in blood from the earth !
For Love is the deadliest thing,
Though his breath is the breath of a god ;
And, a bee with a poisonous sting,
For ever he flieh abroad—

The fiercest, the felllest of gods !

Mr. Tyrrell's Alcaic rendering of "The Memory of the Dead" is one of the most perfect things we have read for many a long day. The two stanzas we give will well bear out our assertion.

"Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland too ;
All, all are gone,
But still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
And true men,
Like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands.
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made ;
But though their clay
Be far away,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men,
Like you men,
Their spirit's still at home."

Iamque, ubi litora
Planguntur Atlantea fluctu
Hesperio, capiunt sopores ;
Paucosque lecto servat Hibernia
Grato sepultos , occidit, occidit
Spes illa, sed raptis superstes
Fama viget, vigeatque vobis
Quotquot fideles estis adhuc, viri,
Iactanda. Vitae pars onus improbum
Exosa longinquo dederunt
Corda solo, cineresque, amicis
Non rite fetos, compositus manus
Ignota ; vastum distinct aestibus
Hos aequor immensis, at auri
Semper adest memor illa prisci."

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13. Veni Sancte Spiritus, Richardson; *Whitsunday*, 1s 6d.
14. Confirmata hoc, Richardson; *Whitsunday*, 2s.
15. Lauda Sion, Richardson; *Corpus Christi*, 3s
16. Lauda Jersalem, and O sacrum, Anfossi; *Corpus Christi*, 2s 6d.
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19. Panis Angelicus, Palestina; *Corpus Christi*, 1s.
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- 20a. Improperium expectavit, Czerny; *Sacred Heart*, 1s.

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32. Alma, Av., Regina cœli, and Salve, Witska; 3s.
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34. Sub tuum præsidium, Richardson; 1s 6d.
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35. Constitues eos, Casali; *Apostles*, &c., 1s 6d.
36. Quam speciosa, Vittoria; *Apostles*, &c., 1s.
37. Justorum animæ, Czerny; *Martyrs*, 1s.
- 37a. Ju torum animæ, Crookall; *Martyrs*, 2s.
38. Ecce Sacerdos, Stadler; *Confessors*, 1s.
39. Iste Confessor, Richardson; *Confessors*, 1s 5d.
40. Justus ut palma, Drobisch; *Confessor*, 1s 6d.
41. In virtute tua, Casali; *Confessors*, 1s.
42. Meditabor in mandatis tuis, Casali; and Justus germinabit, Baij; *Confessors*, 1s.
- 42a. Dum esset, Palestina; *ishop and Confessor or Pope*, 1s.
43. Diffusa est gratia, Richardson; *Virgins*, 2s.
44. Veni Sponsa, Baij; *Virgins*, 6d.
45. Quæ est ista, Vini Sposa, &c., Richardson; *Virgins* 1s 6d.

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46. Ad te levavi, Richardson; 1s 6d.
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49. Benedictus es, Czerny; 1s.
50. Inclino aurum, Czerny; 1s.
51. In te Domine, Czerny; 1s.
52. Tu es Deus, M. Haydn; 2s.
53. Lætatus sum, M. Haydn; 2s.
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N O T I C E.

It is requested that Letters concerning the Editorial Department, and Manuscripts may be sent to THE EDITOR OF THE CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, The College, Carlow; Ireland.

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P R E F A C E

TO

Volume the First.

THE CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, having proved so successful during the first year of its existence, its Proprietors have determined to extend its sphere of usefulness.

Without ceasing to fulfill its primary intention of serving as a bond of union between past and present CARLOVIANS, it is intended that, in future, it shall be more National, and less local in character.

One of the great wants of the Country undoubtedly is that of a literary journal, which, untrammelled by party, and independent of faction, shall fearlessly and unceasingly advocate the claims of Ireland and Ireland's Faith ; which shall hold up for the admiration of her sons Erin's antient glories ; and shall handle the topics of the day, whether religious or secular, in such a way, as to secure for this Nation that measure of justice which is essential not only to her welfare, but to her very existence.

This want THE CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE will endeavour to supply ; and to this end the whole of the original Literary Staff have willingly promised to give their services freely as before. In addition to these, our readers will find that a considerable amount of new blood has been infused into our body—the life-giving influence of which will soon make itself felt.

Preface.

As we have already announced, our object is not gain, but to show to the world what Catholic Irishmen can do to raise the undeniably too low tone of their National Literature, to counteract, as far as is in their power, the irreligious and harm-fraught writings of the day, and to afford to Irish Catholic writers, and no longer to CARLOVIANS alone, a means of proving that we are neither asleep, nor indifferent to the spread of "sound learning and religious education."

First Catholic, then Irish, has been from the beginning our system of working ; and that shall be our mainspring to the end. Our new Volume, therefore, shall be in no wise inferior, and, in many respects, it will strive to surpass its predecessor. In its pages our readers will find poetical contributions by Dr. David Macbeth Moir,—*Blackwood's* “Δ,” “R. S.” and other National writers. “J. T. N.” elegant and flowing translations of Anakreon, will still grace our pages ; and our readers will find much that is laughable, and much that is interesting and pathetic in papers by ‘Barney Brady,’ Mr. Kennedy, and kindred pens

“Lageniensis” has engaged to continue writing his lives of our old Irish Saints ; and another friend has kindly offered us a continuous series of papers on the history of the antient Irish dioceses, with chronological lists of their Bishops and Abbots. “Hector Ingleford” will run his “Onward Course” to the end, affording us, as he goes on, glimpses into the inner life of an English Protestant Public School. To add to our attractions the first chapter of a posthumous work of Carleton—Ireland’s greatest fiction writer—shall appear in our May number, whilst the graver subjects of Philosophy and Politics shall still find their place, as of old. As another feature in our MAGAZINE, we intend month by month to give our readers a short monthly summary of all that is newest in Art and Science. We shall also introduce them to the best works in Poetry, Fiction, and General Literature, never failing, at the same

Preface.

time, to warn them against what is either of inferior quality, or of a dangerous tendency.

In order the better to carry out our plans, we have entrusted the publication of the MAGÁZINE to Messrs. Moffat & Co., the well-known National publishers of Dublin, and we are confident that, with their co-operation, we shall be able to fill up an obvious gap in the Irish Catholic literary world.

As all this cannot be effected without much expense, we must appeal to old CARLOVIANS, in particular, and to all Irish Catholics, clerical and lay, to help us in this most important National undertaking; in the fullest certainty that we shall be able to give them in our pages, what they will in vain look for elsewhere, a monthly course of sound Catholic and Irish Literature.

At the close of our first year we cannot but most gratefully thank all who have aided us either by their purse or their pen. Our shortcomings have been neither few nor inconsiderable, but our difficulties have been many and great—at one time, we even feared they would be insurmountable. But, thanks to the generous literary support of friends and well-wishers, we have tided over our troubles, and can assure all our subscribers and readers that our arrangements are now such as to insure, for the future, a most attractive *menu*, and the strictest punctuality in publication—a point in which, from causes over which the Editor—the usual scapegoat in such cases—had no control, we have latterly been somewhat remiss.

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, CARLOW,
LADY DAY, 1870.

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THE
CARLOW COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

A P R I L , 1870 .

— — —
English and Irish Crime.

NO. II.

IN our last number, whilst denying that Ireland enjoyed a monopoly in the matter of murders and such like crimes, we did not claim perfection for her, but admitted her shortcomings with unfeigned sorrow, whilst we showed their cause.

Her virtues only those who live in Ireland can tell. Many of them are virtues unknown even by name to no few Englishmen, and scouted as "dead" by one of their favorite organs. Yet this is the people whose fair fame such journals as the *Pall Mall*, and such venal scribes as Mr. Trench, have taken counsel between themselves to murder. These, notwithstanding her

"virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of her taking-off."

We satisfied ourselves with answering some of the objections—the offspring of ignorance and prejudice—which are so commonly brought against the Irish people, and tried to leave the objectors no ground to stand upon.

We barely adverted to that class of murder, which is hardly known in Ireland, murder most foul and most unnatural, that

"bath the primal curse upon it,—
A brother's murther."

We kept in the back ground the parricides and matricides, the slayers of their nearest and dearest relations, in order that the murderers might the sooner come into possession of that portion of goods, which was due to them on the death of their victim, or kept from them by the law of primogeniture.

We passed over the Palmers, * the Doves, the Rushes, the Smethursts, and the rest who knew not to regard the ties of affection ; who scorned the marriage-bond ; who set at naught the claims of kindred and of friendship ; who, by violent and unprepared deaths, sent to eternity a wife, or a mother, a benefactor, or a friend,

“Unhousel’d, disappointed, unanel’d
With all their imperfections on their heads.”

All these we omitted with a mere expression of thankfulness, that not even in her worst days could Ireland’s records show crimes of so deep a dye.

But our objector will not be put down. Still harping on his favorite subject, he insists that, week after week, and month after month, we read of agrarian outrages and murders of the most terrible sort.

We have granted this: we have not even taken the trouble to show how grossly exaggeration has wronged us in this matter. For their cause we refer our readers to the Premier’s speech on introducing his Land Bill, and his acknowledgement that of such crimes

“no small portion is to be traced to an interference with the fixed usages of the Country, and with what the people believed to be their rights.”

As we have read the comments of the English Press on these murders, we have paused to think why outrages of another sort, on the other side of the Channel, whose frequency is indisputable, are allowed to pass unnoticed, save by the penny-a-liner’s paragraph.

In every county in England—as in Ireland and Scotland—large portions of valuable land are given up, not to the nurturing of human beings, not even to the feeding of cattle, but to the breeding and preserving, at great expense, certain birds and animals, which, owing to their peculiar configuration or plumage, are set aside as sacred, and watched as jealously, as the miser guards his hoard. Whether these are kept for the amusement of those to whom the butchery of the battue affords a pleasure more savage in its kind, and more ignoble, than the Spanish Bull-fight, which Englishmen so delight to revile ; † or whether their annual slaughter puts money into the pockets of him who thus diverts the soil from its proper uses, certain

* Palmer poisoned his brother Walter, his wife, and his two friends, J. P. Cook, and Leonard Bladen, whose lives he had previously insured at a very high figure.

† To naturalise even this “Sport” in a modified form, vigorous attempts are at present being made in London.

it is that the pheasants, partridges, hares, and deer of the Duke of FitzPanton's Park are objects of no small temptation to Hodge, of the village. Hence his endeavours to fill his bag with the Duke's birds, and hence his Grace's counter-endeavours to monopolise the slaughtering business. Hence, again, those poaching affrays, and their too common and terrible accompaniment, loss of life and limb, which take place year by year during the shooting season,—murders and mutilation, which, in their frequency, and in their horrors, more than cancel the number of lives lost in the agrarian murders of Ireland.

But the murdering poacher—who, by the way, would speedily rank with other extinct animals, were the Game-Laws, another institution of Landlordism, knocked on the head—is urged on to his crime by the same motives, that prompt the Duke to preserve his game, and the Irish landlord to evict his tenants, the cursed love of gold: whilst even Mr. Gladstone himself can see, and give the true reason for most of the crimes of blood-guiltiness in this Country.

Why, then, should not *we*, on our part, propose that exceptional measures be taken in England for the repression of those murders and outrages, which, for a large portion of the year, are things of almost weekly occurrence? We would recommend the subject to the consideration of the *Pall Mall*.

Defeated on that head, our opponent starts up with the stock objection of seditious and secret Societies. With the latter we shall deal in a future paper. As to sedition, there must be a reason for it. Either some factious and ambitious demagogue or power is stirring up the people to rebellion for his, or its own private ends, or Irishmen have some real grievances, of such a serious nature, as to invite them to seek by violent means what is denied them by the Laws of the Land.

The first cause is non-existent. No Power, nor any man is, at present, so enamored of wresting Ireland away from her present rulers, as to go to the trouble and expense of fomenting sedition amongst her sons.

As to the second cause, it is not for us to rehash the old story of all that Ireland has suffered at the hands of aliens from the time of Henry II. to the present. We would again refer our English readers to the Prime Minister's recent masterly exposition of the reasons for Irish discontent; and we would ask them what would be their state under similar circumstances. Let the memory of their dead ancestors, who resisted to the death the Norman invader and oppressor, answer for them! Let their resistance to King

John, let the MAGNA CHARTA, only gained by “rebels”—so had they been called, had they been Irish Barons, who extorted their liberties from an unwilling king—cry aloud in reply ! Let the shade of Cromwell speak for them, and the departed souls of those who ousted him of an “alien Church”—James II. of England,—to make way for one of the same faith, bear witness that we speak the truth and lie not ! Two hundred years ago, and less, Protestant Englishmen shot intrusive landlords ; formed secret Societies to regain their lost rights ; and rose in rebellion against their lawful sovereigns ;—and this, because they were ill-governed and sore oppressed. They are praised for it, and their oppressors are execrated. Why, then—save that because they are Catholics—is not the same measure meted out to Irishmen ?

We are not of those who defend murder or rebellion ; but we must not keep silent on the merits of those who, under the persecutions of Elizabeth, and during the massacres of Cromwell, rose against their slayers ; nor of those who, when William tried to enslave them, and to rob them of their liberties and their lives, and what they valued at a price higher than either, their HOLY RELIGION itself, strove their utmost to drive from the sacred soil of this ISLAND the brutal Dutch invader with his hordes of sacrilegious plunderers and ravishing freebooters. Nor shall we hesitate to exalt as heroes and Christian patriots the men of '98, who held their lives cheap, if only they could free their COUNTRY from the yoke of heresy and usurpation.

“ They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their NATIVE LAND ;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right !
 They fell, and passed away :
 But true men, like you men,
 Are plenty here to-day.”

Plenty, in truth, are they, with breasts as noble, souls as patriotic, and aspirations as pure, as of old. But, in English eyes, their love of country is a crime ; their aspirations for an “IRELAND ONE AND UNDIVIDED” are deemed the treasonable ravings of discontented traitors. Their every worst action is cast in their teeth ; their every noblest virtue is studiously concealed. Murders, which we neither deny nor defend, homicides, which, in a Garibaldi, a Prim, or a Kossuth, would be cried up as acts of bravery and heroism, are, in the Irishman, held to be brutal, bloodthirsty, and characteristic of the inherent

vileness of a vilest race.

Yet Irish streets and Irish roads may be traversed without danger by any man, woman, or child, without danger to themselves, and without fear of insult or attack. Dare Englishman say the same of England? Let a *Pall Mall Gazette* of last month answer for us.

"Robbery with violence has been a disgrace to London for some years past. Offenders are so rarely caught, and when they are caught, are dealt with so tenderly, that the profit arising from the occupation far outweighs the peril. There are certain streets and lanes of the Metropolis, which a cautious man would not willingly enter after night-fall; but it seems hard that with 8,000 policemen to guard us by day and night, we are not safe from molestation even in respectable localities. The lady who was nearly strangled by a ruffian on *Sunday* night, and now lies in St. Thomas's Hospital with little prospect of recovery, was no doubt ignorant of the peril she incurred in passing through a court in the New Kent-road with a watch and chain in her possession. She probably thought that authority in this great city is everywhere strong enough to prevent open lawlessness and brutality; and she is suffering for her ignorance accordingly."

Can those magistrates of Meath and Westmeath, who are crying out for, and who seem to have succeeded in obtaining from a *Liberal* Government a Coercion Bill, whose severity reminds us of the days of '98; can the *Pall Mall*, the *Times*, or the *Telegraph*, show us a Popish Irish county, with all its barbarism, whose statistics of crime shall even approach those which we can quote of the Metropolis of civilised Protestant England? During the week ending March 12, there was but one murder in Ireland, and no outrage of any consequence. The corresponding week in England gives us the following catalogue :—

At Brentford, a soldier first cut his wife's throat, and then his own; the bystanders coolly allowing both the murder and the suicide to take place, without any attempt at the prevention of either.

At Newcastle, a laborer, who thought his wife unfaithful, killed her upon the spot, inflicted a desperate wound upon the man whom he suspected, and then deprived himself of life. In Kensal-green, a man, who had savagely cudgled his wife, because she asked some money to buy bread, was beaten to death by his own stepson, in sight of two or three men in a private work-yard.

At the Devon Assizes, a woman was convicted of murdering her infant, *and cutting it up into fifteen pieces*. At Chelmsford another case of infanticide was tried, at which the chief witness for the prosecution swore that, when the murderer asked her, whether she was to kill the infant, her own grand-child, or not, she told her that she was to please herself. The same witness afterwards admitted that she

sat coolly looking on, while deliberate and cruel murder was being perpetrated upon a helpless infant.

In the old Ford-road, London, a man poisoned his wife, and then committed suicide.

On the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, an attempt to upset a railway train was made, by placing a sleeper on the line. There *is*, as yet, no clue to the perpetrators.

At Burslem, in Staffordshire, a man unknown interfered in a quarrel, which was going on at a public-house. On being remonstrated with, he drew a revolver, and sent a bullet through the hand of one of the company. He then ran off, but was followed. Finding that one of his pursuers was close upon him, he turned suddenly, and fired at the man, wounding him severely in the arm. This stopped the pursuit, and the assailant escaped.

A Sister of Mercy was indecently assaulted in a railway train by a commercial traveller, only escaping from the ruffian's clutches by a mere chance.

An old gentleman, a lunatic, was boxed and kicked to death in the padded room of the Lancaster Asylum, by his keepers, for the mere fun of the thing—a species of fun, which seems to be but too frequently indulged in, judging from a letter from Mr. Charles Reade, who gives nearly a dozen similar cases. The same week gives us the trials and punishment (very slight) of two persons, one a woman, for illusing and neglecting lunatics committed to their care.

Three successive paragraphs in one daily journal tell of the murder of a girl by her "lover," of a wife by her husband, and of an abandoned woman by the man with whom she lived.

Yet, with these cases staring them in the face, English journals are all but silent on crime at home; and whilst they have only eyes to see those of Ireland, they take care to keep back aught of palliation, and to dress up the facts with all the art of sensational coloring.

A few months ago an armed party broke into a house in the King's County, and grievously maltreated its master, only not cutting off his nose and his upper lip by a blow, which, the assailants said, was aimed at his head, but turned aside by some sudden jerk on their victim's part. The wounded man swore the injury was intentional, and, of course, was believed by the English Press, who knew not how to express their abhorrence of a crime so foul, so ruffianly, so Irish—the last expression exhausting their vocabulary, and, in itself, comprehending everything of basest and most cruel. And so the usual changes were rung, on the event, and the popular mind excited against the murdering Irishry.

About the same time in England a ruffian of eighteen—not an Irishman—threw a boy of fourteen into a caldron

of scalding water. The victim was seized by his aggressor, and deliberately put into the copper. Here he was held, in spite of his shrieks and struggles. This went on for some minutes, when the wretched lad, losing his hold, fell back into four feet of water heated up to boiling point. Though two others were present, they neither helped their comrade, nor cried out for assistance ; and, finally, *let the brutal ruffian walk quietly away*. So, in the recent Wood-green murder, and so, in various cases of murderous assaults on women, of which we have lately read in the English papers, the murderer, or assailter was *allowed by the bystanders to get clean off, not a finger being raised to prevent his deeds, nor a hand put out to arrest him after its commission*.

At the risk of horrifying our readers we will give one or two cases, which, had they occurred in Ireland, would have caused fresh outcries for coercive measures, and for reiterated appeals to the Government to put such things down with a strong hand. Fresh troops would have been imported into this already over-garrisoned country, and additional police billeted upon the already over-taxed baronies. An English daily paper, under the every-day heading of "Brutal Assault on a Wife," reports as follows :—

"William Cooper, on his return from work, locked the door, knocked his wife down, and kicked her in a fearful manner. As she was getting up, he snatched the tongs, and struck her several times with them. She put up her arms to protect her head, but received so many blows on them, as to render them useless. She got away and crawled upstairs to a lodger's room, where he followed her, seized her by the hair, and knocked her about till she was insensible."

A Wolverhampton paper tells us of a miner, who, *one Sunday morning*,

"murdered his wife, by beating her on the head with a brick, and kicking her. She was terribly wounded, and her whole body discolored and swollen. The offence was committed on their way home behind a colliery smithy, bordering the road. Some men (?), who were passing, remonstrated. But, when the murderer threatened to knock out their brains with the brick he held in his hand, they passed on and raised no alarm, because Jennings said the woman was his wife."

Very lately an English husband murdered his wife, *because she had not his dinner ready for him on his return at twelve o'clock*. The jury, however, probably viewing the loss of the man's dinner in the light of extenuating circumstances, and taking into consideration that the woman was his wife, brought in the prisoner as guilty of "manslaughter." The judge, who, we fear, must himself be plagued with a vixenish

spouse, thought *five years' penal servitude* would amply atone to Society for a murdered wife. Are we, therefore, justified in concluding that the slaying of that woman whom an Englishman "worships with his body," and swears "to have and to hold for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and health, to love and to cherish, till death do them part," is considered as less grievous, than the cutting off a landlord's nose,—a crime which has just been visited on two men with fourteen and seven years' *penal servitude*, or the destruction of a few pheasants, which, as often as not, entails on the poacher a sentence of *penal servitude* for ten, or fifteen, or even more years.

Ireland, notwithstanding her Popery and her barbarism, is, at all events, well enough instructed to know, and to observe not the spirit only, but the letter of the marriage-vow; and her sons are too chivalrous, and too noble to be guilty of such barbarity to any of the female sex.

And this brings us to another branch of our subject. Whilst sins against chastity are the exception in Ireland, as even the mendacious *Pall Mall* is obliged to admit, and as all honest English writers cheerfully allow, in Protestant England and Calvinistic Scotland, the land of the "unco guid," not only are they too common, but are looked on as failings, into which even the best men occasionally fall. As compared with sins of lying and theft they are venial, and, we believe, that a nation of adulterers, and fornicators, and worse would be regarded with less impatience by the average Englishman and woman, than the unfortunate Irishmen whom oppression and injustice have driven to the commission of crimes, from which their better sense revolts. Be this as it may, the hideous scenes one sees in England and Scotland, and the fearful exposures, which the records of the Divorce Court daily bring to light, will answer for us. Thank God, none could write of Catholic Ireland, as we found English papers writing of Protestant England and her immorality, *apropos* of the recent Mordaunt trial.

To this case we would only advert in passing, in order that we may convict Englishmen out of their own mouths. On it the *Pall Mall* remarked, with respect to its miscarriage:—

"It only shows, on the one hand, that throughout the highest class of a nation, whose mouths are full of moral precepts, and whose customs abound with Puritanic regulations, there seems to prevail not only a complete absence of every kind of morality, but even of the most elementary notions of honesty. It shows, on the other hand, that that very principle of trust in the verdict of Law, which has done

so much for the glory of England can be converted into a national disgrace."

It is not, therefore, in Ireland alone that justice miscarries—as the *Pall Mall* would have us believe. This paper, like many liars, has occasionally a bad memory, and forgets all it has written about Irish juries, and their disagreements in certain cases. Again, even the *Saturday Review*, in whose eyes chastity is one of the "dead virtues," reluctantly testifies to English depravity, and, wonderful to relate, without even the shadow of a sneer at Ireland.

"There are no frowns," it says, "and cold shoulders in the highest places for fast peeresses and for tripudiant matrons, and for loose-tongued and loose-mannered maidens; and while this continues—and it is likely enough to continue—English society will present a happy combination of all the sin and none of the conventional decency of Versailles with the insolence and vulgarity and brutality of a Saratoga bar-room and boarding-house. Basinghall-street and the Divorce Court disillusionise. Bankrupt dukes, spendthrift and profligate lordlings, turfite peers, the noble habitues—and still worse habituees—of Cremorne and the Alhambra, and whosoever, of whatever rank, to whom the lesson applies, must be reminded that they not only damage their own character, which is a small matter, but that they are bringing into contempt, and perhaps into danger, institutions and systems with which we can little afford to dispense, and which are of far more importance, than the fools and profligates who discredit them."

Tomahawk, a London satirical paper, whose love for Ireland is of the smallest, lashes out against the English ladies of the "Upper Crust" in tones of no flattering sort, on account of their conduct at the same trial—which, by the way, the *Pall Mall* styled a "National Drama," to assist at whose enacting crowds of "ladies" besieged the Court, as who should block up the passages of a theatre on "Boxing Night."

"Whatever may be thought," *Tomahawk* observes, "of the enthusiastic respect of Lord Penzance—who is one of the best of our lawyers, and the fairest of our judges—there can be no two opinions about the conduct of those brazen hussies who thronged the Divorce Court on the occasion of the Mordaunt trial. When the Argyll Rooms, Cremorne, and the Haymarket are open to them, they have no right to intrude their loathsome presence upon our halls of justice. If the adultery they practise at home is not sufficient, let them promenade the streets while their husbands are away at the House, or in the country. But for Heaven's sake let them keep their berouged cheeks and dyed hair from the Courts of Law. It is a dreadful disgrace to find their names figuring in the pages of the *Court Guide* and the *Peerage*—it is an intolerable nuisance to discover their brazen painted faces leering and gloating in Westminster Hall! Hide your sin, Jezabel!"

In bold relief stands out, as a contrast, the testimony to the purity of Irish girls, of one, whose worst enemy never accused him of being a friend to Ireland and the Irish. Speaking of our women, Thackeray says—*

“ Let it be said that, with all this laughing, romping, and the like, there are no more innocent girls in the world, than the Irish girls ; and that the women of our squeamish country are far more liable to err. One has but to walk through an English and Irish town, and see how much superior is the morality of the latter. That great terror-striker, the Confessional, is before the Irish girl, and, sooner or later, her sins must be told there.”

We must pass over cases of cruelty, such as that of the Welsh Fasting Girl ; of gross superstition which late exposures of dealings with alleged witches show to the rampant in England ; of savagery, such as the case of those girls in a Northern English factory, whom it is a daily custom to flog, if they do not get through a certain portion of work. We cannot delay over the villainies of such swindlers, as Redpath and George Hudson, or the rogueries perpetrated under the garb of religion by such scoundrels, as Sir John Dean Paul and the like. Except the brothers Sadlier, Ireland has as yet not produced many of such a sort. They are rare exotics, and not of home growth.

To drunkenness we must, alas, plead guilty. It is our national vice. Yet statistics prove Scotland and England to be ahead of us even in this.

In sedition we are, to all appearances, easily first. For its cause we refer our readers to English injustice : for its remedy we appeal to Mr. Gladstone, whose *Confiteor* on the subject we have so lately read. And as we read it, we saw the admission from himself that, in Ireland proper, *i.e.*, where the Celtic element most prevailed, agrarian crime—in Englishmen’s eyes the characteristic, by excellence, of Irishmen—was least common : nor was it, till the *English and Scotch blood intermixed with the Celtic*, that the murderous propensities cropped up. How does the *Pall Mall* get over that fact ?

One other objection must be answered, and we are done. It is commonly said that the Irish quarter, in any English town, is sure to be the most conspicuous for rows and uproars. We could, of course, meet this with a flat denial, having had considerable experience of the manners and customs of the English laborers, especially in the Coal and Mining districts, and in the Manufacturing and Hardware towns of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield—any one of which, for sins of every sort, we will back against the whole of Ireland. But we will

allow the statement to pass unchallenged, and account for it by the fact that, owing to that hatred of Irishmen, which is one of England's many peculiarities, they are so insulted, and, when it can safely be done, so ill-used by their English neighbours, that our only wonder is, that we do not hear of more disturbances. When to this is added the evil example of the godless thousands, by which they are surrounded,—men and women, and children, who would shame by their sins the inhabitants of the Cities of the Plain—what marvel if our poor people, living, as they too often do, far removed from any Catholic Churches, fall away in the general corruption, and, in their fall, become worse than their corruptors ?

“Corruptio optimi pessima.”

We are done with what has been, at best, a most repulsive subject. But, in the present clamor as to Irish crime, and the cry from interested parties that statesmen may as well expect to gather grapes from thistles, as to pacify an inherently vicious race, surely it was time for us to strike a blow in self-defence, and to show that, if we are black, England is blacker. Ireland has been too long maligned, and by none worse, than by those who have grown up on her own shores, the Trenches and the Adairs of the period. It is now only fair that a little light should be let in on our true state, and that the Englishman's habit of judging from a particular to an universal should be checked, as far, at least, as Irishmen are concerned. We have been John Bull's laughing-stock and scape-goat too long; and had we not been the most down-trodden, paralysed people on the face of the earth, we had long since risen up against our oppressors, and swept them from the Land. This *we* do not advocate : but we do ask for a righteous judgement as to our moral condition, and for such measures of redress, as shall take away from us even the excuse for murmuring.

“Long from a Nation ever hardly used,
At random censured, wantonly abused,
Have Britons drawn their sport ; with partial view
Formed general notions from the rascal few.”

Churchill—*The Rosciad.*

The Apostle of the Antipodes.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE EXILES ON SEA, AND THEIR TREATMENT IN AUSTRALIA.

A VOYAGE to Australia, from the high Northern seas, is not, even under the most favorable circumstances, very enjoyable. Alternate storms and calms—a succession of sights and sounds, scarcely ever varying—an harassing routine of uninteresting employment more akin to idleness, than work—society rarely very agreeable, and often questionable—an increasing longing for the sight of land once more, with a depressing recollection of the last, lingering look at their Native Shores are the influences, that usually act on the minds and hearts of emigrants, with results always more or less painful.

But fancy yourself violently separated from friends and home, from everything that could make life a blessing, not for any gross violation of God's law, but for acting a true man's part—for love of virtue and hatred of vice—for shielding with peril of life and limb white innocence, and defending sacred feebleness. Add to this your being compelled to associate with the sweepings of English criminals, for six weary months, guarded by men specially gratified by torturing you, and carefully using every opportunity to increase your sufferings, and you can partially realise the fate and the feelings of the Wexford insurgents, and of the thousands, who, in succeeding years, victims of British injustice, freighted, as it were, British vessels with tears and despair. Ordinarily the voyager is cheered by Hope pointing the way to new scenes of honorable struggle and happiness; but they could only look forward to additional privations, to keener sorrows and wants nothing earthly could supply—the loss of Sacraments and Sacrifice, of the purifying stream of Sacramental Grace, and the Atoning Blood speaking better, than that of Abel.

The sight of new lands, which so strongly and tenderly invite the free emigrant to repose and a forgetfulness of trials ended, only filled them with the crushing apprehension of the penalties prepared for them by British feudalism. The bold,

towering rocks, lifting their heads like giant-watchers of the deep, and "casting their mighty shadows on the narrow inlet to Port Jackson—the charming bay, in which Australians proudly boast the ships of the world might safely anchor—"the joyous elasticity of the atmosphere," and the golden wavelets of sunshine seemingly sporting down the cliffs and disappearing in the shaded beach beneath, had no charm for the weary exiles, and utterly failed to hush their grim forebodings.

Landed on a virgin soil, where everything naturally inspires thoughts of freedom, what a source of sorrow it must have been to them to think of "the Rising" with all its disastrous results—of the vain effort of one county out of thirty-two to vindicate a victim's rights, and to free sad Erin's neck from the oppressor's grasp.

Brave to heroism, no dangers of the battle-field could affright them—no threat of the despot, sword in hand, could awe them—no penalty subdue them: for God alone did they fear; Him alone they sought, and loved in all things. And yet 'tis hard to say the very sight of the stern myrmidons of power, with the deep traces of their active participation in scenes of savage vengeance, revealing the wild fury of their ferocious instincts, did not cause a passing feeling of terror. While memory, too, was busy, in that dark hour, in recalling the smiles and affections of sister and of sire, of mother and of wife, imagination, enlivened, no doubt, by intense anxiety for their welfare, represented them wandering, like pariahs, in poverty and nakedness, amidst the graves, wherein so many defenders of a just and holy Cause were taking their holy rest.

But, whatever the horrors pictured by imagination, or quickened by the recollections of the outrages on property, liberty, and virtue perpetrated in Ireland by "the Britons of the period," they paled before the atrocities of the Australian Pandemonium, over which enlightened Protestantism kept strictly enlightened watch. The old shameless spirit of Pharisaical benevolence exhausted itself in an abundant supply of Britain's vaunted blessings—of parsons and bibles for all; and a miserable Proconsul—the very incarnation of insensate pride in British rectitude and infallibility, and of unscrupulous hatred of Rome and the Mother of God, waved over the assemblage of horrors the red sword of tyranny.

A contemporary * writer, quoted by a ripe scholar, has

* *Sketch of the Yass Mission.* By Dr. Morgan O'Connor.

borne honorable testimony to the touching and beautiful character of both the Wexford exiles, and of the other Celtic patriots, who, in obedience to the inhuman fiat of a foreign power, continued, in succeeding years, to swell the ranks of the sad procession from holy Ireland to Australia, where, like Tiberius rioting in his retreat at Baiae, the ministers of justice hoped their cruelties and infamies would escape the execration of indignant Christendom.

"The political circumstances of the British Empire," he writes, "were originally, to a great degree, responsible for the fact of the presence of a large proportion of the natives of Ireland amongst the first inhabitants of Australia. Moral debasement, ignorance, or a violation of religious principles, the knowledge or habits of criminal life were scarcely, to any extent, recognisable features in this unhappy class. On the contrary, the deepest and purest sentiments of piety, a thorough comprehension of religious responsibility, and an almost impregnable simplicity of manners, were their distinctive virtues, on their first consignment to the guardianship of the Law."

"The British Government, at the close of the 18th century, must have been intimately acquainted with this painfully striking circumstance, which, however, they treated with unsympathising indifference."

That simple statement, marked by an evident desire to be just without fear, and to give the despised captive his due merit, despite the prejudice and power arrayed on the side of his enemies, how sweetly must it fall as "the tuneful chimes of evening bells" on the ear of the Irish patriot, and enable our readers to estimate correctly what is termed *English Public Opinion*, as also the barbarous severity of the punishment inflicted on men, who had been dragooned into armed resistance to a despotism as detestable, as it was incurably wicked!

Pure, noble souls—these Irish patriots—they did not stand in need of moral reformation, or violent correction! But, when we consider the utter depravity of the society, into which they were cast, bound hands and feet, and the feeling of unmitigated hate, that followed them even to the Antipodes, to waste itself in torturing their bodies, and in impious efforts to stain their souls with the awful guilt of apostasy, we at once perceive how much they required "religion undefiled" to console, and sustain them under the fearful ordeal.

The criminals, England, Wales, and Scotland vomited from their seething bosoms, were so utterly lost to a sense of moral restraint, so dead to sacred influences, that, as Judge Therry writes—"You might challenge the world to surpass them in

depravity." They gloried in their success in the acquisition of the sinful habits of cleverly cheating, of robbery, lying, and of every species of dark vice. As if long under the instruction of demons, they called *virtue vice*, and loaded with ridicule and abuse the good and well-disposed, as wicked and addicted to impiety. With them the young Irish patriot was obliged to consort, to hear the blasphemous and impure expressions, which flowed in full, uninterrupted stream from their polluted lips—a striking and appalling proof of the corrupting efficacy of heresy on the hearts, from which a flood of such abominations welled.

The killing monotony of the daily duty of the captives was only varied by the endurance of the severest punishment for imputed faults, or virtues regarded by their masters as vices. At early morning they were driven forth, like beasts of burthen, through the prison gates, to take part in some one of the public works, their ears drinking in at every step the deep, heavy sounds of their clanking chains, and the curses of their ruthless taskmasters.

Their food was little better, than that of the Laplander's dogs. The Scandinavian refreshes his hard-worked hounds with dried fish, but their food was maize-bread and salt-meat, given in quantities sufficient to prolong an existence, so miserable and full of trials, that, in moments of passing despair, many a broken Irish heart longed for the freedom of death in any shape.

Their coarse dress, partly gray and partly yellow, with the Government brand on it, marked out the captive from the free; and the keen sense of his degradation made the aching head of the Irish patriot fall deadly, in utter shame, on his noble breast.

In one place you met them, yoked in couples, some twenty men, more or less, pulling along the rough, half-formed road, carts loaded now with stones, again with sand, and often with offal, under the direction of an inhuman driver, whip in hand. In another place they digged and delved in making the highways of the Colony and the streets of Sydney, and toiled at the erection of the buildings, that to-day, while gracing the capital of New South Wales, are suggestive of burning memories. No cheering word—no consoling promise—no encouraging reward mitigated their griefs, or helped them to bear a yoke so heavy, so unjustly laid upon them. Exhausted by continual toil from early morning to evening, by hunger, and the relaxing action of a tropical sun, the chained slaves again and again fell upon the ground, some into the arms of

liberating death, never again to rise, others to be carried half dead to the hospital, or compelled with kicks and lashes to resume their places in the traces. All the while ascendent Protestantism, Bible in hand, calmly regarding this sea of human woes, assailed, in the name of the God of charity, the grand old Church, that gave an unworthy world "the redeemers of captives." British legislators, too, while proudly boasting of their free Constitution, were torturing and killing by degrees Irish Catholic patriots with a "perverse ingenuity," never surpassed by a Greek of the Low Empire. Nevertheless, this is the Government—the hideous despotism, which even great and good men like Montalembert tell us it is a crime not to regard as God's noblest work, not to obey as God's Minister of justice—the source and guardian of true liberty!

For every fault, real or imputed, the lash was the instrument of punishment. On it, and on it alone, British authority relied for the reformation of the Australian convicts. It was usually administered under circumstances so revolting, that the human heart must sicken over the dark records of the infamous and brutal chastisements.* Sentenced to receive, not unfrequently, as many as fifty lashes, the wretched culprit was conducted into a yard of the barracks, surrounded by a high wall, and there tied with strong cords to a triangle. Then one of his companions, recommended for the degrading office, by his strength of arm and special cruelty of disposition, made rent after rent deep down in his scarred back, his thrilling screams gradually sinking into a low, sad moan, as his bodily strength faded away.

The flogging over, he was carried, writhing in pain, on men's shoulders to the hospital, where he remained, until a partial healing set in; and then, if it were his lot to be the assigned servant of a master, whose instincts were peculiarly ferocious, he was often compelled to engage in work fitted to open afresh with terrific pain the half-closed wounds.

The grievous crime of neglecting to salute some illiterate, low-bred magistrate, was punished with fifty lashes; and a suspect was daily flogged until a confession of his own guilt, or the accusation of an innocent companion, was extorted from him. We shall give a few specimens of the brutality of the ministers of British justice in the Colony of New South Wales.

Henry Brown received twenty-five lashes on five successive mornings, because "he did not tell where were the money and

* See Therry's *Reminiscences of New South Wales and Victoria*, pp. 48, et seq.

property stolen from the house of William Jacques, of Parramatta." Henry Watson, having confessed to stealing five sheets, was sentenced to twenty-five lashes, with fifty more, "unless he led to the discovery of the sheets before a certain day." In the following month, as the sheets were not discovered, he was sentenced to fifty lashes, and to work in double irons, till the magistrates should think proper to release him. Bridget Rook having acknowledged receiving a gown from Margaret Murphy, suspecting it to have been stolen, was ordered to be chained to Margaret Murphy, and to remain so chained "until the gown was restored to the proper owner." The gown was never restored, and, as Judge Therry remarks, the logical sequence of the sentence is, that they are so chained to this very day. To moderate the use of the lash was sometimes possible near the seat of Government; but far away in the interior the cry of the "*assigned servant*" for protection and mercy was not heard, or, if heard, only disregarded, or explained away. For a look, or a word—for a refusal, or what some heartless masters might interpret as a refusal to do even more, than a man's work, the wretched slave was charged with insubordination before a neighbouring magistrate, who, in the expectation of a similar kind service, at once condemned him to receive twenty-five lashes, often renewable four or five times at intervals of two or three days. Even while the shrieks of the victim were piercing the air, the judge and accuser retired to enjoy their "pipe and grog," and often made merry over his cries, like Calvin over those of the burning Servetus.

How faithfully, in all their revolting cruelty, home scenes were reproduced in Australia Mitchel tells us, in those interesting volumes to which we have so often referred, and from which we have drawn so largely. * The cruelties practised in New South Wales, bearing, as they do, such a striking resemblance to those perpetrated by the military pacifiers of Ireland, are clear proofs of the great similarity of the brutal instincts stirring the hearts of the representatives of the Hanoverian idiot in both countries. In Ireland and Australia they are also marked by the same Satanic hatred of the Irish Catholic, and the same merciless audacity to punish with extreme severity every offence against British enactments, no matter how unjust they are.

The three Majors Sirr, Swan, and Sandys, constituting in their day the Irish Executive, amongst other vile characteristics, were remarkable for their proven love of spies and

* Mitchel, Vol. 2, p. 34.

informers, their hostility to the Irish Catholic, and the fiendish pleasure they seemed to take in the screams of the scourged wretches. The court of the Prevot Prison, over which Major Sandys ruled, the court near the Royal Exchange and the Riding School, under the vigilant John Maude Beresford—a name not unknown to the proud house of Waterford—were the scenes of “continual lacerations, pitchcapings, and picketings to extort confessions of guilt, or inculpate others.”* It is in vain, utterly futile and fruitless, writes Dr. Madden, † to deny the constant use of torture in 1797 and 1798, in the Riding-house, in the Prevot Prison, in the Royal Exchange, and in the vacant space immediately behind the offices of Lord Castlereagh, where, “under the very windows of Lord Castlereagh’s office, the triangles were set up for fastening the wretches to, who were flogged, tortured even to death.”

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CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST PRIESTS TRANSPORTED TO AUSTRALIA.

While lash and chain were holding hideous sway in the fair Australian land over those Irish victims of a barbarous policy, not one soothing word reached their ears. Religion was forbidden to attend with her Holy Mysteries, to bring freedom and peace to the penitent soul of the bondsman, or to direct his thoughts, where the wearied find rest, and the tortured slave a Throne of glory. No priest was allowed officially to accompany the vessels, which bore away from Wexford, “their freight of despair, of bruised hearts, and woeful memories, and fearful expectations.” About the year 1801 three priests did, indeed, arrive in Australia; but, like St. Paul coming to Rome, they came there in chains. On the testimony of a bare informer, contradicted by three witnesses of unimpeachable veracity, Father Dixon was transported to Australia for complicity in the armed resistance of the Wexford peasantry. Ere long he was joined by two others, Fathers Harold and O’Neil, with a clergyman of the Church of England, who had been convicted of a similar offence in other parts of Ireland. To the *parson* liberty, with civil dignity, was at once granted; but the strictest surveillance, and every manner of indignity awaited the Irish priests.

And here we cannot refrain from placing before our readers a

* Mitchel, V. 2, p. 34.

† Mitchel, V. 2, p. 35.

local tradition, which we heard some years ago from a venerable grey-haired exile on the banks of an Australian river, although we cannot claim for it sufficient evidence to place it amongst historic truth. It will, at least, form a legend at once inexpressibly tender, strictly significant of the state of Society, and suggestive to every Irish reader of memories, some mournful and touching, others bitter and cruel.

A young Protestant lady, who had often heard Holy Mass blasphemed by the ignorant and fanatical, longing to witness the unbloody Sacrifice of the Cross, was able by her influence with those in authority, to obtain the necessary "leaves of absence" for the parties, who were to take part in the celebration of the first Mass on the Australian Continent. She prepared, under instructions, vestments from her silk dresses; and a young Irish convict of considerable artistic taste bronzed a cup, which was to be used as a chalice. At an early hour on Christmas morning a select party pushed away in a boat, and made for one of those retired charming spots abounding in Sydney Bay, and called *coves*, while a rude table was constructed from the bark of a tree, on which to place a very small altar-stone, which was almost the only sacred thing the priest had been able to bring with him from Ireland. Suddenly a cry of "Fire" was raised: quickly two of the party sped like lightning to the rescue; for within the house now enveloped in flames lived one near and dear to the gentle, affectionate spirit, who had planned the event of the day. Rushing through the devouring flames, they carried out, with imminent peril to themselves, two men, one her father, with whom her merciful pleading had so often succeeded in behalf of the captives; and the other, a taskmaster, remarkable for his ferocity in dealing with the Irish convicts. Both men were sunk in deep sleep after a night's debauch, and unable to move hand or foot, even to save their lives.

The father of the young lady was saved by the artist; but, despite his humane expostulation, the other flung from his arms into the now irresistible element the body of the hated overseer, as if it were some poisonous animal, crying:—"Oh! from what woes the death of that beast will save many a poor convict; and how near I was being the cause of trouble to my companions by saving him!"

Some years after this terrible event, and the celebration of the "First Mass in Australia," the young artist sought out an old priest ministering amidst the vine-clad hills of Catholic France. He was accompanied by a young lady of great beauty, and three lovely children. At the door of a small

village church they met an old priest of mild aspect and gentle manners : he had but just celebrated Mass, and the graceful charm, which the Holy Act seemed to have imparted to his beaming countenance, filled the hearts of his visitors with reverence, as they were already with holy love for him. It was that old priest, who, bearing the marks of the chains, and the victim of every sort of indignity, had first lifted on that virgin soil the propitiating Chalice to Heaven, for the sins of the inhabitants of Australia. Without speaking one word, the old man conducted them to the altar of Our Lady, the Help of Christians, where the three, thrilled with emotions of joy, chanted the Te Deum.

Even the restricted ministrations of the captive priests, as long as they remained in Australia, largely helped to prevent the fanatical Proconsul from making the Colony—so had it been resolved—"an appanage of the Anglican Church." It is true, their religious attendance on their fellow captives was most grudgingly allowed, and they were harassed by countless acts of petty tyranny. But the very sight of the priest—the old soggarth—a bondsman like themselves—one of the old, outcast race in chains for the same love of Country and of God, acted on them like a spell. Old memories rushed upon them: they thought of the legacy of suffering, and of fierce conflict around the Cross, with the olden spoilers of their Hearths, their Homes, and their Sanctuaries left them by heroic ancestors, stirred to their depths the hearts of even those who had almost forgotten Sion and the God of Sion : the spirit that animated the Macchabees quickened them : the resolution was taken : they remained with Christ in His Passion.

Fathers O'Neil and Dixon were, alas, soon recalled, not, indeed, in a spirit of mercy or justice, but with the Satanic wish of forcing the Irish Catholic to apostatise, when deprived of the sustaining presence of a priest. Father Harold "terrified by the brutality, which he witnessed on every side, in the cruel enforcement of the ukase compelling all to attend the cold services of the Anglican Church, soon after applied, and obtained permission to return."

There was then no prophet in Israil—not one priest in Australia to bless and shrive—to erect the Altar and offer Sacrifice for his own sins and those of his people. In the absence of Aaron, Core and Dathan were there. In the absence of the pastors, the hireling came, not to bless, but to curse—not to lead to good, but to poisonous pastures—not to plead in accents borrowed of mercy for the captives, but to look calmly on the infamous persecution of Christian slaves. In unholy

fulfilment of the impious wish of the Pharisee of Nations, a wretched Proconsul decreed the Irish Catholic should live without Sacrament or Sacrifice, without Holy Administration, or public Prayer.

After English power had done her worst on the chained bodies of the Irish Catholics, Oh ! God of justice, she tried, by every means, to establish the claims of Satan to their immortal souls, redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ ! The sanguinary record of that effort shall appear in our next.

π.

A Malediction.

What tho' misfortune and wrong
Very sore had smitten and marr'd
Her heritage old of the fair and the bold,
Burthen of many a bard
In many a chivalrous song?
Nurtured mid all that was beauteous and tender,
Blest heir of the fair Isle of Glee,
What if thirst and heaviness dwelt where of old
Was revel, and plenty, and splendor,
Till all the land shone as an emerald stone
Gem'd round with a diamond sea?
Or, what if affliction were now in her dwelling,
And sheep were few in the fold,
And her silent harp hung on the mouldering wall
Of her desolate hall,
And over the smile of the beautiful Isle
A shadow was gathering—as a cloud gathers,
Mounting, and spreading, and swelling,
Till it overcasts all the blue sky—
And the air seem'd haunted with shriek'd maranathas?—
If fear dwelt below, there was hope up on high!
And as yet o'er the clouds, as they gather'd and grew,
Till they covered all else unawares,
A lingering light sat on every hill,
And the streams in the valleys, tho' hidden from view,
Mingled their melodies sweet with her prayers,
As she knelt, o'er their tomb, at the Shrine of her fathers,
And felt God, at least, smiled on her still !
And her hands were unstain'd with aught deeper

Than generous industry's soil,
 And her feet were unshackled with fetters
 Forged of aught more inglorious than toil ;
 And tho' some, matricidal abettors,
 Making boast of their filial guilt,
 Had gone over and joined her besetters ;
 While others, alas ! whose last lifeblood was spilt
 For her glory who gave it, lay low,—
 There were sons enough left to defend
 Her from all save a treacherous foe,
 Unsuspected in guise of a friend !
 She was beautiful still with a beauty
 Enhanced by her sorrows and woes ;
 She was strong with a strength that would keep her,
 And proud with a pride that would die,
 In the perilous paths of her duty,
 Come all that might come to oppose ;
 And visions oft fell on the sleeper
 Of happier days by and bye !

But the tyrant came suddenly on them,
 Grim lord of the right of insatiate might,
 Of the bounty of lies !
 Saying, “ Is it well with thee, and is thy heart
 As my heart ? ”—then crying, “ Upon them ! ”
 Made merciless onslaught till set of the sun—
 Stabbing her heart thro’ and thro’ with each smart
 Of her children that round her did fall ;
 Those whom he slew not before her own eyes
 He bound and made prisoners all ;
 Then destroy’d or bereft her of all she had left,
 Fired the home of her ancestors over her head,
 Ravish’d, and left her for dead !

But she rose as he turn’d,
 Transfixing him straight
 With the darts of her scorn and the flames of her hate,
 With words that pierced through him and burn’d ;
 Rose as one risen from the dead,
 In the terrors of ghastly conviction,
 And the shroud of the shadow of Hell ;
 Held him fast in the spell irresistible
 Of the dread of her dire malediction,
 And upthrowing in air her wild arms of despair,
 Thunder’d it down on his head,—
 ‘ Hold, recreant ! dastard deceiver ! ’

Stand and hearken my curse—for lo,
It shall cleave to thee henceforth for ever,
And be to thee torment and woe !
Then forth where thou wilt, on thy brow
A more damnable stain, than God set upon Cain—
For he slew but the body, but thou
Body and soul would'st have slain !
Thy crime shall beget its own scourge,
In fulfilment of just retribution,
It shall be to thine ears as a dirge,
To thine eyes utter shame and confusion ;
By the Shrine of my fathers at rest,
By the depths of my loathsome despair,
By the blood of my sons on this breast
O tyrant ! I swear,—
Of all lust thou shalt surfeit and sicken,
And naught to thine eyes shall seem good,
For thy veins shall canker and thicken
With venomous gall for blood ;
Thou shalt reap rank tares with thy foison,
With thy bread shall be mingle of stones,
And thy ill-gotten wealth shall be poison
And rottenness unto thy bones ;
Thou shalt cry out in time of thy need,
In the days of thy sorrow forlorn,
But none to thy cry shall give heed,
Save to make thee a laughter and scorn !
Till thy evils shall gather and smother
All humanity out of thy breast,
And dead unto all save the death of thy rest,
Thou shalt wither and waste, but not die ;
In the grave thou hadst made for another,
With the roll of thy crimes for thy winding-sheet,
And remorse for thy shroud, thou shalt lie,
And full of corruption, head to feet,
O fell fiend, day by day
Feel thyself slowly decay !'

R. S.

Chronicles of “The Rish.”

THREE is a small, semicircular window in the front of the Lay House of “old Carlow,” just over the former entrance, which is quite unlike anything else in the entire building, and which seems to have been placed there by the architect, as a protest against uniformity ;—or, perhaps, in the hope that some future pupil of the House, when hesitating as to his choice of a state of life, might be led to embrace the profession, which could produce such remarkable effect with a few panes of glass, surmounted by a drip-moulding, certainly displaying no very striking boldness, or originality of design.

A few years ago, this little window gave light to a small chamber, very low in the ceiling, which seemed somehow to have been slipped in, as an afterthought, between the rooms above and below, and which was entered by quite a little independent flight of a few steps, opening, through the thickness of the wall, upon the great staircase of the Lay House. Altogether, this little apartment was rather gloomy and dungeon-like, and when compared with almost any other room in the House, seemed to have a weird and whimsical character of its own.

Indeed, the whole of that part of the building abounded, at one time, in so many dark and intricate passages, with floors on different levels, and doors opening in the most unexpected and out-of-the-way places, as almost to give probability to the vague legend handed down amongst us from year to year—that the walls were built, and ready for roofing, before the unhappy architect discovered that he had forgotten to provide a staircase. The wretched man was said to have gone off and drowned himself in the Barrow, when the builder proposed, as a last resource, to fix a permanent ladder under the old housekeeper’s room, which was, for a long time, apparently inaccessible by any other means. Few of us would venture up that staircase after nightfall, and alone, lest we should meet with his disturbed spirit, measuring, measuring always with a phantom tape, and groaning over the shadowy plan of his impassible staircase.

We are sorry to find that, though the window still remains, the room itself has disappeared, and the present writer does not quite understand how it has been spirited away. Possibly, its disappearance is somehow connected with the laying of the ghost, which does not seem to have latterly troubled the

establishment, and it may remain a mystery until, in a hundred years or so, some inquisitive youngster may discover a passage through the hollow-sounding wall, and startle the whole House with the story of ghosts, and cobwebs, and the yellow manuscripts, that lie there mouldering, in the usual oaken chest.

During a recent visit to the dear old House, we spent a few delightful hours in the Halls and Play-ground, making strict enquiry after the cherished traditions of the place. We must confess, that the memory of our own time—not so very, very long ago, dearest madam and fair ladies—appears to be quite confounded by the present thoughtless generation with that of the patriarchal days of the last century; but we were really shocked to find that the very name of that distinguished literary and convivial institution, once known as “THE KISH,” had been altogether forgotten.

Some years ago, there were two Libraries in the Lay House. One of these, the first established, was called simply “The Library.” The other had a longer and more formal title, being known as “The Junior Library and Literary Institute of the Lay College:” it was established in the little room, which we have described. Whether it arose from the jealousy of the seniors, who resolved to keep the original title to themselves—for seniors, including even “our old nobilitie,” are everywhere jealous and conservative, so far as our experience goes; or whether the length of the name itself was found inconvenient, certain it is that the “Junior Library, &c., &c.,” was never known by its proper designation, after the first two or three weeks. During its early struggles, the seniors, rather maliciously, spread a report very damaging to an infant society, and meant to be fatal to the literary reputation of the Institute, as well as to the moral character of the original members. It was whispered about that they had not books, nor book-case, nor funds to buy them; but that they had borrowed a few tattered volumes up and down—it was even insinuated that some of them were procured by more questionable means, and that they were kept in an old turf-kish, in the corner. Hence the name of “THE KISH,” which clung to the room in spite of every struggle, and was finally accepted by the very Superiors themselves. The members were known as “the Kishimites.”

The Superiors, when establishing the second Library, seem, with their usual wisdom, to have intended that the boys should have an opportunity of contrasting two widely-different political systems, and of thus forming a practical opinion for

themselves, as to the relative advantages of representative institutions, and direct personal Government. Indeed, the Senior Library can hardly be said to have been established on a popular basis, as it was, in our time, highly oligarchical and exclusive. The members elected their own President, Treasurer, and Secretary, and were understood to govern themselves within certain constitutional limits. They also enjoyed the rather doubtful privilege of paying for their own coals ; and it was said that, in order to combine economy with comfort, the use of the poker was reserved by one of the bye-laws for the senior member, who might happen to be present. The breach of any one of their many rules and bye-laws was quite a serious matter, as it subjected the offender to the penalty of a fine, varying in amount, according to the enormity of the offence, from a few pence to, perhaps, a week's pocket-money. A regular court sat about twice a week, with judge, counsel, and a jury of six members,—pledged, on honor, “a true verdict to give according to evidence.” What may be called criminal cases, as well as civil actions, came before this court, with right of final appeal to the Vice-President of the College; but, after all, few of the members escaped without having to pay a fine, at one time or another—rather a serious penalty towards the end of the week, when, in commercial phrase, there was generally a periodical “tightness” of the money market. Happy the fellow, at these times, who had a pet sister at home, able to coax half a sovereign extra out of the governor, and who knew how to enclose it cunningly under the seal of her letter, so as to baffle the vigilance of the postmaster, or the lynx-like eyes of the Dean.

It used to be our solemn conviction that no Dean ever did, or ever could properly understand that great question of pocket-money. Why, then, should he be always poking into a fellow's letters ? We would take his advice in almost anything else, but pocket-money was—pocket-money, in a word, was pocket-money, and not to be counted like vulgar cash, nor posted in a ledger. There could be no charm in it, nor joy in the spending, if it were not to melt away of itself, like sugarstick, or toffy, or brandy-balls, or any other sweet. It used to be bad enough to find one's purse empty, somewhere about Tuesday morning, without being called on to give an account of what no fellow could be expected to remember.

We have said that the Senior Library was very exclusive. There were about twenty members. Any occasional vacancies were filled up by ballot amongst themselves, after the candidate had been regularly proposed and seconded.’ We forgot

the proportion of black balls held sufficient to exclude, but it was believed in the House that the Kildare-street Club was much less rigid in this, as in every other particular.

"THE KISH" was differently constituted. The members were nominated directly by the Superiors. There was no President, nor other elected officer. One of the Monitors usually sat there to maintain order. There were no fines, nor any restriction on the use of the poker. The only punishment for a breach of rule was to be sent away to the coldest corner, for a while, or to be banished, for a day or two, to the Common Hall of the Lay House. This was, indeed, a heavy sentence, as the poor "Kishimites" were almost as unwelcome there, as they would have been in the other Library. One or two only, who possessed the gift of story-telling, could be always sure of a seat by the fire.

We remember one, who beguiled his occasional exile by going through the whole of Oliver Twist, introducing various new characters and surprising incidents, which were most improperly omitted by Charles Dickens, in his version of that history. Another little fellow was even more popular. He had read the prophecies of Pastorini, until he was brimming over with the mysteries of the seven trumpets and seven seals, and with the most minute details of the private life of Anti-christ. Where he met with the book was best known to himself, as, most certainly, it was not to be found anywhere in the House, but the youngsters crowded round the corner, where he poured out his terrors night after night, with their hair fairly standing on end, and afraid to look behind them.

If "the Kishimites" and "Librarians" were jealous of each other, and rivals in other respects, there was, at least, one point on which they agreed together most heartily—to make the most of every holiday, and to have as many of them as possible. One of "the Kishimites" happened to pass an examination in the London University, and it was resolved to have a supper in honor of the occasion. Subscriptions were collected, stewards appointed, and the Prefect himself invited to the feast. The stewards, at that time, had the privilege of going out in Town to buy cakes and fruit, but, perhaps, they were even more envied their privilege of consulting, in his own kitchen, with Luke Burke, the College Cook, about the mighty mutton-pie, which always appeared on the supper-table, though we do not remember that any of it was ever eaten. Two or three bottles of wine were generally allowed, on these occasions, of that choice vintage, at 21s. per dozen, for which the local wine-merchants were then so celebrated. It was believed in

the House that the Professors considered this wine too precious, perhaps, for ordinary use, and that they seldom placed it upon their own table ; but they rather encouraged us to drink it, in moderation, now and then. This may have been kindly meant, as a practical lesson on temperance, and as a wholesome example of the dangers of excess, should anyone chance to take more, than his fair share of the bottle.

Indeed, we have often sat at the tables of the great since our College days, and we trust that early training, as well as the natural courtesy, for which, we flatter ourselves, we were remarkable even then, have always enabled us to meet our host with a serene countenance, and appropriate warmth of language, as he pushes the decanter towards us, saying,—

“ What do you think of that wine, Mr. Blank ? Had it from So and So, as a great favor, at 84s.—not a shilling less, I assure you ; and is it not worth double the money ? ”

We smack our lips, roll our tongue, hold the glass between us and the light, and go gravely through the rest of the pantomime ; but—is it only a fancy of ours ?—we often think we can recognise the old “ Kishimite ” flavor directly ; and we are inclined to believe that the profits of the wine-merchant must sometimes be unconscionable, or that some of our friends are—well, highly imaginative, and apt to mistake Constantia for old Madeira.

After the cakes and coffee had been done ample justice to, as the penny-a-liners have it, the wine was uncorked with great ceremony, and the senior steward stood up to propose the toast of the evening. We well remember how we envied him his easy self-possession, and his happy fluency. We have since had reason to believe that his speech may not have been altogether unprepared. In fact, we understand, on good authority, that extempore speeches are generally written out beforehand. The poor little fellow, who had to reply, evidently knew nothing of this wholesome regulation, and thought that speech-making was as easy as it looked. He blushed and faltered, and had to sit down, after stammering out a few broken phrases. We have since then read many a column of his speeches in the newspapers, and we wonder does he recollect his maiden-speech as well as we do, and how he sat down, confused and tearful, until the wily Prefect, who must have brought a speech in his pocket, expecting some such opportunity, stood up to cover the retreat of his favorite pupil, and moved us all to tears—his speech was so eloquent and so well delivered ?

There was one tall “ Kishimite,” who continued on as a

member, year after year, without once attempting, like others, to pass into the Senior Library. He used to say that he did not see why any reasonable fellow should not be contented in "THE KISH." For his part, he did not want to be fined every second day for some nonsense or other—nor to be bothered with long speeches from Jerry Mayo, or Horace Morrogh—the advocates in general request—nor to be locked up on a jury all night perhaps, as his poor father used to be at the Clonmel Assizes—for it was well known that Willy Colville—the Chief Justice of the Library, was seldom able to conclude his charge to the jury until the bell was about to ring for Night-Prayer. Besides, and worst of all, they had a monstrous and absurd rule in the Library, that nobody should retain a book for more than a month. He did not want to be hurried in his reading. Indeed, we believe, it was this very rule which decided him to remain in "THE KISH," as he could not hope to hold possession of his beloved "Ivanhoe" anywhere else. He was never known to read another book. By "THE KISH" rule, each member was allowed to keep the volume he was reading, until he finished it. If he ever actually finished the reading of "Ivanhoe"—of which we have, even still, the gravest doubts—he immediately commenced it again. Now "Ivanhoe" is, perhaps, the most popular of all Scott's novels, and there was but one copy in "THE KISH." It can well be imagined how the rest of us strove to get a hurried peep at it in turn, snatching a fearful joy, while he was inveigled away upon some pretended message, and running to replace the volume, when his step was heard upon the stair. He was popularly supposed to be committing it to memory, at the rate of about one page a month. It was proposed, at one time, to buy him a special copy, by general subscription, but the thing fell to the ground when the Monitor assured us that we would have to purchase the whole edition of the Waverley Novels.

This admirer of "Ivanhoe," whom we shall call Tom Dove, was heir to a good estate, somewhere in Munster; and he was in the habit of speaking very bitterly about the way in which his guardians were keeping him out of the property. Two of our members, Jack Sketchley and Hildebrand Segrave, happened to ask him one day, would he soon go home to take possession.

"Look here," said he, "at the villany of these guardians. I am sure that I will be of age this very month, and yet they are after writing to say that I must stay here for two years more!"

"What," said Hildebrand, "remain here reading 'Ivanhoe,' for two years longer?—No; leave that to us!—Let us celebrate your birthday in 'THE KISH,' and when your guardians read the account of it in the *Carlow Post*, you may depend upon it they will be afraid to keep you here any longer."

"We will have an illumination, and present you with an address, and, perhaps, we can manage to give you a piece of plate. If you were at home in your own demesne, of course there would be a bullock roasted whole. I am afraid we cannot have that, as the place is inconveniently small, but, instead of it, we will get the cook to roast the largest goose to be found in Carlow!"

Tom Dove thought the proposal flattering and satisfactory, and consented at once.

Hildebrand, being fat and rosy, was a great favorite with Luke Burke, who looked upon his plump cheeks as a credit to the College fare, and to his own skill. He agreed to buy the goose, and to have it ready on the appointed evening. While Hildebrand kept the cook engaged in conversation, Jack Sketchley slipped into the kitchen and carried off an old pewter plate, one of the reliques of the primitive Establishment, of which there were a few remaining.

Jack was a first-rate draughtsman. He polished up the old pewter, and engraved upon it a handsome inscription, testifying that—"This piece of Plate was presented by his brother 'Kishimites' to THOMAS DOVE, Esq., upon the auspicious occasion, &c., &c." There were some verses at the bottom, which we have forgotten, but in them Front-de-Bœuf, Rebecca, and Ivanhoe saluted Tom as one of the champions of romance. The arms of the Institute were emblazoned on the top. We may as well record them here, for the benefit of Sir Bernard Burke, that he may enrol them along with those of the other learned and scientific Institutions of Ireland.

Arms—Gules—in chief, a wicker kish, proper. In base two vols., azure and or, supporting an open volume.

Crest—Three blazing sods of turf, rampant—proper.

Motto—*Fulgor E. Fumo.*"

What "Kishimite" can ever forget the night of the illumination? Jack and Hildebrand had, very thoughtfully, provided employment enough for the Monitors elsewhere, so that we might calculate on having a quiet evening to ourselves. Luke Burke had just sent up word that the goose was done to a turn. Tom Dove stole out upon the terrace, to admire the

effect of the illumination in "THE KISH" window, and, perhaps, to rehearse, at the same time, his reply to the expected address. The property-room of the College Theatre had been ransacked for costumes. Hildebrand, who was to read the address, sat at the foot of the table, wearing "Old Norval's" wig. He was supposed to represent the oldest tenant upon the estate. Time has not yet thinned the flowing locks of this immortal wig. We very lately recognised it upon Burgo-master Muddlewerk, in "Charles XII," and looking venerable as ever. Jack Sketchley, who was to present the piece of plate, appeared in the helmet and armour of the ghost in "Hamlet." This was to be understood as an allusion to the chivalry of the Middle Ages. The tunic and buskins of Cato lay upon the table. Tom had been persuaded to put these on immediately after the reading of the address, to signify his solemn assumption of the *toga virilis*, and as a defiance to his guardians.

Alas, this well-arranged programme was fated never to be carried out!

Tom rushed into the room, ruffled and breathless, full ten minutes sooner, than he was expected. He blew out every candle that was in the window, and, as soon as he could recover breath, told us, in a hoarse whisper, that the Dean was coming up the stair. Rubbing his shoulders uneasily, he also threw out dark hints about something like personal chastisement, which had been inflicted upon him, when the Dean found him on the terrace, at an unseasonable hour, and heard, from his own lips, that the glare in "THE KISH" window was an illumination in honor of his birth-day.

As for Hamlet's Ghost, it waited not for cockcrow, but

"started, like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons—"

and "Old Norval" fled, with all haste, to the shelter of the Grampian Hills.

For this hour, it is uncertain who ate the goose; but, as Hildebrand had remarkable presence of mind, we may fairly calculate that he met the messenger, at the appointed moment, and managed to secure it for himself, just as if nothing had happened to interrupt us. This is the more probable, as there was, for a long time, a suspicious smell of sage and onions hanging about everything that came out of a certain box of his.

But who shall describe the awful indignation of Poor Tom Dove, or his disappointment? Next morning he came to us, threatening to consult an attorney as soon as he could get leave to go out in Town, as he knew there should be an Act

of Parliament against striking a fellow, when he came of age.

Here let us pause. Many old "Kishimites," who may read these pages, will, we are sure, smile at the recollection of the birth-day, which was actually celebrated there, as we have attempted to describe it. Poor, simple-hearted Tom Dove has been dead for many years. He came in for his property at last, and kept hunters, and practised hospitality, as an Irish country gentleman should. His well-thumbed copy of "Ivanhoe," the first, and, we believe, the only book that he ever purchased, was bequeathed to "THE KISH."

Shall we trace the career of the others, whom we have named. A few of their schoolmates alone can recognise them under the fictitious names, which we have given; but, even were it otherwise, we should hardly hesitate, as they have, one and all, done every credit to their *ALMA MATER*.

Jack Sketchley is now a rising architect, who will, one day, beat the heads of his profession. He has, for his time, designed more churches, and jails, and asylums, than, perhaps, anyone in Ireland. By-and-bye, when he is called on to give the design for a new wing to THE COLLEGE, we dare say that early associations will inspire him to place a whole row of windows in the entresol or attic, copied from the original and inimitable "KISH." Mr. Justice Colville is Chairman of Petty Sessions in his native county. He insists on having every case regularly argued out, and every authority quoted. He is the terror of all the attorneys within a circuit of twenty miles, but is believed in by the people, because he is merciful, as well as painstaking. Jerry Mayo is buoyant, genial, elegant, and full of anecdote, as ever. Hildebrand Segrave is still as fond of a practical joke, as can be expected from an easy-tempered man, who does not weigh less than eighteen stone. We think Jerry and he meet occasionally to enjoy an oyster supper at Burton Bindon's. Horace Morrogh is just as clever and as contradictory, as when first we knew him. He is D.L., M.R.I.A., &c., &c., and might long since have written M.P. after his name, if he could only allow a motion to pass, without moving an amendment to it. When he does go to Parliament, he will very soon find his way to the Cave of Adullam; and if there is, within that refuge of discontent, any inner chamber, just large enough to hold himself alone, it will not be long unoccupied.

As for ourselves, we have not exactly set the Liffey on fire as yet, but we trust that all past and future CARLOVIANS will hold us in memory as the writer of these truthful "CHRONICLES OF THE KISH."

The Irish Land Bill in Committee.

THE President of the Board of Trade hinted, in his speech at Birmingham, that the Irish Land Bill would not realise the people's hopes, and significantly added that one hundred Irish members, if they acted faithfully together, could extort from any party justice for their countrymen. One hundred Irish members have not acted faithfully together, nor a tenth of that number; and the long promised justice to Ireland is still deferred.

The Irish Liberal members, with a few honorable exceptions, voted for the second reading of the Land Bill; and, though representing the tenant-farmer, and pledged to his interests, not one, except, perhaps, the Judge-Advocate-General, even attempted to show that its provisions afforded him any protection against capricious evictions and exorbitant rents.

Mr. Gladstone's speech is an elaborate defence of his legislation. That he so signally failed to justify it, may be taken as conclusive evidence that its principles are unsound, and its provisions ineffective.

Mr. Gladstone, in his speech on the second reading of the Irish Land Bill, attempts to prove that Ulster Tenant-Right could not be defined, where it exists, nor extended to the other Provinces, and that direct interference with rents is opposed to the principles of justice, and to the laws of Economic Science.

Speaking of the variations of the Ulster Custom, he says:—

“These forms are all variations based upon one common model; they are all varying modifications of one substantial right—that is, the right of the tenant to dispose of his occupancy.”

This is the simple and natural right of the tenant, before it was curtailed, or modified by the unjust exercise of landlord power. Every restriction on this right is an usurpation and an injustice, and should not receive the sanction of Law. To define Ulster Custom is but to reduce it back to its primitive form, before it was disturbed by the encroachments of the proprietor. If occupancy is a right of the tenant, to compel him, by the private regulations of an estate, to dispose of it to any particular person, or at an assigned price, is clearly opposed to the principles of justice, and to that freedom of contract, of which Mr. Gladstone is so zealous an advocate. It would be as just to compel the tenant to sell his cattle, his sheep, or his corn at an assigned price, according to the rules of the estate, as to compel him to sell his occupancy below its fair value in open market.

If all restrictions and modifications of this one substantial right are swept away, and all special rules of estates interfering with it are set aside, the Ulster Custom defines itself to be, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, that one substantial right of the tenant to dispose of his occupancy.

The Premier's plan of legalising the Ulster Custom is unjust not only to the tenant, but also to the landlord. For the landlord, who left to his tenants the right of selling occupancy without restrictions, is punished for his liberality. What he formerly conceded from benevolence he is now compelled to concede by Law; but the landlord, who, by special rules on his estate, restricted the right of his tenants, and curtailed their Custom, is rewarded for his cupidity, for his usurpations and restrictions have received a legal sanction in the Irish Land Bill. This, surely, is not distributive justice: either the good landlords should be permitted by the Bill to introduce restrictions on the tenant's Custom, or the bad should be compelled to abandon them.

Rules of estates, dictated by cupidity and a lust for power, which are evidently an usurpation of the tenant's rights, and a violation of the Ulster Custom, should not receive legal sanction; but, if all private and special regulations are removed, the Ulster Custom needs no further definition, for it stands out stripped of the incrustations of landlord disturbance, in the simple, nude, substantial right of the tenant to sell his holding to the highest bidder. We see, therefore, no difficulty in defining the Ulster Custom.

In fact, to legalise it JUSTLY, is to define it. This would take from none aught, which they justly possess, nor would it give to any aught, that is not justly their own.

Mr. Gladstone's first reason for not extending the Tenant-Right of Ulster to the rest of Ireland we give in his own words:—

“In one sense, we may be said to treat the Ulster tenant worse; because we only seek, as a general rule, to secure to him that, which, by Custom, he now possesses; whereas, with respect to the rest of Ireland, we are endeavouring to secure for it, in one shape, that which, we freely admit, it does not possess at all.”

This reasoning is certainly amusing, and reminds one of the famous discussions of the Gomorists and the Arminians, on the election of the just and the rejection of the reprobate. We set the respective condition of the tenants of the North and of the South in parallel columns, that the reader may the more easily judge of the correctness of Mr. Gladstone's statement:—

CONDITION OF THE NORTHERN
TENANT.

His home and his property were formerly protected by custom. He was never exposed to arbitrary evictions, rack-rents, or notices-to-quit.

He enjoyed, undisturbed, the fruits of his peaceful labor, and transmitted to his heirs the accumulated profits of his industry.

These blessings, which he at all times enjoyed by Custom, he now enjoys by Law.

CONDITION OF THE TENANT
IN THE OTHER PROVINCES.

In describing their unhappy state, we shall use Mr. Gladstone's own words:—

“The notices-to-quit fall on him like snow-flakes. He was evicted without fault or neglect of any kind, and his eviction was but another name for banishment. Rack-rents paralysed his industry, vitiated his relations with his landlord, with the Law, and with Society, impaired, and, in many cases, destroyed the freedom of contract, which he entered into as a question of dear life, but which he could not fulfil in justice to himself.”

Such was his condition in the past. The Bill affords him no redress against notices, save a fine of 2s. 6d. ; nor against eviction, for the landlord can expel him without fault or neglect of any kind, and get well paid for his trouble ; nor against rack-rents, for the landlord can still compel him to enter into contracts, where there is question of dear life, and which cannot, in justice, be fulfilled. Against this inhuman injustice of rack-renting the Bill affords him no protection until he first quits his home, and, secondly, defeats his landlord in Equity and in Law.

With these two pictures before him, Mr. Gladstone states, as his first reason for not extending Tenant-Right beyond its present limits, that he treated the tenants of Ulster worse, than those of the other Provinces. We are sorry Sir Patrick

O'Brien was not heard in reply. We think he could have convinced even the Irish Liberal members that this reasoning was the least little bit sophistical.

The Northern tenant wanted no rights which his Custom did not give him, and those rights are now secured by Law. The tenants of the South and West had no rights, either by Law or Custom, and the Bill leaves them pretty much as it found them ; *ergo*, the tenants of Ulster are treated worse than the tenants of the other Provinces !

The last number of *St. Paul's* says Mr. Gladstone is so fluent and so persuasive that he can lead his hearers to the right, or to the wrong. We think the preceding is about his most successful effort, and fully justifies the eulogy of his admirer, for, beguiled by the glitter of his gorgeous rhetoric, or by some other glitter, more persuasive still, the Irish Liberal members were wonderfully convinced ; and some of the few, who hesitated to assent, if we are rightly informed, have since become sincerely penitent.

Mr. Gladstone's defence of his legislation, in enacting Ulster Custom into Law, is, that with the tacit consent of the landlords, the tenants have invested twenty millions in the purchase of their holdings, which property should be protected by Law. His second reason for refusing the Custom to the rest of Ireland is, because the tenants in the other Provinces have made no such investment. This argument would be most conclusive if the tenants of the South and West had lived under just Laws, or were protected by just Customs. For, then, Mr. Gladstone had but to legalise the Customs of North and South, and the problem was solved. But such has not been the case ; and his first inquiry should have been, what has become of the millions of tenants' money in the other Provinces, which, in Ulster, has been invested in buying occupancy ? Has it been secured to the tenants, or confiscated for the proprietor ? If it were secured to the tenants, it cannot now be the basis of a claim in their favor ; but, if it were handed over to the landlord, he cannot complain, if he is requested to make a little sacrifice for the public interest, and to grant, even now, to the tenants that right they should have always enjoyed, and which was always enjoyed by their more favored brethren of Ulster.

Mr. Gladstone admitted that the Irish Land Laws, outside the limits of the Ulster Custom, were most unjust ; that they confiscated the property of the tenant ; forced him into banishment, though guilty of no crime ; and compelled him to enter into unjust contracts, as a question of dear life. He must,

therefore, grant the tenants of the South and West rights they have not heretofore enjoyed, otherwise his Bill will not be a just settlement of the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland. What are the rights which natural justice demands for the tenant-farmers of Ireland, who are not protected by the Ulster Custom?

They may be divided into three classes:

1st—Those who purchased occupancy, like the tenants of Ulster.

2nd—Those tenants, to whom the farms have descended from father to son for generations, and who, though they did not purchase with money, purchased with the equivalent of money, labor, invested capital, and skill.

3rd—Those who have recently acquired possession of farms without purchase.

The first class of tenants in the South and West, who bought their occupancy, have clearly the same right to the Ulster Custom, as the tenants of the North, for they, too, invested their money with the tacit consent of the landlord, and have the same moral claim to legal protection. It is therefore, clearly unjust and evidently exceptional, to refuse to their Tenant-Right the sanction which the Irish Land Bill grants to the Ulster Custom, and to permit the proprietor to cancel it by a lease for thirty-one years. JUSTICE, therefore, demands that to this class, at least, the Ulster Custom should be extended.

The Tenants, to whom the farms have descended from father to son, for generations, have the same natural rights in the other Provinces, as within the limits of the Ulster Custom.

The occupancy and the improvements have descended from father to son in the South and West: they were, in some cases, sold, and, in some cases, inherited in Ulster. The natural rights of the three classes are the same, for the tenant who inherited in Ulster has the same right, as the tenant who purchased, but the tenant who inherited in the other Provinces of Ireland has the same rights, as the tenant who inherited in Ulster; and, therefore, the same rights as the tenants who purchased in Ulster.

JUSTICE demands that the Ulster Custom should also be extended to the tenants outside the Northern Province, who, have improved, and inherited their farms for a long series of years.

Mr. Gladstone respects the private regulations of particular estates in Ulster, and gives them the sanction of Law, provided they are sufficiently long established. On all the great

estates in the South and West of Ireland the succession in farms is much more ancient, than some of the regulations curtailing Tenant-Right, in Ulster. This succession, therefore, has a better claim to his consideration, as a basis of legislation than the private regulations of estates in the Northern Province. Where this succession has not continued, the tenants were exterminated by unscrupulous landlords taking advantage of unjust laws. Is Mr. Gladstone, then, about to give partial legislation to Ireland, to protect rights, which, though at present enjoyed, were created by acts of injustice and oppression? The good and humane landlords in the South and West did not exterminate their tenants—the holdings have descended from father to son, for generations, and the tenants have the same right to occupancy, as if they dwelt within the limits of the Ulster Custom. If this state of things existed universally in the other Provinces, tenants would have the same right to the privilege of the Custom as the tenants of Ulster, and Mr. Gladstone would be bound, by distributive justice, to extend it to all Ireland. Yet this succession in farms must have existed over all Ireland, but for the cruel exterminations of harsh and unjust landlords; Mr. Gladstone's exceptional legislation is therefore in favor of the worst class of Irish landlords, and to protect rights unjustly acquired.

There is yet a third class of tenants outside the limits of the Ulster Custom, namely, those who have recently acquired possession of farms without purchase.

There is, in the first place, this general reflection, that these tenants have lived for centuries under laws confessedly unjust, and, in consequence, have become discontented, seditious, and disloyal. Would not a wise statesman, by legislation exceptionally indulgent, endeavour to remove the impressions of the past, and, by one uniform and just Law, make the tenant-farmers of all Ireland industrious, contented, and loyal?

But, it will be said, it is unjust to deprive the proprietor of his rights, and to confer on the tenant what is the property of the landlord, and what he can sell to him for a consideration. Yes, but for centuries the landlords enjoyed property, to which they had no moral right, and by confiscating for their own interest the fruits of the tenants' labor and capital, created the present disorganised state of Society. They should not, therefore, be too exacting, but should make some sacrifice to restore that peace and order, which their cupidity and injustice disturbed. The public weal requires that the landlord should sell his right at its minimum value, and that the amount should

be charged on the farms at a small per centage, extending over a large number of years, or paid by the Government in a lump sum, and assessed in the same manner, as the money advanced for the purchase of farms in the Landed Estates' Court. The amount will not be considerable, as we have shown that the landlords have no claim, except from tenants, who have recently obtained farms without purchase, whose rents are generally so high that their Tenant-Right is worth very little.

What, therefore, do we suggest? 1st—To make the Ulster Custom uniform in the Northern Province, paying to Lord Dufferin and others the sums expended in its purchase, and charging the amount on the farms. 2nd—To extend this uniform Custom to the other Provinces, without purchase to the two classes of tenants, to whom it is justly due, and with purchase to the third class of tenants, who have recently obtained possession of their farms, and who have not bought occupancy. If the tenants of the Northern Province have only justice by the enjoyment of the Ulster Custom, and if this Custom is denied to the tenants of the South and West, is not this an admission that they still live under laws, which are exceptional and unjust? Mr. Gladstone's great reason why the tenants of the other Provinces shall not have Tenant-right like the tenants of Ulster, for the future is, because they have not had it for the past. This certainly seems unlike the reasoning of an enlightened and benevolent statesman. Wisdom, generosity, and mercy should rather prompt him to grant to the tenants of the South and West a magnificent measure of JUSTICE to atone for the wrongs they have so long and so patiently endured.

Mr. Gladstone asks some gentleman to point out any closer mode of applying out of Ulster the principle he applies in Ulster. Here, again, appears the sophistry of his reasoning; for he supposes that the relations between landlord and tenant in Ulster, and outside Ulster, are equally just. The provisions of his own Bill refute this fallacy; for, if the conditions of the tenant are equally just in Ulster and in the other Provinces, both should alike have received the sanction of Law. But in the North, the Bill merely gives legal sanction to rights already enjoyed. Whereas it creates new rights for the tenant in the other Provinces, it creates a right to his improvements, and a qualified right to his occupancy,—rights he had not heretofore enjoyed. If, then, Mr. Gladstone asks how he can apply more closely the Ulster Custom outside Ulster, we reply that he cannot apply it at all, more or less closely: but, if he asks how can he apply more closely

the principle of that Custom, Mr. Gladstone himself has supplied the answer; for he says that the Ulster Custom, no matter how varied or modified by the encroachments of landlord's power, is based on the one substantial right of disposing of occupancy. If Mr. Gladstone grants this one substantial right to the tenant-farmers of all Ireland, of the North and of the South, of the East and of the West, he will apply the principle of the Ulster Custom more closely and more justly, and will bring peace, contentment, and prosperity to the Country. His Coercion Bill would be unnecessary. The tenant-farmers, and the priesthood, grateful for this magnificent act of justice, would rally round the Government, and scout out of the Country disloyalty, sedition, and all traces of agrarian crime. Just and uniform Laws can alone bring peace and loyalty to Ireland. If the Laws are not uniform, they cannot be just; if they are not just, they will neither be respected, nor willingly obeyed.

Injustice for the past is no argument for injustice for the future: if it were, Catholics should have no civil rights. The principle, on which Mr. Gladstone refuses to extend the Ulster Custom to the other Provinces, would, if pushed to its legitimate limits, repeal the Act of Catholic Emancipation.

The deputation of Irish members asked Mr. Gladstone to grant to the tenant-farmers of Ireland

"a right to continued occupation, subject to the payment of the rent—to which he is liable, or to such change of rent, as shall be afterwards settled, from time to time, by fair valuation, as hereinafter provided; and the right to sell his interest to any sort of tenant, to whom the landlord cannot make any objection."

Commenting on this request, Mr. Gladstone asks what is the fair valuation of rents, and adds:—

"In my opinion the question is to be treated as one of degree. If the scale is too high, lower it; if too low, raise it. If it is clumsily and ill-constructed, give it a better and a nicer adjustment. But our main contention is, that the great remedy, which, apart from Custom, ought to be provided for the Irish occupier, should be provided for him in the shape of a shelter against eviction, of a penalty (if I may so call it) upon eviction, but not as giving him a joint property in the soil. When he has paid his money, that gives him such property, inconvenient as it may be, with the consent, or with the presumed consent of his landlord, he is entitled to be protected; but I am not prepared to admit that just protection of him affords either an apology or a reason for endowing him with a joint property in the soil."

In reply to Mr. Gladstone, we would first ask—Is it more objectionable to fix the value of rents by public authority, than to fix the value of Tenant-Right in Ulster by private

authority? The value of Tenant-Right has been fixed by private authority on many estates, and this arbitrary arrangement has received the sanction of Law in the Irish Land Bill. If it is a violation of justice, or of the laws of Economic Science, to fix rents by public authority, it is a much more gross violation of justice, and of freedom of contract, to fix the price of the tenant's property in his farm by the private and interested authority of the landlord.

Mr. Gladstone, with unusual energy and emphasis, says he will not give the tenant any property in the soil. To this we say, the tenant has a property in the soil from a higher authority, than that of the Right Honorable gentleman, or of the Parliament of England.

Occupancy is a natural right, and is the basis of the social and political rights of the subject. If I have no right to dwell in a country, I can have no right to the privileges of citizenship; so that a Law, which denies the right of occupancy to the people, convicts the whole Nation of felony, without trial or guilt, is essentially unjust, and never can beget a moral obligation.

In England, this right is not recognised by Law, but it is recognised in fact; in Ireland, it is shamefully violated under the sanction of Law, and hence the abnormal state of this unhappy Country. Where Law sanctions the violation of natural right, peace, contentment, and loyalty are impossible. If the outraged class are few and insignificant, the disturbance which their resistance creates is inconsiderable; but when they are the great majority of the Nation, as in Ireland, the oppression becomes more evident, and the resistance more formidable.

Mr. Gladstone said, in the close of his speech introducing his Irish Land Bill, that it is impossible to oppress a Nation with impunity. We wish he had recognised the truth of this sentiment of wisdom, and reconciled natural and legal right in the Land Laws of Ireland. He stated that, had there been no unjust Laws, there would have been no agrarian crime. If the cause is removed, the effect cannot continue; but, as Mr. Gladstone still apprehends agrarian crimes, and is introducing a most stringent Coercion Bill to repress them, we must infer that he believes their cause will still exist, and that the Land Laws, as amended by his Bill, have not given to the people of Ireland that full measure of justice they expected from the enlightened wisdom of their present rulers.

If the occupier has no property in the soil, in whom is the exclusive and absolute ownership vested? In the proprietor

We would respectfully ask whence he has derived it. Who conferred on eight thousand landlords the soil of Ireland to the exclusion of the rights of all the other inhabitants?

Mr. Gladstone very triumphantly asks an argument for fixity of tenure. With no less confidence, we ask an answer to this very simple question. If he replies that the State confers the absolute ownership of the soil on the proprietor, we respectfully request him to show that the State had the power to confer Ireland on eight thousand landlords, absolutely and exclusive of the rights of five millions of people. Again, we would ask the honorable gentleman, is this a right which the proprietor can justly exercise? If so, Mr. Gladstone's notions of property confer on eight thousand landlords the power of expelling from their homes, and driving from the Country the entire population of Ireland.

Whatever may be Mr. Gladstone's objection to valuation of rents, there is one case, at least, where, in justice, he is bound to adopt it. He states that the Ulster tenants have invested twenty millions in the purchase of Tenant-Right, and that, in justice, this property should have legal protection. This property cannot have legal protection, if there is no restriction on the power of the landlord to increase rents. The Irish Land Bill imposes no effective restriction, so that, apart from public opinion, the landlord, by his exorbitant rents, can confiscate, partially or entirely, the twenty millions of property of the tenants of Ulster.

Mr. Gladstone, then, must leave this property without legal protection, or introduce valuation rents, but, if he introduces valuation rents in Ulster, he should extend them to the other Provinces, where they are more necessary, and where the tenants are not protected, as in Ulster, by public opinion.

But, Mr. Gladstone says that, urged by the necessity of the case, he has introduced in the Land Bill a check on exorbitant rents.

Let us test its value by an appeal to facts.

A few weeks since, a case has fallen under our notice which, unhappily, but too clearly illustrates the utter inefficiency of Mr. Gladstone's check on the power of rack-renting.

More than one hundred years ago, an industrious tenant settled on a farm in this neighbourhood, which is at present held by his great grand-son. Houses, fences, drains, gates, and all other improvements were made by the tenant. By judicious care, manuring, and improved agriculture, the farm was made worth treble its original value by the tenant's

capital, labor, and skill, without one farthing from the landlord's pocket, to use Mr. Gladstone's words.

The present tenant, and those from whom he inherited, have paid in rent, for this farm, over £18,000. The lease has just expired, and the landlord demands an increase of £75 per cent. on the former rent. What redress does Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill afford this oppressed tenant? The Bill permits him to decline to pay the increase of rent as exorbitant, to submit to eviction, and sue the landlord for damages for disturbance. Suppose him to succeed to the utmost that the Court can award him, under the provisions of the Bill. He gets £400 for disturbance, and say £500 as compensation for houses and reclaimed lands, but not one shilling for the improvement which a century of careful agriculture has effected on the farm, not one shilling for his manures, which, year after year, he poured into the soil, at considerable expense; not one shilling for his fences, his hedge-rows, his car-ways, which changed this farm from an open waste to a most comfortable homestead. The Bill then leaves this tenant the pleasant alternative of paying a rack-rent, or of receiving £900, bidding adieu to his Home, and the Home of his fathers for four generations, handing over to a stranger the improvements of a century of peaceful industry, and beginning life again, with his wife and his eight young and helpless children. We challenge Mr. Gladstone, we challenge any member of his Cabinet, to say that this is justice, and we proclaim that it is impossible that a people living under such laws, can be contented, peaceful, or loyal. This is no imaginary case. We are prepared to furnish dates, and names, and circumstances, and we challenge the Premier to find, within the limits of the British Empire, a subject who merited protection, more than this tenant, whom we may call the first victim of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill. How can he pay respect to a Government, which affords him no protection in his Home? How can he continue peaceful and contented, when he sees the honest efforts of a century, to make a social position for himself and his children, blasted by a single arbitrary act of landlord power, which leaves him to choose between quitting his Home, or undertaking a rent, which he knows will strip it of all its comforts and its happiness, and deprive him of what he prized more dearly still—the means of educating and providing for his children, in a style becoming their position. Mr. Gladstone will say that freedom of contract and the rights of property require that the landlord should

have the power of disposing of his land to the highest bidder, but he has not an absolute property in land, as all modern writers of eminence admit ; and though he has a right to the soil, he certainly has not a right to it in its improved condition, when that improvement was effected by the labor and capital of the tenant.

We beg to append the following cases, selected from hundreds, which we can furnish, and to ask the Premier respectfully, what redress does the Irish Land Bill afford those oppressed tenants, in this struggle for dear life ?

The property, on which the tenants reside, was sold in the Landed Estates' Court. We give the rents under the former, and under the present landlord, the absolute increase, and the increase per cent :—

Names of Tenants.	Rents under former Landlord.			Rents under present Landlord.			Absolute Increase of Rent.			Increase per Cent
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Andrew Delany ...	76	1	6	204	13	0	128	11	6	169
John Delany ...	63	9	2	158	13	2	95	9	0	150
Denis Delany ...	65	19	6	182	0	4	116	10	0	175
Miles M'Evoyn ...	20	6	8	52	16	3	21	9	7	100
John Cleary ...	8	16	8	17	14	4	8	17	8	100
John Conroy ...	1	10	0	3	4	3	1	14	3	100
William Dunne ...	15	6	6	26	0	1	10	13	7	65
Timothy Dunne ...	3	6	4	8	4	0	4	17	8	147
Widow Flanagan ...	8	17	0	20	8	0	11	11	0	130
Thomas Watson ...	6	3	6	19	0	0	12	16	6	204
Cornelius Delany ...	8	1	4	16	5	6	8	4	2	100
Richard Young ...	19	0	0	44	12	0	25	12	0	134

We beg, respectfully to call the attention of Mr. Gladstone to the case of these twelve tenants who are now, to use his own expressive language, struggling for dear life, and to ask him in candor, what redress his Land Bill affords them. If they attempt to take advantage of its provisions, they but aggravate their misery; for, on refusing to pay these exorbitant rents, the Bill still leaves to the landlord the power of that fearful *ultima ratio*—EVICTION.

The Bill, then, gives no redress whatever, until they are first driven from their homes, and even then they must defeat their landlord in Law and Equity in a Court most corruptly constituted, before they can obtain the only redress, which the Bill grants, and which is miserably inadequate.

Does Mr. Gladstone realise what this really means ? Does he ever bring before his mind the amount of human suffering and mental anguish, which eviction entails on the Irish tenant-

farmer? He has no hope, no resource, save that broad way across the Atlantic, which, in the Premier's language, is but another name for banishment.

These are but a few of the hundreds of similar cases of daily occurrence in Ireland. Considerable properties have been amassed by thus trading in the Homes of the Irish people, as Judge Longfield has proved by statistics. The land sharks purchase estates, on which the property of the tenants has accumulated for years, with the tacit consent of the landlord, and confiscate every shilling of it for their own benefit.

The Irish tenant is thus left without protection for his Home, his property, or his social position; for, of course, a tenant, whose rent is raised £200 per cent. cannot support the same social position he had formerly maintained.

In his argument against valuation of rents, Mr. Gladstone uses the following words:—

"I do not know, and I cannot conceive, what is to be said for the preventative power, to reduce excessive rents. In whose interest is it asked? Certainly not in the interest of landlord. Is it asked in the interest of the tenant? Shall I really be told that it is for the interest of the Irish tenant, bidding for a farm, that the law should say to him, 'Cast aside all prudence and forethought, go into the field and bid what you like, drive out of the field the prudent man, who means to fulfill his engagement; bid right above him, and induce the landlord to give you the farm, and the moment you bid, get it. Come forward, go to the public authority, show that the rent is excessive, that you cannot pay it, and get released.'"

We feel confident our readers will agree with us that such special pleading is out of place in the speech of a Prime Minister.

The provisions of the Irish Land Bill should consult not for those who are "bidding for farms, but for those who are in possession of farms." As rents are at present regulated, the evil, which the Premier apprehends is the great scourge of the Irish tenant-farmer, for he bids excessive rents, not with the hope that they will be reduced, but with the hope that, by subjecting himself, his wife, and his children, to poverty, partial starvation, and continuous labor, he may be able to pay them, and secure for himself and his family the shelter of a Home. Valuation rents would not encourage this system, but would render it impossible.

No one could describe the evils of the system more graphically, than the Premier himself, in his speech introducing his Land Bill, when he says:—

"Some rents are so exorbitant, that it is impossible for the tenant to pay them and live. Of late years, especially, there were contracts

for rent of a character most extravagant. A deadly necessity practically impairs, and, in many cases, destroys, the freedom of contract on the part of the Irish occupier. The Irish tenants have been compelled, as a question of dear life, to enter into contracts, which they cannot fulfill in justice to themselves."

Such is Mr. Gladstone's description of rents under the present system, and yet he says he could not permit the principle of valuation, because it would not be in the interest of the tenants at present in possession of land in Ireland. Because, adds Mr. Gladstone, valuation of rents would prompt tenants to offer for farms beyond their value, and would induce landlords to remove the prudent and the thrifty, and let the land to those who bid exorbitant rents with the hope of having them reduced.

Mr. Gladstone is profiting by his Irish associations. This argument appears exceeding like a genuine Irish bull. He introduces a Bill to protect the tenant against capricious eviction, and in the debate on the second reading, his argument against valuation rents is the probability of landlords evicting tenants, paying moderate rents, in order to give their farms to persons, who offer exorbitant rents with the hope of having them reduced.

If the Irish Land Bill will prevent capricious evictions, Mr. Gladstone's argument does not apply: if not, it certainly should be amended. He has thus unwittingly shown, that without valuation rents his Bill affords no protection against eviction, and furnished the clearest evidence of their necessity, as the only means of protecting the Irish tenant from those unjust contracts, which destroy his freedom, paralyse his industry, vitiate his relations with Society, and peril his very life. If the landlord knows the excessive rent can be reduced by an appeal to a public tribunal, he will not be tempted to evict the thrifty and prudent tenant, in order to accept it.

"This plan" (valuation rents), says Mr. Gladstone, "must spread wide-spread demoralisation through the Irish people, if we embody in our Bill a provision, by which men shall be told that there is to be an authority ready to relieve them from the contracts they have deliberately made."

But were these contracts made deliberately or freely? Mr. Gladstone himself says they were not. He says they were contracts such, that it was impossible for the tenant to fulfill them and live; that a deadly necessity destroyed their freedom; that they were entered into as a question of dear life, and could not be fulfilled by the tenants, in justice to

themselves. How an appeal to a public and just tribunal, in such cases, could demoralise a people, Mr. Gladstone has not condescended to inform us, and we confess ourselves unable to understand. Let us test Mr. Gladstone's demoralising principle by an example, or rather by the twelve examples we have quoted above. Does Mr. Gladstone mean to tell us these twelve tenants who have been rack-rented at a rate varying from £65 to £204 per cent., would be demoralised by having an appeal to a public tribunal, which would award them justice and reduce their rents to the normal standard. In what sense would they be demoralised? Would they have less respect for Law. Would they be made less loyal to the Constitution? Would they be less contented? Would they be less guarded against the machinations of those who tempt the unwary to sedition and disorder? We think not; but we think, on the contrary, that the power of rack-renting without an appeal demoralises them by making them discontented, reckless, and disloyal.

It seems to us that the check to rack-renting in the Irish Land Bill tends to demoralise the tenant, and is a disgrace to the legislation of a civilised nation. It encourages the tenant to enter into contracts which he does not intend to fulfil, and is really open to the argument of Mr. Gladstone against valuation rents; for it prompts the improvident and the dishonest to outbid the prudent and thrifty in the competition for land, and afterwards to decline to pay the excessive rent, and sue for the damages for eviction. So that, according to the provisions of the Irish Land Bill, justice is to be sought by two unlawful acts. 1st—The tenant refuses to pay the stipulated rent. 2nd—The landlord evicts him for not fulfilling a contract, to which he is bound in Law, but not in Equity; after which unlawful acts of the tenant and landlord, comes the award of justice. It is only Mr. Gladstone who could have devised such a code.

Mr. Gladstone's next objection is, that if you undertake to value rents, you must take into your hands the fixing of every other condition of an agricultural holding. There is no doubt, the contract between landlord and tenant, must be adjusted on the principles of justice. We, however, do not see the precise inconvenience which this would entail.

Mr. Gladstone then adds—"My proposition is, that if you value rents, you may as well, for every available purpose, adopt perpetuity of tenure at once." This is a most important admission, and reveals the animus of Mr. Gladstone towards the tenant-farmers of Ireland. If valuation rents are,

in Mr. Gladstone's mind, a means of perpetuity, rack-rents are, in his opinion, a means of destroying it. That is, Mr. Gladstone leaves in the hands of the landlord the power of rack-renting as a means of exterminating the people. Was there ever such a principle of legislation announced in a civilised Legislature? It is simply an incentive and a sanction of cruelty and fraud, inasmuch as it leaves to the Irish landlord the power of imposing unjust rents, as a means of removing the tenant from his home. This principle impliedly says to the landlord, 1st—Rob the tenant by making him pay a rack-rent, then, when you have robbed him of all he possesses, and when he is unable longer to pay the rack-rent, banish him from his home, and his country. It is strange and painful to hear the Prime Minister of England announce such principles. Better pass the unjust law, without any defence of its provisions, than defend it on principles, which would disgrace a Russian ukase against oppressed Poland. God help the tenant-farmers of Ireland!

Mr. Gladstone's next objection to Valuation Rents, is the difficulty of its accomplishment.

His words are—

“ Who are to value these rents? What an army of public officers are you to send abroad to determine from year to year the condition of 600,000 holdings in Ireland—conditions, which are settled with comparative ease, when settled by private intercourse, but the fixing of which beforehand by a public authority would be attended with tenfold difficulty.”

This seems a formidable difficulty, as stated by Mr. Gladstone, yet, strange as it may seem, Valuation Rents, in our sense of the term, would not require a single additional officer. Of the 600,000 holdings, only a small per centage would require the intervention of authority to adjust rents; and this per centage would be very much diminished by the mere existence of the tribunal. Rents should be left to private contract, except when the tenant deems his rent exorbitant. In this case, and in this case alone, grant him the legal power to cite his landlord before the Court of Arbitration, or the Civil Court, as constituted under the Irish Land Bill; compel him to abide by its award, and the whole difficulty is settled.

The Valuation Rents, which we propose, only refer to cases of exorbitant rents, when the tenant complains of the landlord; and differs from Mr. Gladstone's plan only in this particular that Mr. Gladstone's plan suggests an unlawful act as a means of redress—namely, the non-fulfilment of a contract, whereas our plan is to bring the terms of the contract at once before

the tribunal, to determine by public authority, whether it is just or unjust : if just, compel the tenant to fulfil it ; if unjust, free him from its observance.

We do not contemplate a compulsory provision that all persons shall be carried before a public authority for the purpose of fixing the conditions of a contract between landlord and tenant. And when Mr. Gladstone directed his artillery against this position he was a little Quixotic in his chivalry.

Mr. Gladstone next asks—

“ How are these rents to be valued ? What is the test ? The prices of produce ? Of what produce, of one kind of produce, or of all kinds ? Can any man fix by law any system, upon which it will be possible to adjust rents by calculations founded upon prices of agricultural produce of all kinds.”

This, too, seems a formidable difficulty when decked out in the Gladstonian dialect. Let us examine it.

Mr. Gladstone first asks, how are these rents to be valued ? How are they valued at present by the arbitrary will of the landlord, who is an interested party, and who has the legal power to increase them at his pleasure, and thus first destroy the happiness and social condition of the tenant, and finally “squeeze” him a wretched pauper from his home. This is the system Mr. Gladstone admires, and would wish to perpetuate in Ireland. How should rent be valued ? We say not by the arbitrary will of the landlord, but by the joint wills of the parties interested, the tenant and the landlord : if they cannot agree, let them appeal to the Arbitration Court, or the Civil Court, as constituted by the Irish Land Bill.

Nothing to us seems more simple. The landlord and tenant do not agree as to rent. They appoint their arbitrators, if they do not agree : a third person is appointed, whose decision is final, and so the dispute is arranged according to the strictest principles of justice.

If Mr. Gladstone’s argument proves anything, it would prove that a valuation of rents was impossible. If so, why appoint a Public Valuator under the Irish Land Bill, who is to determine whether a rent was exorbitant or not ? He cannot determine what rent is exorbitant, and what not, if a test of value is impossible. Mr. Gladstone, then, must either amend the check to exorbitant rents in his Land Bill, or admit that a valuation of rents is not impossible. It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Gladstone in his other arguments against the possibility of valuing rents. They are a tissue of ingenious sophisms, and in their fine-drawn distinctions, remind one of the scholastic subtleties of the medieval philosophy.

At the conclusion of his arguments against the claims of the Irish tenant, Mr. Gladstone gives expression to the following very remarkable sentiment :—

“ Sir, we have a social system established in this country, under which two persons have a vital interest in the land. . . . One of them is the landlord, who regards the estate as a whole, and who is very largely concerned in the developement of its general prosperity. The other is the tenant, whose position it is desirable to simplify as much as possible, in order that he may be able to devote the whole of his resources and capital, if he thinks fit, to the prosecution of his trade.”

This is a strange sentence. We do not pretend to divine its meaning ; but we doubt much if it would pass muster with J. S. Mill, or with any other enlightened writer of the present day on economic science. The position of the tenant then is to be simplified. What does Mr. Gladstone mean by simplifying the position of a tenant? We could not guess, if we had not the light of his previous statements to guide us ; but, aided by this light, we know that by simplifying the tenant's position, Mr. Gladstone means reducing him simply to the condition of a steward for his landlord, and leaving him without legal protection for his home, or his industry. Mr. Gladstone shadows forth this in the second clause, for he says — “ He simplifies his position, in order that he may devote the whole of his resources and capital, if he thinks fit, to the prosecution of his trade.” Agriculture is then a trade, and the tenant has no more right to his home, in the idea, and under the legislation of Mr. Gladstone, than the tinker who erects his tent by the way-side, and uses “ his resources and his capital in the prosecution of ” making tin cans.

This is the principle the Irish tenant dreads, and the one to which he will never submit. This is the principle which has demoralized the agricultural districts of England, placed in the hands of large capitalists the land which should be the homes of the people, and has made the agricultural population of England the most ignorant, the most degraded, the most immoral, and the most oppressed in Europe. We state this advisedly, and we challenge contradiction.

Mr. Gladstone adds—

“ But if once you adopt this principle to which I am referring, you cannot retain these two classes upon the land. The men who become mere annuitants, lose all general interest in its prosperity.”

This was Mr. Gladstone's fourth objection to Fixity of Tenure in his opening speech. We have answered it in our March number. But at least it can be no objection against extending the Ulster Custom, for the landlords of Ulster are not mere

annuitants, nor have they lost all interest in the soil. On the contrary, Mr. Gladstone says :—

“The Ulster Custom has given satisfaction to the occupier, has secured the peace of the district, and has not diminished, but relatively to the other parts of Ireland has promoted the prosperity of the land.”

With this admission, we cannot see why Mr. Gladstone refuses to extend the Ulster Custom to the rest of Ireland, when in his own words he believes it would secure the peace of the country, satisfy the occupier, and promote the prosperity of the land.

At the close of his speech Mr. Gladstone adds :—

“Sir, if I state these things it is that I may provoke contradiction.” We have humbly accepted the challenge. This paper shall be placed in Mr. Gladstone’s hands as a feeble advocate of the just claims of the tenant farmers of Ireland, we respectfully ask him to refute the arguments advanced, and to establish the provisions of his Land Bill on the principles of distributive justice.

We have shown that the Ulster Custom, to be legalized justly, should be defined—that two classes of tenants in the other provinces have the strictest right to its enjoyment, and that the claims of the landlords against the third class could be easily adjusted.

We have shown that if Valuation Rents are not enacted in the Irish Land Bill it cannot attain what it professes to accomplish, and what Mr. Gladstone admits equity demands, namely, to protect by law the twenty millions of tenant property in Ulster invested on the faith of the Custom. We have also shewn that Valuation Rents are the only possible means of protecting the Irish tenant from the oppressive system of rack-renting, which Mr. Gladstone so eloquently describes and so justly deprecates. We fear this request will but provoke a smile of derision; but a great man never feels contempt even for the humblest, and a just and good man in a public capacity will not disdain to listen to the pleadings of even the ignorant, the illiterate, and the unknown. We ask Mr. Gladstone, as a great man, and a just man, and a public ruler, to adopt, or to refute the principles of justice we have endeavoured to bring before him.

We hoped that Mr. Gladstone would have touched gently the old harp with the hand of genius, and evoked joyous sounds of harmony and peace long silent in this unhappy country; but, alas, like so many of his predecessors, he has torn its strings with the claws of the lion and drawn forth the harsh sounds of national strife with which, alas, we

are too long familiar. Coercion is not the policy of wisdom. It has been tried for centuries, and found wanting. The great leader of the Liberal party cuts a sorry figure as a Napoleon. We feel certain the guise is not of his own choosing—it mislikes him sadly. We recommend him to consult the President of the Board of Trade, and to choose another model.

Hector Ingleford ; or, the Onward Course.

CHAPTER XV.

“No PHARISEES !”

PRAVERS over with their varied distractions, all below the Fifth Form were packed off to bed. “Daddy” being absent, Hector was free to retire unmolested ; and, as the great man had been so engaged with the prospect of his approaching conquests at the Residence, he had forgotten to give any orders about the warming of his bed till his return. This, of course, would have fallen to Hector’s lot, but, having received no commands on that score, he had not the charity to do it unbidden.

His room, which he had had all to himself the night before, was now full, and each of the seven beds had its proper owner. Of these, “the Kitten” was one, the rest were Fourth Form fellows, and devoted followers in the footsteps of “Daddy.” Not that they loved their leader, but, being young and foolish, they were easily led astray by his flashy manner, and his tempting inducements to go and do as he did.

I need hardly say they were not models of perfection, and just about the worst set any boy, fresh from home, and, as yet, innocent, could be thrown amongst.

“The Kitten” they had not improved ; though they had utterly failed in making him anything like as bad as themselves. Still, what with ridicule, and what with bullying, and what with bad talk, they had lowered his moral tone, and smoothed his downward path. And this they had done involuntarily, so to say, without setting deliberately to work to do it, but more from the influence of their example, and the still more hurtful influence of their leader. Had anyone asked them, whether it was their habit to lay plots against a lad’s innocence, and to entrap him into evil habits, they would have

stoutly denied it ; yet their every-day behaviour gave the lie to their denial. The truth was, they were so accustomed to their condition, and so unaccustomed to anything else, that its opposite struck them as absurd, and a thing to be laughed at ; and so they tried to put it down.

As a rule, a night in the Dormitories began with a pillow-fight, or some practical joking, whenever the Monitor's back was turned ; and, even when quiet was established, conversation of various kinds was kept up for some time, for talking in the Dormitories was unfortunately not forbidden at Bedeham, or any Public School.

On this night, however, all were so thoroughly tired out with skating, that there was no disposition for a row of any sort ; and the Monitor thought he should have no difficulty in getting off down stairs to his work. One by one the lights were put out, Hector's room alone showing the gas turned on.

He saw his room-mates tumble into bed prayer-less and Godless ; and was, at first, astonished. This he charitably put it down to over-fatigue, and thought no more of it. He was tired enough himself, but he remembered his promise to his mother, and, taking out his Bible, he read a few verses. This excited no remark,—probably they did not notice what he was reading—and only one sleepy voice cried out, “Look sharp, ‘King Bobby,’ and put out the light.”

Hector replied, “All right ;” and knelt down to say his Night Prayers. Had a bombshell fallen into the room, and exploded, it could hardly have created greater consternation.

Such an innovation was a thing unheard of. Certainly, “the Kitten” had tried it on a time or two in another Dormitory ; but a kicking had soon settled his hash, and he had never repeated the offence. Much less had he attempted it within the limits of such a select circle as that of “The Inferno,”—such was the name given to this particular Dormitory.

And now, this youngster was to begin with his priggishness, and to set himself up above his fellows as a “goody chap,” a Saint, a Methodist ! Thank Heaven they were no Pharisees ! Such a career must be nipped in the bud ! It was not to be endured for a moment that their bond of good fellowship was to be broken up by the intrusion of new manners and customs ! It wouldn't do, and must be knocked on the head at once !

So thought all, except Bulwer, who, whilst he trembled for his friend, envied him that he yet could dare to pray openly. For himself, he had certainly not given up prayer, as a rule ; but, not daring to confess his Master before men, he had long

since, through fear of ridicule and violence, taken to praying in bed. As a consequence he often forgot his prayers altogether, or fell asleep before they were finished.

As Hector knelt, he became conscious of a tittering laugh going the round of the room. This he set down to some other cause, and continued his devotions.

The laughing went on, and gradually the truth broke upon him. *He* was the object of their ridicule, because he was doing what, all his life, he had never omitted to do, his duty in the sight of God, and His Holy Angels.

He felt the angry flush at his temples: for a moment he was inclined to rise up, and give in. The Devil suggested that it would be better not to give occasion to the scorner to blaspheme; that he could say his prayers just as well in bed; and that it didn't matter in what posture he said them, or where, so long as he did say them. He reminded him that the Early Martyrs often had to conceal their profession of Faith, and keep their religion in the back ground. He tempted him by the idea of future and continued persecution, and, in the end, a total abandonment of prayer, through fear of ridicule and violence; he painted, in the most vivid colors, the shame of having to give in at the last; in fact, he only not had the best of it.

But Hector thought of his mother and the promise he had given her. He knew what would be her feelings, if he gave in at the first attack, and how she would grieve at the thought of his going for even one night without his prayers. And the mother's precepts conquered; through natural means the supernatural worked, and Grace carried the day. The words he had just chanced to read a few moments before—*Qui me confessus fuerit coram hominibus, Confitebor et Ego eum coram Patre Meo,** rang in his ears. He was not going to deny his Master now, and so be denied of Him hereafter.

Therefore, he persevered; and heedless of the scoffs of his fellows, heedless of the slippers, clothes-brushes, and other instruments of cruelty, which were thrown at his head, he finished his holy work, and then stood ready for the consequences.

These were not long in ensuing. The biggest fellow in the room, our old friend Fox, or "Young Daddy," as he was called from his good imitation of his model, jumped out of bed, and, with an oath, demanded of Hector what he meant by such conduct.

* Every one that shall confess Me before men, I will also confess him before My Father, Who is in Heaven.—*St. Mat. x., 32.*

"I might rather ask you the same question," answered Hector, boldly enough. "I knelt down to say my prayers, and I got, in return, insults and blows. What do you mean by your conduct?"

"Only this. We ain't Pharisees, and don't go in for praying here, and we won't have any of your confounded Methodism in this room. We ain't pious, thank Heaven ; and we won't have you setting yourself up to show us the way. So now, young Gospel, you know our meaning, and if you don't like it, you may lump it, that's all."

"Leave him alone, Fox," cried another : "he's promised his mammy, I dare say, never to go to bed without doing his devotions."

"Ah, yes, pretty dear ; somebody told me he came of a pious lot : his mother's got by an old Covenanter out of some Exeter Hall dame ; hence his sanctified airs and graces. Tell me a man's mother, and I'll tell you his breeding. Now, this young colt."

A smash amongst the crockery ware, and the dull sound of a heavy body falling, told its own tale. An allusion to himself Hector might have borne, but any slight on his mother was past endurance. For the second time that day Fox subsided, this time insensible, only to be replaced by another antagonist, lyther, and more muscular, than the one just disposed of, and nearly a head taller, and a stone heavier than Hector.

This, however, made no difference to Ingleford, whose blood was now fully up. At it they went, and the blows fell thick. For the first round it was hard pounding, till, at last, Hector was downed with a well-planted blow between the eyes.

"Will you promise to keep your beastly prayers to yourself?" was the inquiry made by his antagonist, as he bestrode his fallen foe.

"Never," cried Hector ; and with a bound he shook off his enemy, and rose to renew the combat. Once more they closed, and with a like result ; nor was it till the tenth round that the Monitor came in and interfered.

Then Hector, with a sweet black eye, and other symptoms of having been at the wars, crept into bed, beaten, indeed, physically, but as determined as ever not to give in, in the matter of his prayers.

Sore, and half-stunned, but comforted by the consciousness of having done his duty, he fell asleep, dimly alive to the fact of Fox's muttering something about getting "Daddy" to settle the matter the next day.

Ah, Hector, Hector, why were you not always as plucky in the good cause ?

Odes of Anakreon.

Eις τὸ αὐτό.

Καλλίτεχνα, τόρευσον
ἴαρος κύπελλον ἡδὺ·
τὰ τερπνὰ τὴν πρῶθ' ἡμῖν
ῥόδα φέρουσαν ὥρην.
τὸν ἄργυρον δ' ἀπλώσας
ποίει πότον μοι τερπνόν.
μὴ τῶν, τελετῶν, παραινῶ
ζένον τί μοι τορεύσῃς,
μὴ φευκτὸν ιστόρημα·
μῆλλον δὲ ποίει γόνον Διός
Βάκχον Εὔιον ἡμῖν,
μύστις τε γάματος ἡ Κύπρις
ὑμεναίους συγχροῦσαν.
χάρασσ' Ἐρωτας ἀνόπλους,
καὶ Χάριτας γελώσας,
ἢπ' ἄμπελον εὐπέταλον,
εὐβότρυον, κομῶσαν.
σύναπτε κούρους εὐπρέπεις·
ὅμοῦ δὲ Φοῖβος ἀδύροι.

V.

Fair Art ! a silver cup I crave,
Of slender grace, and let it have
The first delicious roses borne
By earliest Spring ; and fill the urn
With perfumed wine. Do not devise
Barbary of Sacrifice,
Nor legend that, whene'er I drink,
Would cause my timid soul to shrink.
But rather mould, the cup upon,
Bacchus, Jove's Ivian son ;
Mould, too, a priestess who delights,
At Venus' shrine, in marriage rites,
To smile on lovers ; and depict
Unarmed Cupid, derelict ;
And joyous, laughing Graces hid
The grapes and leafy boughs amid,
That in luxurious beauty throw
Their sweets and shade to those below.
And add, by all the youth caressed,
Phœbus, as sportive as the rest.

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 4 Omnes de Saba, M Haydn; *Epiphany*, 2s
 4a Peccantem me quotidie, Palestrina; *Lent*, 2s
 5 Popule meus, and Improperium expectavit, Richardson; *Palm Sunday and Good Friday*, 1s
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 19 Panis Angelicus, Palestrina; *Corpus Christi*, 1s
 20 Discite a me, Richardson; *Sacred Heart*, 2s
 20a Improperium expectavit, Casali; *Sacred Heart*, 1s

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 28 Ave Regina, Legrenzi; 1s 6d

- 29 Ave Regina, Richardson; 1s 6d
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 30 Salva Regina (in F), Richardson; 1s
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 32 Alma, Ave, Regina cœli, and Salve, Witska; 3s
 33 Regina cœli, Richardson; 2s. (See also No 10, Cherubini)
 34 Sub tuum præsidium, Richardson; 1s 6d
 34a Surge amica mea, Crookail (*for May*); 1s 6d
-
- 35 Constitutes eos, Casali; Apostles, &c, 1s 6d
 36 Quam speciosa, Vittoria; Apostles, &c, 1s
 37 Justorum animæ, Czerny; Martyrs, 1s
 37a Justorum animæ, Crookall; Martyrs, 2s
 38 Ecco Sacredos, Stadler; Confessors, 1s
 39 Iste Confessor, Richardson; Confessors, 1s 6d
 40 Justus ut palma, Drobisch; Confessors, 1s 6d
 41 In virtute tua, Casali; Confessors, 1s
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 47 Laudabo Dominum, Verhulst; 1s 1s.
 48 Benedicat Dominum, Richardson; 1s
 49 Benedictus es, Czerny; 1s.
 50 Inclino aurum, Czerny; 1s.
 51 In te Domine, Czerny, 1s.
 52 Tu es Deus, M. Haydn; 2s.
 53 Lætatus sum, M. Haydn; 2s.
 54 Magna et mirabilia, Drobisch; 2s,
 55 Protector noster, Drobisch; 1s.
 56 Benedictam Dominum, Drobisch; 1s 6d.
 57 Domine quan admirabile, Assmayer; 1s. 6d.
 58 Cantate Domino, Witska; 1s.
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 62 In te Domine, Drobisch; 1s 6d
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 64 Laudem dicite, Musetti; 1s

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